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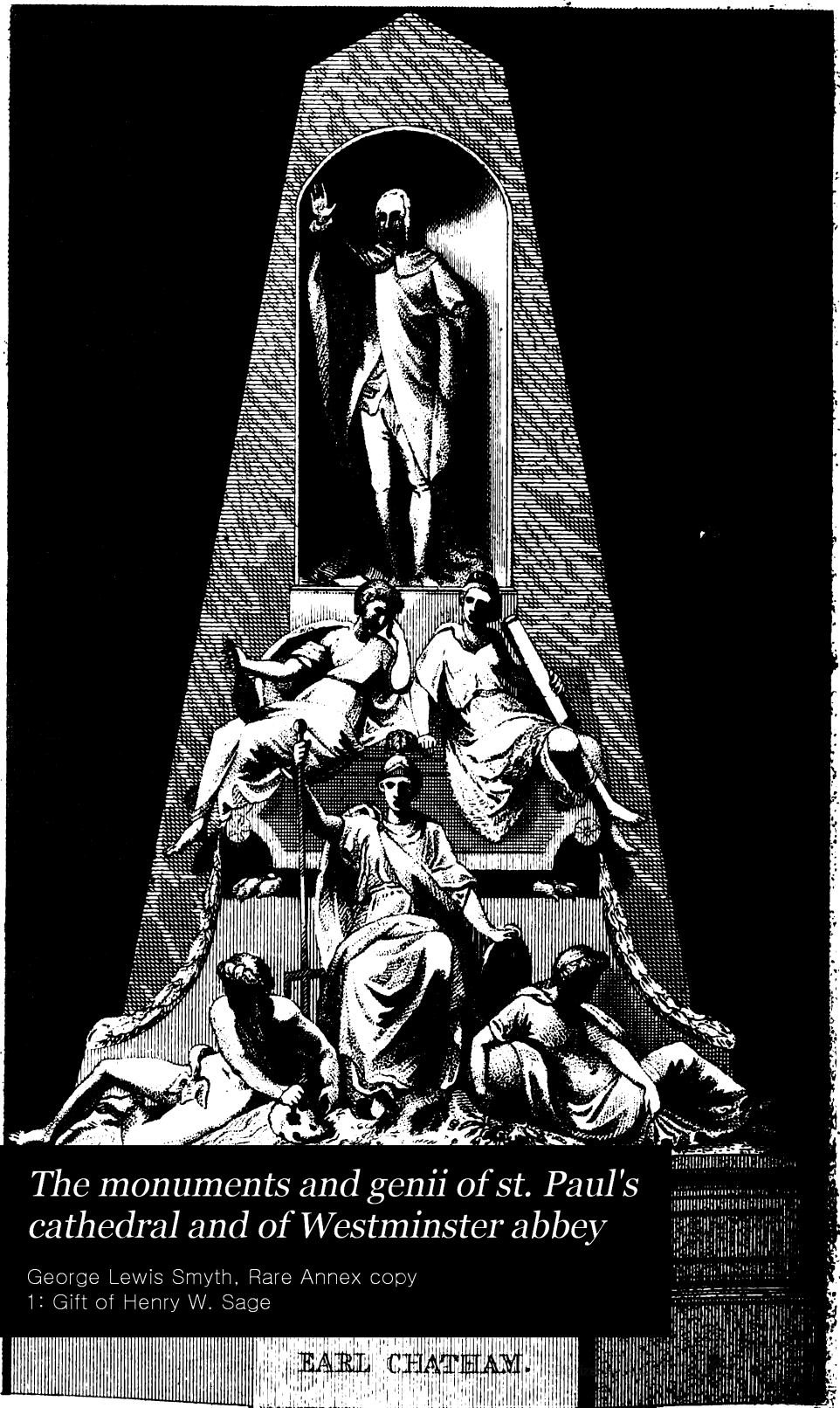

The monuments and genii of st. Paul's cathedral and of Westminster abbey

George Lewis Smyth, Rare Annex copy
1: Gift of Henry W. Sage

EARL CHATHAM.

Joseph Addel = Lowe.
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ST PAULS CATHEDRAL

London Published by John Williams, 44 Paternoster Row, Jan.ʸ 1827.

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THE Monuments and Gems of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey:

Comprising

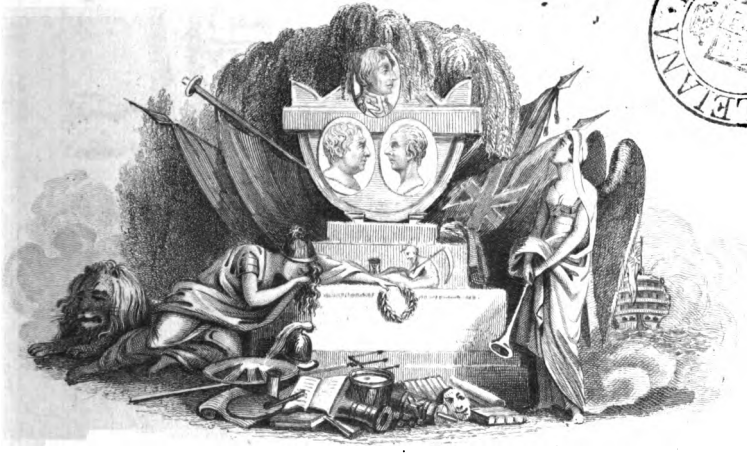
NAVAL & MILITARY HEROES, POETS, Statesmen, Artists, Authors, &c. &c. &c.

BY

George Lewis Smyth

Student at Law.

The whole richly embellished with Engravings on Steel minutely copied from the Statues exclusively for this Work.



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S.H.1827

THE

MONUMENTS

And Genii

OF

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL,

AND OF

WESTMINSTER ABBEY;

WITH

Historical Sketches and Descriptions

OF

BOTH CHURCHES:

FORMING

An entirely new and correct Biography of all that is interesting in the Lives and Achievements of the most

ILLUSTRIOUS CHARACTERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOMS.

BY GEORGE LEWIS SMYTH.

ADDITIONALLY EMBELLISHED WITH

Coloured Views and Elevations,

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN WILLIAMS,
44, PATERNOSTER-ROW.
1826.

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LONDON
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INTRODUCTION.

THE authorities in favour of Biographical Works are so numerous and exalted, that it is difficult to conceive the case of a modern reader, who is unable to adduce some well-known recommendation by which he may enforce the many services to be derived from the perusal of such volumes. Upon these reasons, preface to Biography is unnecessary, and apology for the task superfluous. After these admissions, it may seem strange that an advertisement is considered prudent in the present case: it is suggested, however, not because the nature of the book requires explanation, nor because its objects stand in need of favour; but as the peculiar combination of its contents, and the purposes of their compilation, may not, at a single view, be completely inferred from the matter of a title-page, the reader is here troubled with an explanation.

Biography is the handmaid to History, and stands related to that style of composition by the same links through which the artist aids the higher productions of painting, when delineating the distinct features of separate portraits. A few mortals only have ever existed and been celebrated, respecting whom we do not possess some general accounts, embracing both the peculiarities of their persons, the character of their actions, and the nature of their fortunes. Of those of our countrymen, who have left a name behind them on earth, the records are various enough; and the only difficulty, as well in their cases, as in the cases of others, which interpose between a reader and his information, is the doubt he must necessarily labour under amidst such a multitude of subjects, lest he should not select the most profitable, and acquire the most useful particulars connected with his object. As for the inclination to know all that has been well done by individuals, and is well related of them, the ambition certainly deserves praise. Few, however, have leisure for the pursuit, and of those who are the

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masters of their own time, one and all may find that a single life is not sufficiently long to learn all that the millions who have breathed before its day may have achieved. Here it is that the contrarieties which perplex the views of a student in making choice of the best models for instruction rise thick and fast upon the mind. What deepens this confusion still more, is, that upon no one rank of human professions or studies can a reader be at a loss to find authors, who prefer one chief class to all the rest, as the most engaging and beneficial. In fact, every writer labours to make the character he has undertaken to portray, the highest and most valuable; and, as every character has been written on over and over again, it would follow from these representations, that all are alike exemplary and heroic.

But objections to all in their turns are equally common, and every where to be met with. Thus, if inclined to investigate the career of those great men who directed the events of history, subverted kingdoms, and then laid the foundations of new dynasties; we are told that the actions of such persons help no one to regulate the affairs of private life; and that such information is in general more adapted to the purposes of ostentation than utility. If the exploits of war or the intrigues of courts gave occupation to the person described, the same objection still applies; and we are thereupon farther apprised that the greater part of mankind read such things with indifference: being remote from the experience of the reader, they are viewed with the wonder of a fable from antiquity, or a fairy tale. In the same manner, the life of an author is undervalued; it is barren, because retired; and the study of his works is recommended in preference to the knowledge of those circumstances by which he was enabled to render his writings meritorious. The painter too, according to those who form such objections, is best seen on his canvass; and the biography of the actor is set aside as idle, because the effect which he produced was ephemeral; and no words can preserve powers which, to be felt, must be witnessed. Nay, more: if a man tells the story of his own life, he is said to magnify trifles; and if it is detailed by another, he must be either an admirer or an enemy, and, by consequence, either prejudiced or partial.

Such and so cynical are the multiplied obstacles which block up the paths of biographical information to the young and inquisitive; and thus acrimonious are the contradictions which the compiler of any volume upon the subject has to reconcile. To do this, it is only necessary to revert to the first principle, which, though all seem to incommode, still all are forward to admit, namely, that in biography are sure to be

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found unqualified advantage and fixed interest. The axiom above all others upon which this truth rests, is the general admission, that there is no life, however humble, from which something might not be learned, if every event of its course was faithfully preserved by the living subject. The clue to all the conflicting opinions already noticed, must therefore be sought for principally in the selections which have been made of the characters for biography. Upon this ground it becomes the prominent merit and most conciliative feature of these volumes, that the many different names which figure throughout their pages, have been chosen for celebrity by no single being, and no one age. The strong voice of Antiquity proclaimed the dead of Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral illustrious and commendable; and the echo of latter years, as they arose from the revolutions of time, confirmed the dictation. This book does not commemorate those lives which, it is the bare opinion of the *writer*, deserve praise and example; it records those mortals whom their *country* and the *world* concur to *make* immortal. The graves of Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral were only sunk that the remains deposited in them should continue to survive in holiness for the wonder and admiration of generations upon generations. With this combination, then, let the doubtful rest satisfied, and the querulous be reconciled; and if none can deny that there is a moral to be drawn from biography, so let all confess that it cannot be extracted from a better collection than the present.

But there is another point of view in which this work deserves to be particularly regarded. Architecture and sculpture are among those fine arts which afford the most durable testimony of the civilization and attainments of past ages. From no source does history derive surer knowledge than from statuary and architectural relics: upon no subject therefore can learning be more advantageously employed than in illustrating the merits incidental to those labours. The plates devoted to this feature of the book will be found peculiarly interesting. Independent of their connexion with the bright names inscribed upon them, they are intrinsically entitled to particular examination, as so many specimens of the progress of those arts which have been greatly neglected amongst us, though well deserving of a better care. Any one line that may be fortunate enough to revive a feeling of devotion for them, will not have been written in vain. And here a word, perhaps, may be spared for the present state of those monuments. All that has been defaced from them should be reset, and all that has been mutilated, supplied. Time and expense will both need to be largely drawn on for the purpose; but the end

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is above the consideration of mere money, and worth the labour of any time. Inferior as they may seem apart, these are the remains that constitute the chief glory of St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey: the magnificence of the structure itself, and the holiness of its consecration, are both incomparably deepened by the solemnity which expands over the bones of the mighty dead commemorated along their aisles. Why then should the stone of the church be refitted with care, and the marble of the tomb be left to crumble in neglect? Both are sacred alike, and should alike be preserved in piety; for the interest of the one must be greatly diminished, when the beauties of the other have ceased to exist.

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HISTORICAL SKETCH AND DESCRIPTION

OF THE

Abbey Church of St. Peter,

WESTMINSTER.

Upon the origin of Westminster Abbey much has been written, and yet but little that can be styled probable, is known. The monks traced its history far back into the ages of antiquity, and confused their accounts, as well with the fables of Paganism, as the miracles of Christianity: even the chronicles of more recent authors are replete with particulars which are now rejected by common consent as false and impossible. From the many legends that have involved the subject in obscurity, all that can be collected with any pretensions to sense and reality, is briefly this:—Sebert, a King of the Eastern Saxons, who, with his uncle Ethelbert, was converted to Christianity by St. Austin, and died in the year 616, threw down a Temple in honour of Apollo, which stood west of the city of London, on Thorney Island, and there built a church in memory of St. Peter. To one part of this version, Sir Christopher Wren objects, that if the present structure had ever been raised upon the foundations of a Roman edifice, some fragments of the architecture, common to such works, must almost of necessity remain about the walls. These he examined with the most diligent research, when he was commissioned to repair the Abbey, in the reign of William and Mary, but not a stone or relic of the description alluded to could he discover even in the oldest parts of the masonry.

Nor are the stories which have been handed down to us respecting the consecration of the Abbey less conflicting or more natural. King Sebert is said to have ordered the solemnity to be performed by one Mellitus, then Bishop of London; but the ceremony, according to others, was eminently miraculous. For it has been reported, that,

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on the night preceding the day appointed for the consecration, St. Peter descended from heaven, in disguise, and, alighting at Lambeth, was rowed over to the island, then deeply flooded round with heavy rain, by the waterman of the ferry, who was also a fisherman. Upon his landing, he was joined by an embassy of winged angels, and amidst the refulgence of extraordinary lights from the heavens, and a loud chorus of sweet music, in person baptised the new building holy! To the fisherman he then revealed his name, and the nature of his being, commissioning him at the same time to let Bishop Mellitus know all he had seen and heard. Farther to convince the astonished man of the divinity of the event, St. Peter is recorded to have blessed his net, and given him a miraculous draught of salmon, a species of fish in catching which he also promised that no Thames fisherman should ever fail, so long as the fraternity approved the piety of their intentions, by presenting every tenth fish that came to net for the use and benefit of the new church.

Romantic as this tale appears, there are two royal charters still upon record that amply establish the implicit credence which it continued to receive for a long period of time. The first of these was one given by King Edgar, which recites that the Abbey Church was consecrated by no less a personage than St. Peter, the Prince of Apostles, who also named it to his own honour.—It may, perhaps, be as well to remark here, that according to history the Saint had been dead at least five hundred years before the event took place. The other is a charter from King Edward the Confessor, which declares, with minute care, that the Abbey Church of Westminster was dedicated by St. Peter himself, with the attendance of angels, by the impression of the holy cross, and the anointment of the holy chrism. As to the custom of offering salmon to the monks of Westminster Abbey, it was observed by watermen of the Thames to a date as recent as the 14th century.

From varied traditions, such as these, the foundation of the first Abbey in Thorney-Isle, or the Island of Thorns, has been generally fixed in the 6th century, and in the reign of Sebert. After his death, the edifice fell into ruin, in consequence of the relapse of his sons into Paganism; and was soon after totally overthrown by the Danes. It was next repaired, and much augmented, by Offa, King of Mercia, who added the first monastery. The Charter of Edgar already mentioned, was granted upon the occasion of fresh endowments conferred by him, after some farther and violent ravages perpetrated during an incursion of the Danes, about the year 969. The Charter of Edward the Confessor also took its rise from a similar occurrence. During

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his reign, the violated remains of the old building were levelled, and a new structure, planned upon a much larger scale, in the form of a cross, was completed about the year 1066. Of this church it is particularly related that it constituted the model for all similar erections throughout the kingdom. The presents made to it were rich in the extreme; its relics were many and peculiarly strange, including, amongst other varieties, some of the milk with which the Virgin suckled our Saviour. The king encreased its wealth, and extended its immunities, by granting to it fresh lands and new privileges. It was upon the report of all this splendour that Pope Nicholas the I. issued a bull, by which the Abbey Church of Westminster was appointed the sole place for the coronation of the kings of England. Of them, William the Conqueror was the first who received the crown within its walls. Upon that occasion the politic conqueror showed his regard for the memory of his late friend, King Edward, by offering a sumptuous pall to cover his tomb; and proved his sense of the dignity of the monks, by presenting them with a rich cloth for the high altar, with fifty marks of silver, and two caskets of gold.

Henry the III. is the next monarch whom pride or devotion led to make additions to this magnificent establishment. On the Saturday preceding his coronation, in the year 1220, he laid the first stone of a chapel to be dedicated to the Blessed Virgin; and after the lapse of some score years, pulled down all the old structure, upon a representation of the dangerous state into which the towers had decayed. The memorable task of rebuilding this great monument upon an enlarged design, was commenced in the year 1245. The work proceeded but slowly; for at the death of Henry only four arches west of the middle tower had been finished. After this date, the periods at which, and the princes under whom, the principal sections were raised, have never been ascertained. It is only known, that at the Reformation the whole was still imperfect, for neither the great tower, nor the fine turrets to the west, were then in being.

It was in the year 1502 that Henry the VII. set to work at the construction of that admirable piece of workmanship, the chapel, which is yet distinguished by his name. The purpose for which it was raised was to constitute a burial-place for himself and his heirs; and the better to preserve it from less noble occupancy, he introduced a clause into his will, by the terms of which the bodies of those only who were of royal blood, could be interred within its precincts. For an endowment suitable to the majesty of this trust, he procured a bull from the Pope, by which he was empowered to attach to the foundation

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a chauntry of three monks and two laymen. He also obtained permission to appropriate the collegiate church in St. Martin's-le-Grand —since subverted to make room for the New Post Office—and the manor of Tykill, in Yorkshire, for the maintenance of these new members of the establishment. It was from this circumstance that the jurisdiction of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey over St. Martin's-le-Grand took its rise; and, by an equitable reciprocity, the inhabitants of the latter street obtained the privilege of a vote at the election of the members in Parliament for Westminster.

Henry the VII.'s Chapel is generally esteemed the most exquisite specimen of ornamental Gothic architecture, not only throughout all Great Britain, but also throughout the world. The ascent to it is at the eastern extremity of the Abbey, of which, though at a hasty view it may seem attached, it forms no part whatever. It stands upon the site of the chapel already said to have been built by Henry the III.; and consists, like a cathedral, of a nave and aisles, all built of solid stone, and cut with matchless ingenuity and richness. In length it runs to 100, in breadth to 66, and rises in height to 54 feet. No description can convey a picture, and no praise exceed the merits which are to be traced over every inch of a performance so exquisite. Whether the eye regards the varied delicacy with which the turreted buttresses on the outside are cut, the fine carving on all the interior wainscoting, the deep figuring of the lofty ceiling, or the curious framework of the brazen gates, and oaken screens, the same beauty is every where discovered, and the same admiration consistently excited. The nave is hung with the banners of the knights of the most honourable Order of the Bath, for whose installation this chapel has generally been used since the revival of the order by George the I. in the year 1725. The stalls of the knights are ranged along either side of the nave, and may be distinguished by brass-plates, engraved with the arms of the knight to whom the pew belongs, and hung with his sword and helmet. Beneath each stall are also seats for the esquires, of whom each knight is allowed three. The style of deep and forcible expression into which the brown wainscoting of these stalls and seats is carved, has been intensely extolled for happiness and dexterity. It has even been asserted that there exists no artificer to equal these singular productions, or to rival the curious variety of saints and angels which ornament the walls. Pompous and finished as the execution of every stone of this chapel undoubtedly is, and exclusively as the high order of its merit would seem to represent it as a royal work, yet there remains a part of it to be mentioned, which a private individual had the honour

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of superadding to its manifold beauties. This is the pavement, laid in black and white marble, by a Dr. Killigrew, who is described by an inscription on the floor as having been a Prebendary of the Abbey.

Reverting to the history of the Abbey itself, it appears that nothing more was done for it during the reign of Henry the VII. By his successor, still less can be supposed to have been effected—the capacity of Henry the VIII. lay in other propensities of cleverness. For when, in the furtherance of that reformation in religion to which the spirit of his lust had first excited him, this king determined to subvert every religious house in his dominions, Westminster Abbey, with all its wealth and all its honours, was among the first plunder that fell into his ungodly grasp. A formal surrender of the place—its revenues and patronage —was made into his hands in the year 1539, by William Benson, abbot, and thirteen monks. The income delivered in amounted to 3977*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.* a year; and this sum, by a comparison of values, has been estimated at nearly equal to 20,000*l.* of the currency of the present time. This calculation does not extend to its positive or intrinsic wealth, such as reliquaries, statuary, fixed ornaments in tombs, and altar furniture, &c. of which probably no account was ever taken, for no particulars have been recorded. Yet the value of this property must have been immense: the more certain wealth was drawn from 216 manors, 17 hamlets, and 97 towns and villages: As to the rank of the Abbey, though only the second in the kingdom, yet in point of state and influence it was decidedly without a parallel. The Abbot of Westminster had a seat and a voice in the House of Lords.

The first use made by the arrogant Harry of Westminster Abbey was to establish it as a College of secular canons, under the government of a dean. Ever prone to change, he created it a bishopric in less than two years after, which was again dissolved by his son, Edward the VI. who reduced the government to the hands of a dean. In 1557, Queen Mary, among her other Catholic changes, restored the full dignity of the ancient monastery; and in 1560, Queen Elizabeth made the final alteration in its state, by erecting it into a College, under the control of a dean and twelve secular prebendaries. Attached to it, upon an endowment given by her, was a school for forty scholars, still in reputed resort, in which the classics and liberal sciences are taught. The students on the foundation are provided with all the necessaries of life, clothes only excepted, of which however they are presented with a cloak or gown once a year.

With Elizabeth ceased all royal benefactions to this ancient pile. It was now abandoned to the casualties of accidental plunder, and the

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decay which time must ever bring with it, until the reign of William and Mary, during which the attention of Parliament was at last directed towards its fallen condition. A suitable grant was then voted for the repair of the parts already built, and the final completion of the original design. This task was entrusted to the talents of Sir Christopher Wren; and such was the skill and labour employed by that incomparable architect, that Westminster Abbey rose from his hands more perfect and more beautiful than it had ever been before. The outside was all newly coated, and the ornaments of the interior were renovated with singular taste; the western extremity was furnished with the two stately towers, which are generally considered of as delicate a workmanship as any other part of the fabric; and the present large window was placed in venerable beauty at the end of the south aisle. Such are the more prominent services rendered to this ancient fabric by the genius which had no competitor in the production of St. Paul's Cathedral: the other additions made under his guidance, though signal and meritorious, are too many to be here described.

The length of Westminster Abbey, from east to west, is 375 feet; the length of the cross, from north to south, is 195 feet; and the breadth of the nave and side-aisles seventy-two feet. The height of the inner roof is 100 feet, and from the pavement of the choir to the lantern 140 feet. The principal charm of this Abbey, next to the fact of its having been the model for all other edifices of the kind throughout the kingdom, is the complicated style and delicacy with which the whole has been executed. But there is another singular beauty particularly obvious upon a first entrance at the great western portico, and that is the unusual construction by which the main row of pillars have been raised, so as not to exclude a view of the opening of the aisles. From one end to the other, the prospect is fair and unbroken, even to the painted window over the portico of Henry the VII.'s chapel.

In treating of Westminster Abbey, some account of its more prominent beauties is indispensably necessary. There are also many remains as curious as memorable within its precincts, which, though particularly entitled to attention, can nevertheless, from their very nature, find no interesting place of record in the body of this work. The present seems the only opportunity for a cursory tribute to these two objects, and to them the remaining portion of this sketch is therefore devoted. Next to the general style of the architecture so admirably preserved throughout the structure, and the chaste workmanship of the choir, is the altar and the mosaic work of the pave-

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ment around it. Before the coronation of George the IV. the altar at Westminster Abbey was a beautiful specimen of Grecian art, in fine white marble, which was presented to the church by Queen Anne, who removed it from Hampton Court in 1707. The glaring inconsistency of such a piece of furniture, however rare and elegant, in a Gothic temple, was at last admitted ; and the substitution of the present altar, which is built in affinitive taste, followed with great propriety and considerable effect in 1821. The Mosaic pavement, which is considered the finest in the world, was sunk in 1260, by Richard de Ware, Abbot of Westminster, who brought the stones that compose it, and the artificers to set it, from Rome. This information was formerly to be collected from a Latin inscription, set round it in letters of brass, but they are now so worn out as to be nearly illegible. Of the design and character of the figures which are symbolical, the following explanation has been given :—

The subject represented is the duration of the world, which is to be inferred from this acceptation of the signs introduced into the composition. First, there is a triple hedge, which is put for three years, because a hedge was usually supposed to last for that period only; then there is a dog, which stands for three times that date, nine years being conjectured to be the length of a dog's life; next is a horse, which for the same reason counts 27 years: a man, for 81 years ; a hart, for 243 years ; a raven, for 729 years ; an eagle, 2187 years ; a large whale 6561 years ; and thence the world 19,683 years. From this computation it appears that each succeeding object was supposed to live or endure for a period three times longer than that of the foregoing one.

Attached to the Abbey, or included in it, are nine chapels, which are thus entitled:—St. Edward the Confessor's, St. Benedict's, St. Edmund's, St. Nicholas', Henry the VII.'s, St. Paul's, St. John the Evangelist's, St. John the Baptist's, and Islip's Chapel. Of these the Chapel of Edward the Confessor stands east of the choir, and seems more parted from than added to the body of the Abbey. The leading feature of curiosity contained in it is the ancient shrine erected to the memory of Edward the Confessor, and last King of the Saxon race, by Henry the III. Edward the Confessor died in 1066, and was canonised in 1269 by Pope Alexander the III., who addressed a bull upon the occasion to Lawrence, Abbot of Westminster, and the monks in his charge, by which he and they, with the Christian world, were specially enjoined to honour Edward's body on earth as his soul was

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glorified in heaven. Of the monarch thus commended, a curious story is told to prove his insensibility of all mortal enjoyment and worldly pleasure. At the early age of 18, he took to his wife one of the fairest and most accomplished women of the age, daughter of Earl Godwin, and nevertheless permitted this attractive wife to live and die a virgin. His tomb, which is composed of three tiers of pillars, was richly studded with stones of the most variable brightness; and profusely decorated with the finest gold. In ancient times lamps were always kept burning before it, and it was arrayed with a shining crowd of the most valuable statues. On one side stood a silver image of the Blessed Virgin, presented with two large jewels of considerable worth, by Queen Eleanor, wife of Henry the III. To correspond, on the other side was a second image of the Virgin in ivory, which was offered by the celebrated Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury. To this shrine Edward the I. upon his return with victory from Scotland, gave the regalia and chair of state in which the kings of the latter country were anciently crowned at Scone; and to it Alphonso, his third son, tendered the jewels and golden coronet of Llewellyn, Prince of Wales.

Great was the glory of this tomb in the remote ages of our ancestry; but now there remains no trace of its splendour, whether to excite admiration or abate regret, excepting the mosaic pavement, which was exquisitely finished by Pietro Cavalini, the first who wrought in that ingenious style of ornament. It is supposed that the artist was brought into England by the Abbot Ware, already mentioned, who visited Rome about the year 1256. Melancholy indeed are the thoughts which arise upon the view of this worn-out memorial of all that was splendid in religion, popular in fame, and great in monarchy. If such be the fate of a sovereign and a saint, how vilely may one not imagine the subject and the sinner to rot away after death! A hollow piece of common stone-work is all that at present exists of the sumptuous shrine of King Edward the Confessor. Soon after the coronation of James the II. it was accidentally broken; and in consequence laid entirely open. Within it were discovered a number of bones, a silver crucifix, finely enamelled, and a gold chain twenty inches long. A report of these contents was made to the King, who kept the ornaments of his catholic predecessor, and replaced the old coffin in a new one, which was strongly bound with iron. South of the shrine of St. Edward, lies the tomb of Editha, his queen, who survived him eight years, and proved all the bitter consequences of those political changes

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which were the result of that cold spirit of chastity which induced her lord and master to deny himself the gratification, and his country the advantages, of a lineal heir to the throne. Her interment by the side of her husband took place at the express orders of William the Conqueror, who treated her with much kindness in her latter days, and allowed her apartments in Winchester Palace.

North of the chapel is situated the tomb of Henry the III.; the panels were polished porphyry, bordered with mosaic of scarlet and gold; the pillars wreathed, gilt and enamelled; and high upon the sarcophagus remains a brazen statue of the King, which is said to have been the first cast of the sort made in England: it is remarkable for the spirit with which it is executed. At the feet of Henry the III., a tabular monument with a rough head, in relief, points the grave of Eleanor, queen of Edward the I., who reposes in the plain coffin of grey marble near at hand. This large enclosure seems to justify the assertion of history respecting the long shanks and tall slenderness of this monarch: otherwise there is nothing curious or interesting about it.

In the south of this chapel stands a Gothic canopy surmounting the grave of Edward the III., whose tomb encloses the body of his wife, though a distinct monument in her honour adjoins this remarkable fabric. The monarch is represented recumbent upon a table of grey marble; and the whole was decorated with effigies of his children. At his head is the huge sword, seven feet long, and eighteen pounds in weight, and the large shield which were both carried before him in the many wars he so triumphantly waged. Near his resting-place is the monument in black marble of his affectionate wife, the mother of his fourteen children, Queen Philippa, who lived a signal life of two-and-forty years with this monarch. Edward's sorrow for her loss was violent, and his respect for her memory exemplary: on her death-bed she had requested, that where she was interred he would also direct himself to be laid; and when arrived in turn to the last scene of life, he confirmed the wish, and they were in consequence bound together in death, as they had so long been in life. This tomb was the profuse tribute of a husband's gratitude to the memory of a wife's virtues; and of no work in all the Abbey has a more sumptuous account been given, than of this monument. No expense was grudged, no labour spared, no time refused, to make the undertaking worthy of the virtues of the wife, and the attachment of the husband. The work was generally applauded, and richly decorated: no less than thirty statues in brass, including every monarch, potentate and noble, with

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whom Queen Philippa was connected by the ties of relationship, were placed around as honorary supporters of the tomb.

The only remaining monument to royalty in this ancient chapel is erected to the memory of Richard the II., who was murdered at Pomfret Castle, on Valentine's Day, in the year 1399, and his first consort Anne. The workmanship of his statue deserves particular attention; it is curiously wrought in peashells, open and emptied, which have been supposed to indicate the contrast between that possession which Richard once had of a crown and country, and the vain title with which alone he met his death. The canopy of wood above the statue is also remarkable for an ancient painting, still darkly visible, of our Saviour and his Virgin Mother. Another specimen of early art is to be traced along the frieze of the screen of this chapel, which represents fourteen carved subjects from the life of Edward the Confessor. The first of these is the trial of Queen Emma; the second, the birth of Edward; the third gives his coronation; the fourth, pictures the cause which moved him to the abolition of the Dane-gelt, and which was an apparition of the devil dancing upon his money casks; the fifth, gives the story of Edward watching the thief who robbed his treasury; the sixth, represents a legendary revelation, which he is said to have received of our Saviour; the seventh, shows the Danish king drowning, through which an invasion of the country by his followers was frustrated; the eighth, gives a quarrel between Tosti and Harold, when boys, by which the nature of their subsequent fortunes is predicted; the ninth, describes the King's vision of the seven sleepers; the tenth, his interview with St. John the Evangelist, disguised as a pilgrim; the eleventh, describes the miracle of his curing the blind, by washing their eyes in dirty water; in the twelfth, St. John delivers to some pilgrims a ring, which the King had given him as an alms in the meeting already recounted, and the return of which was accompanied with a warning of approaching death; in the thirteenth, the pilgrims fulfil their trust, restore the ring, and communicate the message; the fourteenth, consequently expresses the exertions made by the monarch to finish the works of this chapel, before the consummation of his earthly career.

The mausoleum of Henry the V. adjoins the chapel of Edward the Confessor, and is only divided from it by an aged iron screen, which is guarded as it were on either side by images of ancient sculpture, wrought in the full size of life. Within stands the shattered remains of the monument erected in admiration of his valorous reign by Henry the VII.: it is of a black marble, surmounted with his statue,

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appropriately cut from the heart of an oak, and protected by a beautiful inclosure of iron, moulded in the Gothic style. The head of the statue was of beaten silver, crowned; and a sceptre and other regalia of the same metal decorated the work; but every ornament that was valuable about it, was sacrilegiously pilfered, if the tradition of the guides be correct, in the turbulent time of Oliver Cromwell. Ascending from this chapel on either side, is a circular flight of stairs up a turret of wrought iron, spreading into roofs of unusual elegance, and leading to a chauntry, where a helmet, shield, and saddle, said to have been used by Henry at the battle of Agincourt, are preserved. The section of the Abbey, visible from this elevation, was executed from the designs of Sir Christopher Wren, and is never seen but with singular admiration. Here, too, are collected together all the models produced by that great architect and others for the repair and enlargement of parts of the Abbey, as time and circumstances favoured the labour of improvement.

The chapel of St. John, the Evangelist, was formerly thickly set with ancient tombs, but is now without a trace of any such foundations, with the exception of a curious brass figure, representing an abbot in full canonicals, and appropriated to the tomb of John D'Eastry, an eminent benefactor to the old church, who died in the year 1498. Amongst the more splendid of his recorded donations, were two images gilt for the altars of St. Peter and Paul, and another of the same kind for the chapter-house. The screen of this chapel was built by his liberality; and by his taste, too, was the fine window at the west of the church first studded with painted glass. In 1706, during some repairs of the chapel, the coffin of Abbot D'Eastry was discovered, and accidentally broken open. The appearance of the body upon this occasion was highly curious and interesting: the face was in some degree discoloured, but the legs and arms were whole, fresh, and firm. The corpse was dressed in a gown of crimson silk, girdled round the waste with a black belt; the legs were drawn into silk stockings, the face was covered with a clean napkin of fine weft, doubled up, and set cornerways; and the coffin was richly quilted with yellow silk.

Supported by the western wall in the chapel of St. Nicholas, is a large monument to the memory of his wife, built by the Protector Edward, Duke of Somerset, who was himself allied to royalty, as the brother of the Lady Jane Seymour, third wife to the tyrant, Henry the VIII., and thereby uncle to the juvenile king Edward the VI. The composition of this monument is of varied marbles, and the effect stately. The inscription upon it recounts the nobility of the lady's line-

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age, and the circumstances of her premature death in the nineteenth year of her age. At a short distance is a tribute of the affection which another great man felt for a departed wife—it is the monument raised by Cecil, Lord Burleigh, to the memory of Milred, his wife. The work is striking: the design consists of a temple, raised upon two compartments, and composed of porphyry and marble gilt. Upon the higher tier an old man in the robes of the Order of the Garter is kneeling earnestly at his devotions; the figure is said to be designed for Lord Burleigh. In the compartment beneath, the deceased lady is seen folding her daughter, Lady Jane, in her arms; while the rest of her children are formally represented on their knees, some at her head, and others at her feet. The inscription is long and flattering: according to it, the lady was learnedly versed in scriptural writings, but more particularly in the Greek fathers, and highly charitable: amongst other remaining proofs of her liberality is the foundation she laid of a scholarship at St. John's College, Oxford. At the door of this chapel were interred the remains of Sir Henry Spelman, a man of unwearied application and deep learning, who died in the eightieth year of his age, with the reputation of being the greatest antiquary of the 17th century.

The area near the chapel of St. Edmond contains the rough and moulding relics of some of the finest, and certainly the most ancient memorials of standard merit erected in Westminster Abbey. Of these the most venerable in years is that one which is pointed out as the monument of Sebert, the tributary king of the Eastern Saxons, who died in July, 616, and has been mentioned as the probable founder of this church. From several names of high royalty and note which are to be read within this area, those of two queens remarkable for their sufferings are peculiarly striking. The first is the grave of Anne of Cleve, married and divorced from Henry the VIII. She survived the indignity, and her unworthy husband; but lived and died in becoming seclusion. Close to her ashes are those of another, Anne, the daughter of the great Earl of Warwick, and wife of Richard the III., who poisoned her, to gain the hand of his own niece Elizabeth, daughter of Edward the IV., a union which his sudden death upon the defeat of Bosworth Field prevented him from consummating. Near these fair namesakes, and the suffering wives of tyrants, is the tomb of Edmond Crouchback, son of Henry the III., who gave the house of Lancaster their claim to the crown of England. This king is by some erroneously supposed to have derived his surname from a deformity in his person; but the probability is that he obtained it from the crouch or cross

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worn in the Holy Wars, in which both he and his brother took an active share. At the base of this tomb may be observed the relics of the oldest painting known to exist among us. It is much defaced, but evidently represents ten knights, cross-belted, and bearing banners and surcoats of armour. This number corresponds with the attendants Edmond had on his expedition to the Crusade, which, according to Matthew Paris, consisted of himself, his brother, four earls, and four knights; it is a likely conjecture, therefore, that the painting was a commemoration of these parties, and their feats in this particular warfare. The monument itself must have originally been highly sumptuous; it was evidently richly gilt, as well as finely painted, and inlaid with varieties of stained glass. The canopy, which the effect of time has dulled into an unseemly shade of red, appears to have represented a starry firmament.

Within the chapel of St. Edmund is a tomb particularly remarkable for the rich style in which it is decorated, and the admirable character of the workmanship upon it. It lies to the right of the entrance, next to the antique grave of William de Valence, and was constructed to the honour of Edward Talbot, eighth Earl of Shrewsbury, and his Countess, Jane. The fabrication itself is of varied marble, surmounted with a tablet of alabaster, on which robed figures of the Earl and Countess are stretched in black marble. The inscription, after recording that the Earl died on the 8th of February, 1617, recites his titles, and gives his character in the most sounding terms. Here is also a royal tomb for John of Eltham, second son of Edward the II., who took his designation from Eltham, in Kent, where he was born. He died in Scotland, in the nineteenth year of his age; and is represented as an armed knight, in a statue of white alabaster, with a wreathed coronet on his brow, which has been remarked, as being the first of that kind which has both large and small leaves entwined together. The magnificence of his funeral must have been great indeed, as there is a record of a charge of 100*l.*, which in that primitive age was a little fortune, exacted by the convent on account of the horse and armour used for the pomp of the occasion.

Two monuments of William of Windsor, and Blanche of the Tower, children of Edward the III. who took sirnames from the places of their birth, and died in their infancy, deserve some attention, because they appear dressed after the manner of that time. The boy is habited in the loose short doublet, which Chaucer's Parson condemns as so indecent, and the girl has the horned headdress, so much censured for hideousness by Stowe.

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It is now left for us to take a short notice of the royal and noble remains which distinguish, what Leland terms the "Wonder of the World"—Henry the VIIth's Chapel. Midway, in the east end of the nave, rises the tomb of the founder, and his queen Elizabeth; it is a splendid work of art, beautifully protected by a fine screen, wrought in brass, and ornamented with rows of statuary, which have been sadly mutilated and destroyed. Images of the royal couple reposing in their robes of state upon a table of basaltic stone are seen within. The head of the tomb is supported by a red dragon, which was the armorial ensign of Cadwallader, the last king of the ancient Britons, from whom Henry vainly traced his pedigree: at the foot lies an angel. The style of the work is richly variegated by various devices, appropriately distinctive of the subject, such as roses twined and crowned, in memory of the union of the long conflicting houses of York and Lancaster; portcullies, in signification of the relationship of the Beaufort family, and crowns in bushes, in allusion to the head-piece of Richard III., which was found under a hawthorn, after the Battle of Bosworth. Within this brazen grate formerly stood an altar of basalt, which was subverted by the Puritans as a monument of papal superstition. To this altar Henry gave a relic, which may be best accounted interesting in the precise language of the gift. He styles it "our grete piece of the holie crosse, which, by the high provision of our Lord God, was conveied, brought, and delivered to us from the Isle of Cyo, in Greece, sette in gold, and garnished with perles and precious stones: and also the preciouse relique of oon of the legges of St. George, set in silver parcel-gilte, which came into the hands of our broder and cousyn, Lewys of France, the time that he was and recovered the citie of Millein, and given and sent to us by our cousyn, the Cardinal of Ambroise." No vestige of these superb curiosities is now to be seen.

At the head of the grave of Henry the VII. were interred the remains of his grandson, Edward the VI. His memory was consecrated with a splendid monument, erected by the affection of his sister, Queen Mary, but afterwards demolished by the Puritans as the vain work of a Popish adherent. This wantonness of zeal is much to be regretted: whatever may have been the wilful sins, or misguided errors of Catholic Mary, the remembrance of her brother's virtues, and this memorial of his reign, was a grateful labour, which none but a demon can be supposed to quarrel with. The loss is still more to be regretted, for the merit with which we are told it was executed; the sculpture around was admirably chiselled in high relief, and represented the passion,

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death, and resurrection of our Saviour. Upon the tomb itself lay the youthful monarch, with an angel on either side, praying over the body.

In the extremity of the north aisle is raised an interesting monument, of which the end and circumstance may best be collected from a translation of the Latin inscription upon it :—

Here Lie The remains of
Edward the 5th, King of England,
and his brother Richard, Duke of York,
Imprisoned in the Tower, and there smothered with pillows.
They were secretly and meanly interred by the command of their traitorous uncle, Richard, the Usurper.
Their bones,
Long sought for and desired, after lying
For 201 years in the ruins of the stairs lately leading to the Chapel of the White Tower, were,
on the 7th July, 1674,
By undoubted proofs, recognised deeply buried in that place.
Pitying their disastrous fate,
Charles the II. ordered these unfortunate Princes to be here interred,
Among their ancestry,
In the twentieth year of his reign, and of our Lord the 1678th.

Two monuments to rival beauties, and hostile queens, erected by the same forgiving mortal, James the I., must long continue to attract considerable attention. The first, surmounted by a lofty canopy, and finely worked, rises in honour of Queen Elizabeth, so celebrated for happy fortunes, and signal abilities; the second, magnificently executed, stands to the memory of Mary, Queen of Scots, so popular for her misfortunes and enviable beauty. The inscription upon the tomb of Elizabeth is a paradox of eulogy; no thoughtful visitor can possibly meditate upon the unparalleled excellencies of every sort here attributed to her person and her mind, without exclaiming in astonishment at the degeneracy of modern times, and the Christian perfection of the age, in which a son could thus admirably commend the destroyers of his mother. The tomb of that mother may be regarded with gentler feelings. It is well known, that after being beheaded at Fotheringay Castle, in Northamptonshire, she was pompously interred by Elizabeth's command in the Cathedral Church of Peterborough; but the fact is not so often mentioned, that her son James, not satisfied

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with the honours of this interment, had her remains thence removed, after his accession to the English Throne, and here committed to the company of her equals.

Under the south aisle of Henry the VII.'s Chapel is a vault which contains the coffins of Charles II., William and Mary, Queen Anne, &c. In an adjoining vault, constructed for the purpose, were deposited the remains of several members of the House of Brunswick; but, as they have been subsequently removed to the Chapel in Windsor Palace, which is appropriated for the reception of the family, no particular mention of them can in this place be interesting.

Much more might be added upon the subject of Westminster Abbey, whether to expatiate upon its beauties, describe its contents, or record the interesting chain of events connected with it. The great body of these particulars will fall in rotation within the scope and object of the following pages; but even then, so abundant is the subject, much will have unavoidably been omitted. That matter, however, so far from being construed into a cause of regret, may, perhaps, be turned, not inaptly, into a theme of congratulation. The chief pleasure of information, is when to knowledge we have already acquired, we are able by ourselves to make considerable additions, and thus be our own instructors. In this view of our case, no subject could offer a finer reserve of interests than Westminster Abbey. In England, in the world, perhaps, it may be safely asserted, there is no religious edifice so replete with all that is grand and holy, beautiful and instructive. Other churches may surpass in particular respects; but taken as a whole, with all that still exists, and has been connected with it, we must look around in vain for a rival to Westminster Abbey. It is the pride of death, and the envy of life; a temple of immortality; a repository of crowns; and a sanctuary of genius, of which the history must endure, while there is a language upon earth, and a mind apportioned to the human frame.

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HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF THE

Cathedral Church of St. Paul.

Among the many vague legends upon record respecting the period at which Christianity was first propagated in Great Britain, there is one which attributes that service to the apostle whose name distinguishes this Cathedral. The point is disbelieved by most authors: yet the curious in such matters will find the pretensions discussed at some length in the tracts on the British Church, which have been published by Dr. Burgess. The writers who enforce this fact, add another equally difficult of proof—that the first foundation of our great national Church took place in honour of this saint, during the time he sojourned on the island. But though nothing certain can be said upon these points, it is clear that the Cathedral had an existence during the rule of the ancient Britons, and was an archiepiscopal see in the second century, upon many different heads of evidence. There is a bull upon record, which was issued by Pope Gregory to Augustine, which directs that the Archbishop of London "shall be hereafter consecrated of his own synod and receive his pall of the holy see." Bede also informs us, that the Bishops of London and York had equal rank: his words are, "between the Bishops of London and York, let this be the difference, that he be the highest who is the first ordained." The degree of faith to be placed upon the current stories related of the primitive foundation of St. Paul's may be inferred from the fact that Sir Christopher Wren was only able to *conjecture*, that it was first built upon the site of a Prætorian Camp, established by the Romans, and reduced to ruins during the persecution of Dioclesian, in the third century.

Upon the ruins of that edifice, another structure was raised, as the same architect supposes, in the reign of Constantine the Great. But the relapses into Paganism were frequent, and the superiority of the Christian Church extremely precarious until the reign of Sebert over

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the Eastern Saxons. Confirmed by the preaching of Augustine, the new faith then obtained numerous believers, and the monarch was an eminent benefactor to its cultivation. It has been said, that it was he who first established the Cathedral upon the remains of a Roman temple to Diana, early in the seventh century, and gave the Bishop Mellitus an ecclesiastical authority over all his own dominions, which have been conceived to have extended no farther than the present diocese of London. Ethelbert, to whom Sebert was Viceroy, fully approved of the creation of the new jurisdiction, and presented to the Bishop of London and Monastery of St. Paul's, the manor of Tillingham, in Essex, which it still retains, and 3000 acres of marsh land, situate north of the walls of the city, but no longer possessed by the Church.

With the life of Sebert, however, the progress of Christianity also dropped: the people rose against the monks, expelled Mellitus, and again restored the Church to the celebration of idolatrous rites. Thirty-eight years thus passed in apostasy, when St. Chad consecrated it anew, but was unable to conciliate followers enough to support him in retaining possession of the place. After a short but perilous episcopacy, he was forced to retire with thirty monks into Northumberland, and there one only of the emigrant band escaped the mortality of a violent pestilence, which depopulated the province. For some length of time after this catastrophe, it would seem that the East Saxons were without any preachers, and the next notice we have of their return is, when Wulpher, King of Mercia, reduced the country to become tributary to his power, and sent missionaries to convert the inhabitants. Bede relates this event, and adds, that it was happily brought about; the instructors, according to him, were received with comfort, and the people returned to the faith with much joy. The name of the fourth Bishop of London has been honourably preserved; he was called Erkonwold, and rendered the most effectual benefits to the religion he professed, and the church which he governed. He obtained from the Pope a confirmation of the various privileges it had latterly acquired, and added many endowments to its revenues. These services obtained for his name a rank among the saints of the English Church; but the sudden fame of the see fell away after his death, which occurred in the year 686. East Saxony became incorporated with Mercia, the dignity of London declined, and the only particulars related of St. Paul's, during two centuries, is comprised in a barren list of the names of those who filled the see.

The greater portion of the tim which is counted in history under the reign of Alfred, left London in the quiet possession of the Danes.

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When that famous monarch appointed the river Lee as the confine between his territories and those of his colonized enemies, London again rose in importance from the advantages of its maritimal situation. Towards the close of the ninth century, it was reduced to ashes by a fire, was then rebuilt by Alfred under more favourable circumstances, and at last settled under the administration of his daughter Ethelfrida. It was not, however, until the reign of Athelstan, the grandson of Alfred, that London grew into any certain presumption of wealth and greatness. Under the dynasty of that monarch, the seat of government was removed from Winchester; and London from that period became fixedly a capital, was the seat of government, and place of royal interment.

Athelstan was fully entitled, and upon many grounds, to the commendation with which his name is coupled in history. He was the first monarch who arranged any establishment at all deservedly approaching to the nature of a mint; he suffered one only coin to circulate throughout his territories; and appointed officers, called managers, to regulate and preserve the value of the currency. These managers were stationed in the different towns, and had their members proportioned to the size and trade of each place. Thus, Canterbury had seven of these appraisers, London eight, Winchester six, Rochester five, and so on the other boroughs throughout the kingdom. Another memorable and judicious law passed by Athelstan was that one which gave every merchant who had made three voyages over sea upon commercial affairs, the rank of a Thane, or feudal Lord. Though he may not receive the praise of having founded St. Paul's, he is entitled to grateful commemoration, for the care with which he restored its former state, and the liberality with which he provided for its future independence. Encouraged by his patronage, the monks of St. Paul's made the first translation of the Scriptures into the Saxon tongue; and also taught the first school that was ever opened in the kingdom for the study of Greek.

The next superior over the diocese was Dunstan, the Saint of that name, who makes so conspicuous a figure in English history, both as a statesman and a prelate. His administration was long and vigorous; he added as well to the privileges as to the possessions of the church; and when he died in 988, the glory of St. Paul's, to use the emphatical words of the old chronicles, died with him. The only honour it obtained from the reign of Ethelred the II. was his burial in the vaults of the Cathedral: the city which had rendered him most essential aid during the vexations of life, received the care of his

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corpse in the quiet of death; after which his son Edmond was crowned over his grave. It was to the pious attention of the monastery of St. Paul's, that the conversion of Canute, the Dane, was attributed; and the warrior monarch amply proved his sense of the favour by the general countenance he bestowed upon the clergy, and the especial grants he conferred upon the Cathedral. The rank of Dean of St. Paul's was first instituted during his reign, and by him endowed with a revenue for the support of its dignity. Canute's residence was near the church, and extended down to the banks of the Thames; it had the ground now covered by Castle Baynard Ward for the demesne of his palace. Edward, the Confessor, is next recorded among the royal benefactors of St. Paul's; but the celebrity of his patronage to this edifice is far eclipsed by the splendid works he erected in the monastery of St. Peter, on Thorney Island, which is now universally known as Westminster Abbey.

Another fire laid the city in ruins, and with it the Cathedral, in the year 1088. Mauritius, then Bishop of London, immediately commenced the work of re-building it, and upon a scale of greater extent, and a style of higher magnificence. The labour was continued with enviable spirit by Richard de Belmeis, the succeeding Bishop, who, besides devoting the whole of his ecclesiastical revenues, after the example of Mauritius, to the completion of this stately project; also found means to lay the first establishment of the Grammar School, which has existed with such prosperity down to the present day. To him it was that Henry the First conceded the royal tower south of the church in order to encrease the materials for the work. Much difference has subsisted between antiquaries, as to what tower or palace it was that was thus presented. Some have confounded it with the Palatinate Tower, near the river Fleet, on the ground of which the prison now stands; others have erroneously supposed it to have been the Bell Tower, in Cheapside; but the fact is, that the gift consisted of the ruins of the palace, supposed to have been built by Athelstan, and which had been inhabited, as already mentioned, by Canute the Dane. Exclusive of this donation from the piety of the sovereign, the contributions from private individuals, "to God and the Church of St. Paul," were numerous and considerable. The consequence of all this ardour on the part of the bishop, and piety on the side of his flock, was the production of the Gothic fabric, which is so minutely described, and eminently commended in the antiquarian writings of Dugdale, Hallar, and others,—a fabric which not only exceeded in beauties, but surpassed in every circumstance of riches and state any thing before

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known in the capital of the English realms. The space around was enlarged and extended over a considerable portion of ground, which has since been built upon; for its boundaries were Paternoster-row, and Ave-Maria-lane, on the one side; Old Change, Carter-lane, and Creed-lane, on the other. The space thus formed was enclosed with suitable residences for the various dignitaries and dependants upon the Cathedral.

From this period, St. Paul's became distinguished for the charitable support it gave to the poor and the sick, for the numbers educated within its studious walls, and the hospitality and learning that characterised its inmates. Indeed, the services formerly rendered to society by the monasteries established under the Benedictine order, were in most respects equal, and in some other superior to the advantages which are now derived from our more popular Universities. The amazing wealth which St. Paul's must then have been possessed of, may be conjectured from the various officers attached to its multiplied foundations. At first it was governed by a bishop, fifty canons, or prebendaries, and twelve minor canons. As the monastery grew in public estimation, different priests were drawn off from the parent fount, to preach holiness, and inculcate their learning at other places; and a creation of fifty more canons ensued to supply the labours of this draft. The body consisted exclusively of clerks; the duties of their office was to discharge the ministerial services of the different altars and confessionals in the Cathedral in rotation; to console the sick, and distribute charity; to teach in the grammar-school, as well as to instruct the poor in the Cathedral; to transcribe the most approved works upon religious matters, from foreign languages; and to collect amongst themselves the revenues of their church, and superintend the distribution of them. Superadded to these cares was the education of the choristers, and the young men intended for the ministry of the Gospel.

The first creation of the office of Dean has already been recounted; the change proceeded from the encreased duties demanding the attention of the Bishop, as the number of his flocks encreased, and the necessity there was for a constant head, and superintendence of the internal affairs of the Cathedral. Next to the Dean in precedence of rank, is the Precentor, or Chaunter; his duty originally lay in the instruction of the singers, and the regulation of the choral service of the Cathedral. After him comes the Chancellor, who was formerly required to read lectures in divinity, provide a Grammar-master for the choristers, and serve the Chapter upon all occasions of public business, in the capacity of Secretary. This dignity is still retained, though the

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offices attached to it have long ceased to be required. The Treasurer is the last of those who are styled the dignitaries of the Cathedral: the description of his situation is comprehended in the meaning of the word.

The Archdeaconries are five in number, and take their names from London, Middlesex, Essex, Colchester, and St. Alban's. For each of these, except St. Alban's, there is an appropriate stall in the choir. The Major Canons, or Prebendaries, are still as numerous as ever; though the duties required from them are all reduced, in a great degree, and many utterly abolished. Formerly they were obliged to reside in the church close, and led a regular monastic life, according to the rules of the Benedictine order. But in proportion as the landed possessions conferred upon them became more extensive, a pastoral residence upon these different properties was assigned to the greater part of them; and thus by degrees they were excluded from any share in the direct revenues, which became confined to those only who continued to perform the ministerial duties of the church. For some time the number of Resident Canons was unfixed, and consequently variable; since the Reformation, they have been limited to four, including the Dean; and take the task of reading the service, preaching, and residing on the spot, in monthly turns between them. The other twenty-six prebendaries have nothing else to do, but to perform service once upon their induction, and deliver two sermons in the course of the year: even this latter requisite is often discharged by proxy.

The Minor Canons, twelve in number, are said to have been attached to the primitive foundation. They were constituted a body corporate within themselves, under the denomination of the Warden and College of Minor Canons of the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, by the unfortunate Richard the II., who bestowed upon them a gift of lands, independent of the general property of their own church, and the common usage of the period. Henry the VI. added the rectory of St. Gregory's Church, near St. Paul's, to their patronage. When a vacancy occurs in their college, they elect two candidates themselves, one of whom the Dean and Chapter are necessitated to approve of. The qualifications commonly required for the situation are, besides the understood attainments of a clerk, a good voice, and a knowledge of music. After the Minor Canons are placed the Vicars Choral: contrary to the old custom, these are now all laymen. The Organist generally is one of them; and the Almoner another. The latter officer assumes his style from the Almonry, better known in olden times as St. Paul's Hospital, a charitable institution of infinite public service,

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which was founded in the twelfth century, but in our day is perverted from its original use, to serve as a distinct school for the education of the Choral boys to the Cathedral.

There remains nothing of interest to be added for a long series of years; on the contrary, if what has hitherto been related of the history of St. Paul's, has been very properly expressed in the language of praise and admiration, what is left to be told cannot be expressed in too severe terms of reprobation and sorrow. The pillage of every ecclesiastical foundation in the kingdom by Henry the VIII. has been often enough described, and is sufficiently known; it is, therefore, enough to state here, that St. Paul's suffered greatly in the universal robbery. During the frenzy which characterised the desperate commotions of the seventeenth century, it was nearly desecrated; and thus, destitute of all resources, and every means of greatness, it gradually declined into a state of utter ruin. What the neglect of man thus hurried on to decay, an accident of nature soon precipitated into the last stage of destruction. On the night of Saturday, September the 2d, 1666, a fire broke out near the spot on which the Monument now stands, in Fish-street, and spread with irresistible rage and rapidity over the devoted city. The flames, wrapping every thing with fire, proceeded on in two great volumes, of which the one consumed Cheapside, and the other all that stood before it between Watling-street and the river. On the Monday evening, this double body of fury joined in St. Paul's Church-yard, and having soon darted over on the roof, soon reduced to ashes all that was combustible in the venerable pile.

The massy walls, the work of years, and the duration of ages, stood above the universal devastation in the most awful sublimity. Much doubt and consideration now ensued, in order to determine what best could be done with this range of grand ruin, which covered a space of ground nearly equal to three acres and a half. Several attempts to repair it were ineffectually made; and at last commissioners were appointed to make a report upon the subject, and, fortunately for posterity, they agreed in their recommendation of a new building. The work was confided to the genius of Sir Christopher Wren, and the existing monument is a glorious proof of the happiness of the trust. The first stone of the new Cathedral was laid on the 21st of June, 1675, during the reign of Charles the II. and the Choir was opened for divine service on the day of thanksgiving for the Peace of Ryswich, December the 2d, 1697. So commendable an instance of public spirit and personal ability cannot be too often inculcated for the example of other

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days, as the fact, that, whereas St. Peter's at Rome, which is the only compeer in the world with the Metropolitan Church of Great Britain, occupied a series of 145 years in building, and required the aid of twelve successive architects to complete it; St. Paul's was magnificently completed within the term of forty years, under the presidency of one Bishop of London, and the talents of one architect. The parliamentary grants for this purpose were encreased by a tax levied on all coals imported into London, and still farther enlarged by the contributions of private individuals. This liberality amply redeemed the generous spirit of the instructions given to the architect at the commencement of his labours, and which enjoined him to frame a design, handsome and noble, suitable to all the ends of religion, to the expectations of the city, and the reputation of the country at large; and to take it for granted that money would be provided to accomplish the purpose. The charge was estimated at a million and half sterling money of the realm.

The present edifice of St. Paul's is an elegant specimen of Grecian architecture, and the only cathedral in the island built in the same style. According to the prevalent models of such buildings, it is in the shape of a cross, and divided, according to the established plan, into aisles and a nave. The extreme length is 500 feet; and the greatest breadth, which is from north to south, along the transepts, 210 feet. The length of the choir is 165 feet; and its breadth, in the middle aisle, 40 feet. The length of the nave and aisles is 107 feet; and the height from the pavement to the top of the cross, 356 feet. The ground plot occupies a space equal to 2 acres, 16 perches, and 70 feet. This area is situated in the wards of Castle Baynard, and Farringdon Within, and in the parishes of St. Gregory and St. Faith. The burial-ground is elevated above the street, and surrounded by a stately balustrade of cast iron, with each palisade five feet six inches in height, from the forge of Lamberhurst, in Kent.

Before the front portico, which faces the west, stands a statue of Queen Anne, in whose reign this singular monument was finished. At the base of the figure, are allegorical personifications of her different dominions—Great Britain, Ireland, France, and America. This group was the work of Francis Bird, a man of considerable repute in his time, although the performance cannot be altogether taken as a test of it, inasmuch as no small portion of the effigy, as it now stands, was supplied by the hands of a later artist, to fill up the breaches of time and accident. The arcade of St. Paul's is generally preferred to that of St. Peter's, as one more simply noble and consistently effective.

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It consists of a double elevation of porticos, the first of twelve pillars in the Corinthian, the second of eight, in the Composite order which are crowned with a triangular pediment. Upon the entablature is worked the story of St. Paul's conversion, by Bird, and on the apex of the pediment, rises a statue of the same Apostle; St. Peter is recognised by the attendant cock to the right, and on the left stands St. James, in the habit of a pilgrim. These statues are each eleven feet in height. It may be as well here to admit, that the only plausible criticism upon this front has been condemnatory of the style of the campanile turrets which flank the sides; and perhaps the inverted segments thus distinguished, are not altogether accordant with the plain geometry which constitutes the charm of all classical buildings in the Grecian or Roman style.

The transepts are entered by semicircular porticos, with the Royal arms supported in the hands of angels, engraved upon the entablature of that one to the north, and a phœnix rising from flames on the entablature of the southern portico. This phœnix is the work of Gabriel Cibber, the father of Colley Cibber, the comic author and actor. Beneath appears the emphatical word, "Resurgam; I shall arise," which is the motto of the Cathedral, as the Phœnix is its crest. The choice is said to have been made from the following circumstance: one day as Sir Christopher Wren was marking out the foundations of the great dome, a labourer was desired to carry a stone from a heap of adjoining rubbish, and lay it down as a mark for the workmen. It happened to be the fragment of an old tomb-stone, upon which one only word of the epitaph remained visible, and that word "Resurgam," which was popularly accepted as an omen of the undertaking.

The dome intersects the cross, and is supported in majestic simplicity by four massive piers, each forty feet square. Externally it is environed with a beautiful colonnade, terminated by a lantern and globe, surmounted by a cross. The diameter of this globe is six feet, and it is capable of containing six persons: the cross is in height six feet. The best view of the church is taken under the cupola, which was painted by Sir James Thornhill, who may justly be esteemed the first historical painter this country can boast. The design records the principal features in the life of the Apostle, to whom the fabric stands dedicated. His miraculous conversion near Damascus, according to Acts, chap. ix. is first delineated; then, his address before Sergius Paulus, and the judgment of Elymas, Acts, chap. xiii.; next, the conversion of the jailor of Philippi, chap. xiv., which is preceded by the sacrifice at Lystra, in the same chapter. After these he is represented preaching

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to the Athenians, as in chap. xvii.; the Ephesians burning their magical books, follows, chap. xix.; his defence before Agrippa, chap. xxiv., and his shipwreck, near Melita, chap. xxvii., conclude the series.

The dampness of time has greatly dulled the beauties of this noble work; already the plaster is peeling off; and unless some pains be resorted to for the preservation of this prominent ornament, a trace of it, ere long, will not be visible on the walls. There is an anecdote of powerful interest told of Sir James Thornhill, while painting this cupola. One day, while at work, a friend stood talking to him on the scaffold, which though broad, was not railed in. He had just given the last touch to the head of one of the Apostles, and retreating hastily, as is the custom with artists, to observe the effect, had actually traced back the last step of the scaffolding, when the gentleman observing his danger, snatched up a brush and hastily bedaubed the whole figure. "Bless my soul," exclaimed the artist, again advancing as quickly as he had retired; "What have you done?"—"Only saved your life," replied his companion, describing the imminent position in which the painter stood when his labour was defaced. While speaking of the works of art in the Cathedral, it were unpardonable to omit a notice of the beautiful simplicity of the clock-work, and the fine tone of the great bell. Both are of wonderful construction; the dial-plate of the clock, small as it appears from the street below, is fifty-seven feet in circumference; and has its minute-hand eight feet in length. The weight of the bell is 11,474lbs.; it strikes the hours; is heard at a distance of twenty miles, and is only tolled to announce the death of the King, the Lord Mayor, the Bishop of London, or a member of the Royal family. Neither are the iron gates entering the choir and dividing the aisles to be passed without attention; the workmanship on them will be found exquisitely fine, and highly deserving of praise.

Near the altar stands the episcopal throne, surmounted by a mitre, and relieved by carved festoons of fruit and flowers. It is seldom occupied, but on occasions of great solemnity; the more usual seat for the bishop of the diocese may be known from the carved pelican sucked by its young, and the mitre upon it. Opposite is the Lord Mayor's seat, recognised by the city sword and mace: the Dean's stall is covered by a canopy under the choir, and may be distinguished by the festooning of fruit and flowers. The contiguous seats are reserved for the Canons Residentiary; while the other clerks, choristers, and officers, have appropriate seats, railed with brass, on either side of the choir.

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There are two meetings of singular interest and benevolence held yearly in St. Paul's Cathedral. The first, which usually takes place in the month of May, is for the benefit of the charitable foundation, situated in St. John's Wood, near the Regent's Park, for the relief of the widows and orphans of such clergymen of the established Church as may have died in want and misfortune. Upon this day the service is attended by all the objects of the charity, and preceded by a miscellaneous concert of sacred music, selected from the admirable compositions of Handel, Boyce, and others. To give effect to this performance, the three choirs of St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and the King's Chapel Royal, are expected to give their gratuitous attendance. The stewards who regulate the day's homage, are generally headed by the Lord Mayor of the year, some members of the Royal family, the judges, and highest civil as well as ecclesiastical dignitaries. The attendance of visitors is highly respectable and numerous, and the only terms requisite for admission, are a contribution to the funds of the charity. The second is even more popular and attractive; it occurs generally in the month of June, and is held for the purpose of collecting together all the children educated in the parochial schools of the metropolis, to offer up to Heaven their little devotions in gratitude for the blessings they receive on earth. Upon this day they are all newly clad; the number assembled amounts, on most occasions, to ten thousand: and the sight is one of the most impressive that can be witnessed, as the benefit is one of the most creditable that can be performed.

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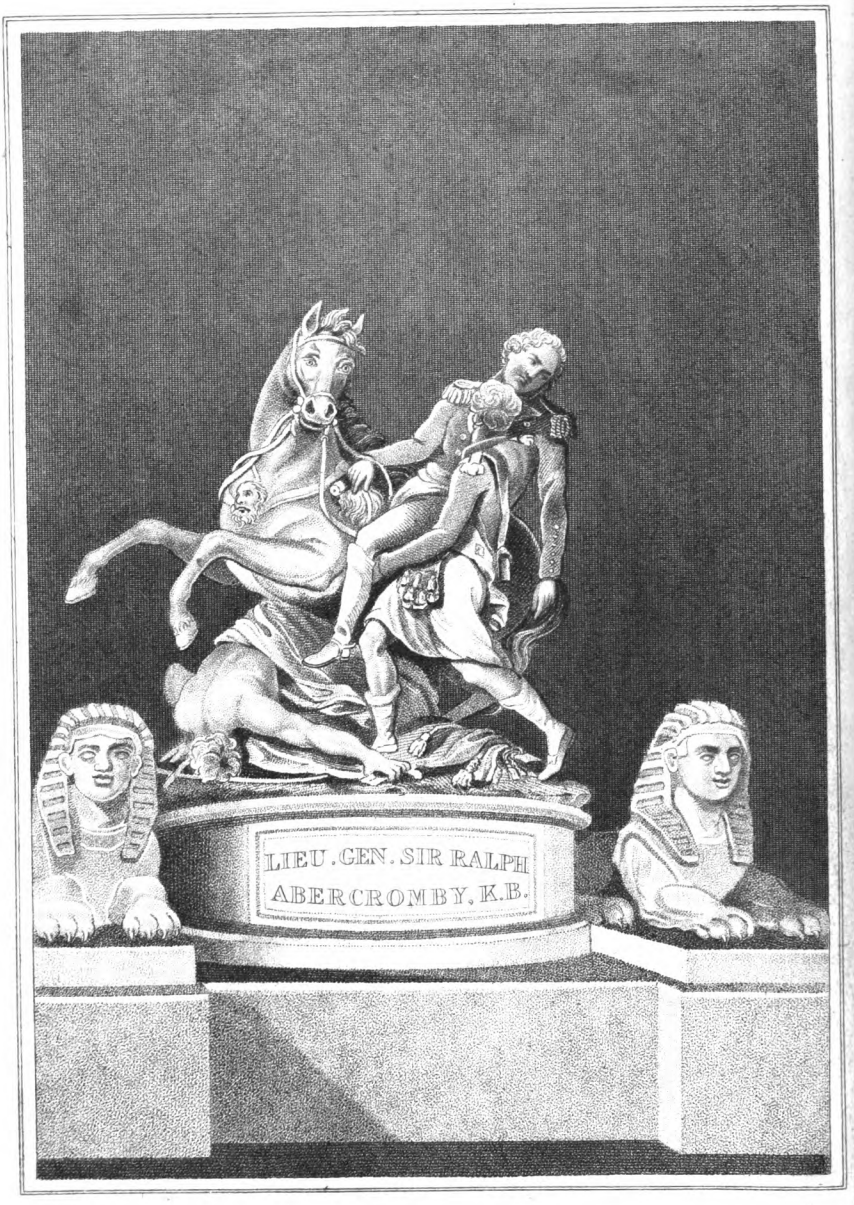

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THE

GENII

OF

St. Paul's, and Westminster Abbey.

SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE, K. B.

THE national monument erected to the fame of this brave general, stands under the western window of the south transept in St. Paul's Cathedral, and is the work of Westmacott, the Royal Academician. It is not only the best performance by the same artist in the cathedral, but is also entitled to additional praise, because the design is appropriate, and the action of it natural. The subject of the group is a representation of the death of the general. His horse appears careering over the prostrate foe, while the rider, fainting from the loss of blood, is caught in the arms of a Highland soldier. Expressive of the victory he obtained, the dying figure of the enemy is seen vainly grasping at the standard which has been wrested from his corps; while, emblematical of the scene, a sphinx, which is the crest of Egypt, appears in relief on either side of the tomb. Upon the pedestal is the following inscription of facts:—

" Erected at the public expense to the memory of
Lieut. Gen. Sir RALPH ABERCROMBIE, K. B.
Commander-in-chief of an expedition directed against the French
in Egypt:
Who having surmounted with consummate ability and valour
The obstacles opposed to his landing
By local difficulties and a powerful and well prepared enemy,

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And having successfully established and maintained the successive positions
Necessary for conducting his further operations;
Resisted with signal advantage a desperate attack of chosen and veteran troops
On the 21st of March 1801—
When he received in the engagement a mortal wound; but remained in the field
Guiding by his direction, and animating by his presence, the brave troops under his command,
Until they had achieved the brilliant and important victory obtained on that memorable day.
The former actions of a life spent in the service of his country,
And thus gloriously terminated,
Were distinguished by the same military skill, and by equal zeal for the public service;—
Particularly during the campaigns in the Netherlands in 1793 and 94;
In the West Indies in 1796 and 97; and in Holland in 1799:
In the last of which the distinguished gallantry and ability
With which he effected his landing on the Dutch coast, and established his position
In the face of a powerful enemy,
And secured the command of the principal fort and arsenal of the Dutch Republic,
Were acknowledged and honoured by the thanks of both Houses of Parliament.
Sir Ralph Abercrombie expired on board the Foudroyant, the 28th of March, 1801,
in his 66th year.

During the desperate wars which followed the French Revolution, two British soldiers, by a career brief but brilliant almost without example, advanced themselves to the highest pitch of heroism and fame. Of these the one was Sir John Moore, and the other the gallant subject of this sketch. Scotland justly boasts the birth of both; and to both the field of victorious battle was likewise the scene of honourable death. Nor was the eminence to which they so deservedly rose, simply obtained by official merits;

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nor the admiration with which they were viewed in life, and remembered after death, occasioned by a bare aptitude for the successful manœuvres of war, by personal bravery alone, and a determined thirst for military renown: their talents in every civil service, and personal virtues made them as estimable in private as they were valuable in public life. Their despatches alone are sufficient to prove that they possessed minds of no ordinary capacity, and powers of no common variety; the rectitude of their principles, was always manly and uncompromising; they shrink under no imputation of political duplicity, or that selfish art by which a man unblushing defends in the measures of a party, and for the success of governing, what he would scorn to aid in domestic life;—such reputations are as universal as unsullied. When to these unusual qualities it is superadded, that they were both ever as ready to throw themselves into the ranks, and rush foremost on the dangers of victory, as they were prompt to design the plans, and happy in counteracting the obstacles to conquest; the character of either may be safely emulated as the mirror of a soldier's honour, and a general's fame. Ralph was one of the five sons of George Abercrombie, Esq. of Tillibodie in Clackmannanshire, and was born in the year 1738. His education was in part private, and in part derived from a neighbouring school; after which he entered the army with a cornet's commission in the third regiment of Dragoon Guards, in 1756. His military school was more conspicuous than his civil one; for he served in the seven years' war in Flanders, and during our still more eventful contest with America, where his conduct was always marked by intrepidity and skill. His promotion was consequently rapid, and his reputation great. His first colonelcy was obtained in 1781, when he was appointed to the 103rd regiment, or King's Irish Infantry, from which, in 1783, he was removed to the 7th Dragoons: in 1787 he received the rank of Major-general.

A busier theatre of hostilities was next opened to his ambition, and as the character with which he was invested rose in consequence, so did the spirit with which he supported it increase in energies. The French Revolution, effected in bloodshed and anarchy, roused the attention of every nation in Europe to the prospect of war, and ere long the horrors of domestic contention were followed by the shock of foreign strife. The republican

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chiefs, ill-contented with internal power, aspired to external domination; and not satisfied with a declaration of readiness to fight for every people who were willing to espouse the cause of their principles, became bold and reckless enough to try and force themselves upon their neighbours at the point of the sword. To Britain, by reason of her superior resources, every nation thus attacked looked for succour; and against her, on account of this very supremacy, was the most insidious injury aimed. Hence what was evidently unavoidable, was soon fearlessly declared, and an extensive system of operations commenced, in each of which Abercrombie was equally distinguished.

Among the first steps taken by the English government to oppose the usurpations of France, one was the assistance lent to the states of Holland, upon the emergency of their invasion in 1792. Of the army embarked for the Continent at that time, the command was nominally confided to Frederick, Duke of York, but in reality, was chiefly vested in Lieutenant-general Abercrombie, who, during the two campaigns that followed, obtained singular reputation. In the action at the heights of Cateau, he led the advanced guard, and displayed both there and at the subsequent conflict at Nimeguen, where he was wounded, a dexterity and courage which were the most consoling characteristics of an expedition soon destined to receive the final conviction of defeat. Of such particulars no description can give interest, and it may therefore suffice to observe, that the adversity of the army only called forth into action greater talents in the general. Retreat once imperative, the Duke of York resigned his command into the hands of Abercrombie, who had now no alternative but to march the army back from Deventer to Oldensaal. This was a mortifying duty, and one circumvented with difficulties; but as the abilities of a commander are no less apparent in the skill with which he shuns without loss what he cannot meet with success; so a retreat well conducted, becomes arduous and praiseworthy as a battle well gained. This march was interrupted by frequent obstacles, and encumbered by great hardships; numbers were cut off by a conquering enemy, and numbers fell still more piteously for want of food; but the talents of Abercrombie rose superior to both evils, and he was no less caressed upon his return for the happiness with which he softened the asperity of the one, as for

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the humanity with which he strove to relieve the distress of the other. It was now the depth of winter; and as the weather was marked by unusual inclemency, and the roads were almost impassable, the fatigue of the troops was excessive; yet the march was conducted with a fortune and a rapidity which baffled the slaughter of pursuit, and saved the flower of the British forces from unavailing destruction. Abercrombie reached the point of his destination in January 1793, and was immediately elevated to the Knighthood of the Bath, as a well merited token of the signal benefit he had rendered to the army and his country.

Fresh efforts immediately became necessary to counteract the consequences of this disaster, and check the tide of other conquests. Already it was known that the French meditated a descent upon the West Indies, and an expedition in that quarter was resolved upon, as well for the purposes of defence as of reprisal. The military command upon this occasion was conferred upon Abercrombie, who took shipping at Southampton, in the month of August, in the same year. Some unaccountable delay took place before the squadron sailed, and the result was, that before the fleet could reach the latitude of action, (a measure which was at last faithfully accomplished with the loss of only a few transports) the French had already commenced operations. This partial advantage, however, was soon counteracted; and in succession the Islands of Grenada, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, and Trinidad, with the settlements of Demerara and Essequibo, were reduced and possessed by our troops. One attack only was repulsed, and that was upon Porto Rico; so that Abercrombie returned to England with the satisfaction of having eminently deserved the popular acclamation with which he was received.

Domestic appointments of trust and honour, as they were brightly earned, so were they promptly conferred upon the victorious general; and the most active scene of command was confided to his talents. This was the military command of Ireland, which was then distracted with more than usual feuds between the long contending interests of Catholic equality and Protestant ascendancy; and moreover troubled by the excitements of French emissaries to constitute a third party at the head of an open rebellion. That Sir Ralph Abercrombie did not retain his command in Ireland long, is one of those passages of his life, in which

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the integrity of his principles runs parallel in its claim for our applause with the intrepidity of his military actions. Upon reaching the seat of command, he found one party of the people, and that the least numerous by far, exclusively possessed of every title of honour, occupation of reward, and post of merit; while the majority struggled under the most degrading servitude, and were further galled with the grossest tyranny of injustice and exaction. The cure of these evils was plain and rational enough: it was only necessary to put all the inhabitants of one country, who must ever have a common interest in every good, and suffer alike from every calamity, upon an equal footing. The power to complete this great blessing lay in other hands than Abercrombie's, but what remedy he had the authority to administer, that he promptly applied. He had witnessed the outrages of the military and government retainers, and he unequivocally addressed himself to repress them. In an open proclamation he lamented the excesses that had occurred, and not only strongly forbad any repetition of them, but directed their legal punishment in a manner which proved the earnestness of his resolution to do justice to all parties. The straight path, however, was not the one which the political administration of that period thought it prudent to follow in Ireland; and, as Abercrombie was neither versatile nor subservient enough to walk in any other, he was allowed to change the rank of Commander-in-chief in Ireland, for that of Commander-in-chief in his native country, Scotland.

Of the second expedition which was undertaken for the relief of Holland in 1799, it is only necessary to speak, in order to record the appointment of Abercrombie to the sole command upon the first landing of the troops; when both he and they distinguished themselves with steady success. The arrival of the Duke of York, however, to supersede him, led to reverses as unpromising in their nature as those already described, and they were mainly saved from a more violent termination, by a similar display of ability upon the part of the general, second in command, to that exerted by him, and in the same country, in 1795. Upon this latter occasion, he was saved from the shame of a precipitate retreat by the form of a convention, in which the Dutch declined our assistance, and the troops were in consequence guaranteed an unmolested embarkation.

The spirit of ambitious enterprize which characterized the rise

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of the French republic had now become essential to its continuance, and fresh measures of violence were forced upon its chiefs, as well to divert the minds of the people from a contemplation of the national ruin which threatened them, as to prevent the military men, whose genius the late campaigns had fostered into mellow confidence, from working changes in the administration at home, in order to advance the measures of their personal fortunes. In this state of affairs an expedition was planned, which prospectively combined every advantage desirable either for the governors or the governed, and that was no less memorable an undertaking, than the descent upon Egypt. The first promise held forth by it was the dazzling result of brilliant conquest, and extended dominions. The next benefit, namely, the employment of Napoleon, was better assured; for, absent from the centre of politics, he must necessarily be, as long as the invasion lasted; and his presence at home, popular as he certainly was, and aspiring as he was reasonably thought to be, must be pregnant with danger to the stability of any ministry at the head of which he did not rank. As for the third object, it was flattering in presumption, and important in effect, as either of the others; for, after the possession of Egypt, it was proposed to invade Asia, and oppose the trade, if not subdue the allies of Great Britain, in that quarter of the globe. The enthusiasm for which the French are proverbial, easily supplied them with a becoming share of applause for these specious designs of victory, and wealth, and fame; while of the more reflecting men among them, the generality were far from dissatisfied to see the exuberant spirit of the day directed to scenes, where, successful or disastrous, it might work its way, and in either case remove the tumults inseparable from it at a distance, and thus, to them at least, keep them directly uninjurious.

The preparations on the part of France for this undertaking, were commensurately vigorous and effective with the resources of so great a power; and her troops landed in safety upon the shores of Africa, for a labour of conquest which astonished the world. As the ultimate aim and end of this descent, so perilous of present evils, and fruitful of continuous dangers, was the destruction of English commerce, the efforts made by Great Britain to counteract its success, were, in a corresponding degree,

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equal to the strength and spirit of so old and formidable a rival. A naval and military force, of unusual strength, was ordered to assemble at Malta, in December, 1800, under the command, the former of Admiral Keith, and the latter of Sir Ralph Abercrombie; whence, after reducing Malta, they proceeded direct to Marmora Bay. Here they delayed for some time in hopes of forming a promised junction with the Turks, while the troops were daily exercised in such movements as must facilitate the attack of an hostile shore, and the sick and infirm were gently recruited in strength. The reinforcements, however, were slow in arriving, and scanty in the extreme, so that the means of expelling the invaders were left to the arms of England alone. Again, therefore, the fleet, consisting of 175 sail of the line, set sail, and on the first of March, 1801, cast anchor in the bay of Aboukir.

For some days after, the wind blew with a violence from the shore, which rendered all attempts at landing desperate, and the French availed themselves of the accident to render the difficulty still more formidable, by throwing up intrenchments along the range of sand-hills, which gave the beach a sort of natural fortification. On the eighth morning, however, the adversity of the wind subsided, and our boats assembled to land the troops. At nine every preparation was complete, and the signal was given to make for shore. The first ripple of advance was scarcely made upon the waves, when a tremendous fire was opened from the cannon placed on the heights directly in front, and all the artillery of the castle of Aboukir. As they drew nearer, they found the ground lined with infantry, and were assailed by a most powerful discharge of musquetry; but, undismayed by the havoc thus created, they rushed on the beach, gallantly headed by Sir John Moore; formed their lines with unbroken resolution, and without firing a single shot, charged bayonet up the hills, and repulsed the French. The skill and intrepidity of that attack had been enough to immortalize a name which was afterwards snatched from life in a somewhat similar scene, and under equal circumstances of renown. The remaining troops were rowed in with rapidity in consequence of this success; new efforts were made to defeat the enterprise, and as fast as the infantry landed, fresh troops of French cavalry dashed in upon them but in vain; no force could overpower the

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compact valour of that day: the whole army landed in quick succession, and the enemy retreated, after an obstinate conflict, leaving three pieces of cannon in our possession.

The movements undertaken in consequence of this decided superiority were equally vigorous and triumphant. On the same evening, Abercrombie encamped without opposition, with his right wing flanked by the sea, and his left protected by lake Mandin; and on the following morning, one detachment was sent forward to obtain a supply of water, and another marched to blockade Aboukir. On the 13th, he advanced at the head of 6000 men to seize on the heights of Alexandria, which were held by a strong body of French; and a conflict ensued, unsurpassed in the bravery of the assault, and the desperation of the resistance. Sailors and soldiers, officers and men, mingled together indiscriminately in battle, and more combatants fought with the sword than the musquet. Many were the names commemorated for the valorous feats of that day, but the general was still the most conspicuous for heroism; though, upon this occasion, he found a generous rival in the person of Sir Sidney Smith. The result may be presumed before it is announced; the French were utterly beaten from their station, and a glorious effort was made to pursue the victory, and break their lines. Nature and art, however, united too strongly in the protection of their position; and one thousand men fell in the brief manœuvre which was vainly made to force their strength.

But the advantage so difficult, when thus sought for, was soon put into the hands of the British by the impatience of the enemy. On the 20th, the French were perceived to be in motion in considerable bodies, and almost immediately afterwards information was received of their intention to surprise the British camp on the following morning. This advice was received with some incredulity when the peculiar strength of their situation was remembered; but every precaution which knowledge and vigilance could resort to, were nevertheless adopted, and by three o'clock our troops stood marshalled in battle array. The gloominess of the hour was additionally deepened by the dark and stormy character of the weather; and after some time spent in awful expectation, the troops were about to be marched back to their tents, when the discharge of a solitary musquet in the distance

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to the left, confirmed the notice of attack. Soon after, the joint report of cannon and musquetry was heard from the same quarter; and from the faintness with which they were repeated, it was conjectured, with fortunate precision, that the right wing was intended to be the principal scene of contention. By degrees the shouts of the enemy grew louder and louder, as they approached in fight, until at last they deepened into a general roar, timed in its periods by a peal of guns, and echoed back by our troops, and the action set in with universal tumult. The attack was prosecuted with singular impetuosity; the infantry led the advanced shock, supported by charges of cavalry, and were opposed with the bravest obstinacy. Twice were they obliged to retreat before us, and as often they opened out their columns, and let the cavalry dash forward upon the infantry, but the diversification was nobly resisted. A third encounter ensued, and the French were again driven back, when a fresh body of reserve made a desperate assault upon our centre; but even that was constrained to retreat with loss, and the fortune of the day was then decided. The defeat was unequivocal, and a complete rout would have followed, but the poverty of our force in cavalry made it impossible to continue the pursuit, either with that sufficiency or effect which the state of the field demanded.

But the pride of victory was damped by the fate of the gallant Abercrombie. Upon the first shout of attack, he fled to the right wing, and pressed with ardour into the thickest of the fight; here, while exposed to every danger, and exhorting every charge, a musquet ball lodged in his thigh. The wound was mortal, and he was unhorsed: still he continued active in directions, and bold in conflict, until a French officer pierced his breast. Thus doubly wounded, he closed upon this antagonist, and disarmed him:—what human nature could do, he had dared, and exhausted with the loss of blood, he had only strength to put the sword wrested from the Frenchman, into the hands of Sir Sidney Smith, when he sank lifeless into the arms of a soldier. From the field of battle, already red with victory, he was conveyed on board the flag-ship of Admiral Keith; where he lingered in great agony for a week. Every effort to extract the ball proved vain; a mortification ensued: and on the evening of the 28th, he expired, universally lamented.

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It has already been mentioned, that the French, on their way to Africa, had seized upon Malta, and that Abercrombie had also recaptured the island, in his progress to repel the invasion. Thither his remains were escorted by his aid-de-camps, and interred, with the highest military honours, beneath the castle of St. Elmo. At home his loss was strongly felt and deeply regretted, while his memory was crowned with honours. Besides the public tribute of the monument in St. Paul's, his wife was created a baroness, with remainder to his issue male; and a pension of £2000 a year was voted by Parliament to support the dignity. Such was the career of a life, brave and honourable as any upon record, and such were the circumstances of a death not to be exceeded in glory. The memory of Sir Ralph Abercrombie is enrolled in the annals of his country, and held sacred by every soldier, and shall descend in gratitude to excite the emulation of an admiring posterity.

Numerous and talented were the tributes, both in verse and prose, to his gallantry, and the brave action in which he fell. Of these eulogies we insert one, which has only obtained the preference here, because it is the composition of a fellow-countryman. The following lines were written by Campbell, the classical author of "The Pleasures of Hope," for a Highland Society, which met in London every 21st of March, to commemorate the victory of Egypt.

PLEDGE to the much-loved land that gave us birth!
Invincible romantic Scotia's shore!
Pledge to the memory of her 'parted worth!
And first, amidst the brave, remember Moore!

And be it deemed not wrong that name to give
In festive hours, which prompts the patriot's sigh!
Who would not envy such as Moore to live—
And died he not as heroes wish to die?—

Yes, tho' too soon attaining glory's goal,
To us his bright career too short was given;
Yet in a mighty cause his phœnix soul
Rose on the flames of victory to heaven!

How oft (if beats in subjugated Spain
One patriot heart) in secret shall it mourn

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For him! How oft on far Corunna's plain
Shall British exiles weep upon his urn!
Peace to the mighty dead! our bosom thanks
In sprightlier strains the living may inspire;
Joy to the chiefs that lead old Scotia's ranks
Of Roman garb, and more than Roman fire!
Triumphant be the thistle still unfurled,
Dear symbol wild! on Freedom's hills it grows;
Where Fingal stemmed the tyrants of the world,
And Roman eagles found unconquered foes.
Joy to the band this day on Egypt's coast,
Whose valour tamed proud France's tri-color,
And wrenched the banner from her bravest host,
Baptized* 'Invincible' in Austria's gore!
Joy for the day, on red Niemen's strand,
When bayonet to bayonet opposed,
First of Britannia's host, her Highland band,
Gave but the death-shot once, and foremost closed.
Is there a son of generous England here,
Or fervid Erin? he with us shall join,
To pray that in eternal union dear
The rose, the thistle, and the shamrock twine!
Types of a race who shall th' invader scorn,
As rocks resist the billows round their shore;—
Types of a race, who shall, to time unborn,
Their country leave unconquered as of yore!

* During his victorious wars with Austria, Napoleon Buonaparte gave his own legion the vain title of the Invincible;—at the battle of Aboukir, this regiment came opposed to the 42d Highlanders, who completely routed them, and captured their standard, which was shipped for England when the body of Abercrombie was embarked for interment at Malta.

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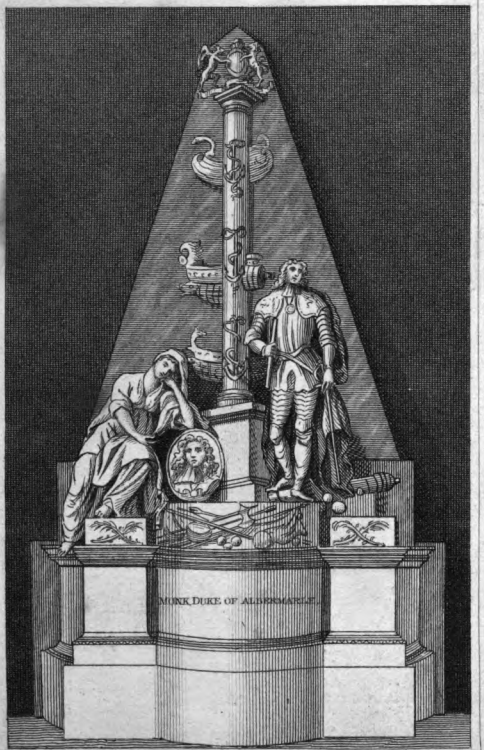

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JOSEPH ADDISON.

THOUGH buried so long ago as the year 1719, and under a combination of circumstances which one would suppose the most likely to ensure posthumous honours; yet, by some strange fatality of neglect, the memory of Addison was left for nearly a century without any tribute of public regard. A monument in his name was not erected in Westminster Abbey until the year 1809; and certainly in point of its present respectability, he has suffered little from the delay. Here is a full-sized statue of him in the Roman costume, on a circular pedestal, which is ornamented with the nine Muses in alto relievo. It is handsomely executed in white marble by R. Westmacott, R.A.; and the adaptation of the *toga*, however censurable in general cases, may perhaps be allowed to sit not inappropriately on the author of Cato. The inscription, from which the following lines are translated, is in Latin.

Whoever thou art who lookest upon this marble,
Respect the memory of Joseph Addison;
Whom Christian piety,
Whom Virtue and Politeness,
Have ever found their indefatigable patron.
His genius
In poetry as well as in every other kind of exquisite writing,
By which he has bequeathed to posterity the finest example of
A pure style of composition,
And learnedly developed the discipline of an upright life—
Stands sacred, and sacred must remain.
In argument he happily blended gravity with mildness,
And in judgment, tempered its severity with urbanity:
He upheld the good, and roused the imprudent,
And, by a peculiar charm, turned even the guilty round to virtue.
He was born in the year of our Lord 1672,
And augmenting his fortune by moderate degrees,

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At length arrived at the highest honours of the State:
He died, in the 48th year of his age,
The charm and ornament of Britain.

Joseph Addison was born on the first of May, so weak and delicate that he was not expected to live, at Milston, near Ambrosbury in Wilts, of which place, his father, Dr. Launcelot Addison, was rector. Addison, the father, enjoyed other preferments in the church; he was one of the chaplains to Charles II. a prebendary in Salisbury Cathedral, and dean of Litchfield: as an author he was also known, by a History of the Jews, and a Life of Mahomet. Removed, after the common course of domestic tuition, first to a school at Ambrosbury, then at Salisbury, and lastly, to the Charter House in London, Joseph Addison there began to cement that friendship with Sir Richard Steele, which was to conduce so shortly after, and so highly, to the improvement of English literature. Entering Queen's College, Oxford, at his fifteenth year, he took the degree of A.M. in 1693, and distinguished himself particularly while at this university by his compositions in Latin verse, of which the happiest efforts are to be found in the Musæ Anglicanæ. It was about his 22d year that he became acquainted with Dryden, and made his maiden effort in English poetry, in the form of a copy of verses, addressed to that immortal bard. Soon after, he made an attempt at criticism, and prefixed an anonymous discourse on Virgil's Georgics to Dryden's translation. He was next introduced, by Congreve, to Montague, Earl of Halifax, at that time Chancellor of the Exchequer: and was patronized, in consequence of a poetical tribute, by the celebrated Lord Somers. Through that peer's influence he obtained a pension of 300*l.* a year, which enabled him to set out on his travels through Italy, where, according to his biographer, Tickell, he wrote his Dialogue upon Medals,—a treatise at once classical, delightful, and instructive,—and the four first acts of his tragedy of Cato.

Returning from abroad in 1702, he dedicated a classical account of his travels to Lord Somers, though that nobleman and his party were then out of power, and the pension granted under them had ceased;—circumstances which, though they left him without any immediate prospect of advancing his fortune, gave him full leisure, which he does not seem to have neglected, of

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still farther cultivating his studies. Addison, however, had the singular felicity of always turning his poetical talents to a valuable account, and of having never been long neglected by men of merit and power. Lord Godolphin now invited him to celebrate the victory of Blenheim; and immediately appointed him, as a reward for his poem upon that subject, to be a Commissioner of Appeals, vacant by the death of Mr. Locke. He continued to rise in ministerial favour, and was chosen, two years afterwards, Under Secretary of State for the home department. From this post he was soon afterwards advanced to that of Secretary of State for Ireland, when the Marquis of Wharton was viceroy, where he was made Keeper of the records in Birmingham's Tower at an encreased salary of 300*l.* a year.

It may be as well to mention here, before resuming the story of his literary productions, that the last and highest situation he filled under government, was in 1717, when after having been a Lord of Trade, he was created one of the principal Secretaries of State. The appointment, however, neither gave that satisfaction to his political friends, or his own conscience, which was naturally expected from a man, who, like Addison, had risen with all the gradual experience of state business, which promotion can confer; and who was, unquestionably, a man of the highest mental powers and acquirements. His personal admirers vindicated this failure, by claiming for him a purer honour, in asserting that the delicacies of classical study had so generously tempered his mind, that it could not be broken to those rude and undigested labours, which the hurry and complexity of public business render unavoidable. A stronger reason for his retirement, upon a pension of 1500*l.* a year, perhaps was, that being altogether unused to public speaking, he could not summon resolution enough to harangue the House of Commons,—an admirable talent, without which no minister can ever be held of popular value in a representative government.

Of Addison's poems, that one most known to the public is the *Campaign*, inscribed in 1704, to the first duke of Marlborough, upon the victory of Blenheim. One passage in it, the comparison of his Grace to a descending angel, is very well known, and has been as highly praised, as it is distantly drawn; for the rest, though certainly not deserving Warton's caustic definition of a *Gazette in Rhyme*, the *Campaign* is assuredly but a poor perfor-

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mance, entitled to little commendation, and less reward. The poem most favoured by the critics, is the Epistle, equable and correct, addressed from Italy to Montague, earl of Halifax, in 1701*; but perhaps the one best liked by the few who now read Addison's verses, is the letter written, about the year 1716, to Sir Godfrey Kneller, upon his portrait of George I. There is an ease in the versification of this poem, a happiness in the incidents, an art in the illustrations, and a classical propriety in the compliments, which are not to be found in any other of his lucubrations in rhyme. The following passage, in which he so ingeniously adapts the mythology of the antients, to Kneller's pictures of the British sovereigns from Charles II. down to George I. may well exemplify these remarks:—

Wise Phidias thus, his skill to prove,
Through many a god advanced to Jove,
And taught the polished rocks to shine
With airs and lineaments divine,
'Till Greece amazed and half afraid
Th' assembled deities surveyed.

* The following lines from this letter expatiate upon an agreeable truth forcibly expressed.

Oh, Liberty! thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eased of her load, Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight,
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.
Thee, goddess, thee Britannia's isle adores:
How oft has she exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought.
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grapes soft juice, and mellow it to wine;
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil;
We envy not the warmer clime that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies;
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen pleiads shine;
'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks, and her bleak mountains smile.

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Great Pan*, who wont to chase the fair,
And loved the spreading oak, was there;
Old Saturn†, too, with upcast eyes
Beheld his abdicated skies;
And mighty Mars‡, for war renowned,
In adamantine armour frowned;
By him§ the childless goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
Her twisted threads: the web she strung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung.
Thetis‖ the troubled ocean's queen,
Matched with a mortal, next was seen
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her short-lived darling son to mourn;
The last ¶ was he whose thunder slew
The Titan race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills, allied
In impious leagues, their king defied.
This wonder of the sculptor's hand
Produced, his art was at a stand;
For who could hope new fame to raise,
Or risk his well-established praise,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a George, or carved a Jove?

It was during Addison's absence in Ireland, that Sir Richard Steele had the merit of projecting and publishing, without any other counsel, and almost without assistance, a series of essays upon the popular manners and feelings of the day, its decencies and duties, printed separately, under the title of the Tatler. In

* Charles II. his amours and concealment in the oak after the battle of Worcester.

† The exiled James II.

‡ King William. § His queen Mary, who died childless.

‖ Queen Anne, whose husband, Prince George of Denmark, being never admitted to the crown, was her inferior, somewhat in the same manner as was Peleus, a mortal, to the goddess Thetis.—Again, as the latter had to mourn for Achilles, so had Anne for her son George, who died prematurely, and left her without heir.

¶ George I. who had recently overthrown the Scotch rebellion in favour of the Pretender.

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this labour, so congenial to his habits and studies, Addison quickly joined, and soon after the cessation of the Tatler, took a prominent part in conducting the Spectator, which was the happiest by far of the charming little periodicals produced by the same talents. Few publications could have surpassed them in popularity or merit: to this country they were original, and eminently serviceable; there was no order of society which was not likely to learn from them; and even to this day, the nation at large may be held to derive many a benefit from their composition; while their utility to the age in which they appeared, was amply attested by the translations which every polite nation in Europe were proud to obtain of them.

The year 1713 was the completion of Addison's literary fame, upon the performance of his tragedy of Cato, a play which he had thought of for some years before he began it, and which remained unfinished for a still longer time after it had been commenced. These circumstances were publicly known and often regretted, until at length, importunities came so loud upon him from different quarters, that he was forced to conclude the undertaking, and give Cato to the stage. Its success was complete; it was acted night after night, for thirty-five times—a longer period of continuity than ever was known before on an English stage, so that the admiration of the public seemed to burn with the fury of a flame. All this, however, was too eminently happy for duration; the popularity of Cato was mainly the work of many powerful friends, and fortunate circumstances; and, naturally enough, when the cause ceased, the effect was lost. Notwithstanding the beauties of the poetry, the construction of the plot is too strictly founded on the rules of the ancient drama, to excite any unprejudiced approbation from a people, who have been trained to a love of the theatre, by the free energies of Shakspeare. Hence comes the reluctant truth, that the tragedy of Cato, though read with pleasure in the study, is heard without emotion on the stage.

The poetical beauties of Cato have generally been in current repute; the Senate scene is a piece of fine declamation, spouted by every school-boy; the contentious vigour of Juba and Syphax, and the pompous sustaining of sententious retort between

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Cato and Decius, are equally well-known; but the Soliloquy of Cato is the grand quotation.—It were a sort of derogation to omit it.

It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us—
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there 's a power above,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue,
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when, or where—this world was made for Cæsar.
I 'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.
(Lays his hand on his Sword)
Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to my end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point, &c.

To the works of Addison already mentioned, the following are to be added as deserving particular notice. Rosamond, an opera, and his first dramatic essay, exhibited in 1707, and written with a laudable view of naturalising amongst us the musical drama of Italy, in a manner combining intellect and harmony. It failed of success, however, principally in consequence of the miserable assistance it derived from the music of Clayton, the composer. "The Drummer," a comedy, though played and

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printed anonymously, is now universally ascribed to Addison, and with sufficient reason; it was also a failure, and on that account, in all probability, never owned by the author. Of other projects which, though he did not live to complete, he nevertheless left an interesting portion executed, the following appeared after his death: The Evidences of the Christian Religion, Translations from Ovid's Metamorphoses, and a few rhythmal Versions of the Psalms.

Hitherto honour and happiness had grown upon Addison, as his days increased; but there remain, unfortunately, some circumstances to be told, which detracted a little from both those enjoyments. The first was, his marriage, in 1716, with the Countess Dowager of Warwick, by whom he left a daughter. This lady he is said to have first known as tutor to her son, and to have long courted with singular modesty; yet when gained, to have acquired but little satisfaction with the alliance. She was too proud to consider him as her equal, and too cold to feel his love; the consequence was that Addison, in this respect verily a poet, sought refuge from the asperities of home in the amenities of a bottle at the tavern.

The breach of his friendship with Steele is still more to be regretted. The latter, who, like a true Irishman, vain and generous to profusion, was almost always in the greatest want of money, had the misfortune to borrow a hundred pounds from his friend, and, what was worse, to neglect the repayment of it; upon which Addison recovered his money by the arbitrary means of a sheriff's writ, and bailiff's execution. This act naturally damped the warmth of an intimacy, which continued, however, under promising appearances, until a pamphlet controversy, carried on with great violence, separated a friendship of memorable length. The origin of this difference was, the publication, by Steele, of the Plebeian, a pamphlet in support of a bill brought into the House of Lords by the Earl of Sunderland, for the purpose of preventing the crown from creating any new peers, unless upon the demise of an old title. This production was followed by an answer from Addison, under the title of the Old Whig. Steele, in his reply, was gentlemanly enough to confine himself to his subject, while Addison, in his rejoinder, was so ill-tempered as to begin to reproach his opponent with trading

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in pamphlets from poverty. The only notice taken of such language was by a happy quotation from Cato, which was the reproof of a friend and a scholar. The bill was dropped by Parliament, and the controversy ceased: but the friends never met again. Steele all along preserved an honourable feeling of respect and tenderness for Addison, and his genius; but the latter was jealous and proud; he knew he had offered the wrong, and, naturally enough, could not bring himself to ask his friend to pardon what his own conscience was not likely to forgive.

The quarrel between Addison and Pope is a still stronger exemplification of the feelings to which the former enmity has been generally ascribed. In this case, it is hard to conceive what could have actuated Addison, unless it was some ascetic repugnance of jealousy naturally inflicted on his character. Pope certainly did nothing to offend him; on the contrary, he had written the prologue to Cato, and a pamphlet against that common snarl of a critic, Dennis, who had impotently abused the tragedy. Notwithstanding, Addison felt dislike, and shunned his young friend; several exertions were made to reconcile them, but Pope would not become abject, and the meetings only increased former bitterness. But a weightier charge deepens the regret of every liberal reader over this difference; for it cannot now be doubted, that, if Addison did not actually compose the greater part of Tickell's book of the Iliad, he at least started the idea of it, and, by direct patronage, endeavoured to run down Pope's translation into a failure. This was a conduct not likely to be forgotten or defended: it was a conspiracy against a man's fortune, through his reputation, and has deservedly subjected Addison to more censure than any other act of his life.

Such were the circumstances under which Addison began to feel a gradual decay of nature, which turned into a dropsy, and terminated his life at Holland House, on the 17th of June, 1719.

One scene of his death-bed is often described with the ostentation that characterises it. When given over by the doctors, he sent for his step-son the Earl of Warwick, a dissolute young nobleman, and while he grasped his hands with fervour, emphatically exclaimed, "See how a Christian can die!" But in the impressiveness of this display, the counterpart to it is generally overlooked; for, at the same time, he sent for Gay the poet, from

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whom he had lately estranged himself, confessed that he had injured him, and promised to make amends, if he lived. Now it is hard to conceive how a man, sensibly religious, could thus abandon justice, to hang upon chances; and it is impossible to give him the praise of Christian charity who lived at warm enmity with his oldest friends, and in death persisted in hostility.

If the character of Addison is to be estimated by his writings, few men possessed more charitable feelings, or more virtuous principles; in this respect, he was eminently happy, for the world gave him credit for all he wrote, and held but a partial heed of his actions. Few men can be said to have done as much good to the English language as he did:—if in poetry he has many superiors, he can only be said to have equals in prose; and if Dryden was our first critic in point of time, Addison is our first in point of merit.

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THE DUKE OF ALBEMARLE, K. G.

GEORGE MONK, whose name must continue cherished so long as England enjoys a monarchy, and Englishmen boast a blessing under it, was born on the 6th of December, in the year 1608. He was the second son of a gentleman of ancient family in Devonshire, who had considerably reduced his estate by generous hospitality and a free fashion of livelihood. This decay of fortune led him to bring young George up to the profession of arms, in which men of gentle blood were at that period greatly caressed, and if at all deserving, seldom failed to secure a handsome competence. George Monk accordingly entered the naval service of his country in his seventeenth year; but ere yet he parted from land, gave the following earnest of his decision and courage. The young King Charles I. having determined upon a war with Spain, had just come down to Plymouth, in order to satisfy himself of the condition of the navy there. Upon such an occasion, old Mr. Monk naturally desired to pay his respects to his Sovereign in a manner worthy of the family; but so great was the pressure of his embarrassments, that to appear in public would also be, to suffer arrest, and be handed into jail. In this distress, he sent his son George to the Sheriff with a round present, and a request that his person might be free from molestation while he waited with his duty upon the King. The man of law pocketed the bribe, and promised favour; Mr. Monk made his appearance in public, while a creditor hastening to the Sheriff with a double bribe, procured an immediate arrest. Incensed at this baseness, George proceeded to the Sheriff; but finding remonstrances vain, he laid his cane about the fellow's shoulders, and continued the blows until he fell exhausted with pain and weakness. After administering this summary punishment, his own liberty was even more precarious than his father's

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had just been. He therefore hurried on board the fleet, and sailed with it against Cadiz, under the command of Lord Wimbledon; after which he also bore a part in the equally unfortunate affair against the Island of Rhe.

Thus employed, he continued until about the age of one-and-twenty, when a peace left his actions undirected; and the better to improve his experience in the art of war, he passed over as a volunteer into Holland, then the greatest school for soldiers in Europe, and was present at many battles and sieges. There his reputation was sufficiently fair to enable him to muster a troop of two hundred men; of whom the one half were volunteers to his service, and the rest retainers in his pay. At the head of this body he fought under General Lord Goring, and repeatedly deserved his approbation. At last, some affront which he conceived offered to him by the Prince of Orange, induced him to turn his thoughts homewards, where the confusions of civil warfare were already beginning to ferment. Indifference to a contest of this description was not to be expected from a young soldier like Monk, and he devoted his talents to the royal interest. Having obtained the command of a regiment, he was employed, under the Earl of Leicester, against the Irish insurgents, and quickly attracted notice by the dexterity of his movements and the steadiness of his valour. The amiableness of his private character may best be inferred from the affectionate familiarity with which the soldiers called him *honest George Monk*, a distinction which they never found reason to withdraw from him even in the days he stood highest in honours. So even was his bearing, and so moderate his politics, that when the army was recalled from Ireland, he fell under suspicions of disaffection, and was suspended in his command, and even ordered to the King at Oxford, there to justify his loyalty. Upon this occasion, his general reputation for sincerity and honour was of great avail; he protested his innocence in the most earnest manner, and, in the absence of all proof, there was no alternative, but to dismiss an enquiry which it was weakness to institute. Thus restored to his regiment, he soon after was present at the siege of Nantwich, where the Royalists, under Lord Byron, met with a defeat from Fairfax, and Colonel Monk was taken prisoner. Transported to the Tower of London, he continued to suffer, during the space of two years

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under the most rigorous imprisonment, and the strictest poverty. Once, indeed, the king sent him a present of a hundred guineas, and repeatedly the Parliament offered him the amplest temptations to espouse their faction. Distress, however, could not break his honour, and he remained inflexible, until Cromwell, sensible of the importance of his support, became in person his seducer. The latter, with all the subtlety of his character, professed to recommend Monk to an employment, which, while it should be perfectly consistent with his own principles of honour, should also be reconcileable to the views of the Parliament. This was the suppression of the Irish insurrection, a tumult of feuds alike injurious to both the great contending parties, and equally deplored by all sides; so that whoever undertook to put an end to them, must do his country a good, for which both king and parliament would be grateful. When this proposal was accepted, and the appointment made out by the Parliament, the hopes of Charles I. it must be remembered, were all nearly extinguished; and Oliver clearly foresaw, that once formally linked with it, Monk must either adhere to his side, and obey its orders, or hazard the adversity of being branded as a double traitor. The former consequence, as that more naturally to be expected, was the one relied on, and but too soon fully proved; for Monk speedily found himself necessitated to fight against the Duke of Ormond in Ireland, and even against Charles II. himself in Scotland. After various operations in the former country, he was at last besieged in Dundalk, by Ormond, during the year 1649, when a mutiny among the troops compelled him to surrender the town; and the Parliamentary cause was in consequence for a time lost throughout the island. In the latter country he was left at the head of seven thousand men, when, in 1651, the young king made his gallant descent upon England with the Scotch army, and Cromwell was obliged to turn from the reduction of the North, to arrest the strides of royalty towards the South.

The trust of imposing the authority of the English Parliament upon Scotland having thus devolved upon Monk, he executed his commission with a precise dispatch, which clearly established his ability as a commander. Laying siege to Stirling Castle, which was gallantly manned and well provisioned, he forced a surrender, and obtained possession of all the state papers

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of the kingdom. Immediately providing one or two diversions for the purpose of quelling the risings which were effected by the nobility in different quarters, he next proceeded against the strong fortifications of Dundee. The great strength of this town had lately made it a general store for all the wealth of the adjoining counties, and it was now stocked with rich furniture, plate and money, as a certain place of safety. This, therefore, was an attack of consequence, and the better to inspirit his men, Monk promised them the gross licence of plunder in case of success. Thus cheered, they made their assault with vigour, cleared a breach without delay, and carried the place; while their general, after the savage manner of Cromwell, for once tarnished his victory, and disgraced his name by a massacre of the inhabitants. The object of this barbarity was to facilitate the success of the campaign by terrifying other places from resistance, and the example speedily produced its effect. The principal forts volunteered a submission; the leading nobles, with Argyle at their head, were prompt to solicit terms of pardon; and even the rugged and hitherto unvanquished Highlands acquiesced in the common subjection. Having thus rapidly completed the purposes of his command, Monk remained for some time at the head of affairs in Scotland, and by the equality of his administration, was able to give content to a restless people, who had long and deeply hated their subduers as natural enemies; while he made his authority still more agreeable to the army, with whom he found it prudent still firmly to cement those feelings of regard, which they had already evinced towards him, and he afterwards converted to so noble an end.

Here he continued undisturbed until the year 1652, when, in consequence of a partial success obtained by the Dutch fleet under Van Tromp over Admiral Blake, he was summoned from Scotland to exert his talents upon the element in which he had first fought for his country. He was accordingly appointed one of the admirals of the fleet, which gave battle to the enemy on the 2d of July, and during the day particularly distinguished himself. One of the first broadsides severed in two the body of Deane, a gallant officer, and the second in command, by a chain shot, at that time a new invention, generally ascribed to the pensionary De Witte. Monk, who sailed in the same vessel, saw the fatality,

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and had the presence of mind to throw his cloak over the body, and, by earnest exhortations, keep the men fast to their duty, lest the unusual appearance of so raking a wound might strike a panic on their hearts. In this manner he remained busily engaged at the same spot until an opportunity presented itself to remove the remains below decks. Meantime, the action (a more particular account of which will be found in the memoir of Admiral Blake, who commanded in chief on the occasion) endured for two days with signal resolution, and then terminated in favour of the English. Another engagement followed, under the same authorities, on the 2d of the next month, and was disputed with even more determined obstinacy; for it was only after a repeated fighting for three successive days, that the English proved decidedly victorious, and Monk received double praises for his gallantry. Even Cromwell himself now came forward to acknowledge his merits, and at a public feast given in celebration of these successes at Guildhall, hung a costly chain of gold round his neck. After this a peace was negociated, and he resumed his command in Scotland, where he remained in the exercise of temperate power, until the death of Cromwell and the apathy of his son Richard, left him an open path for more interesting transactions.

Monk's principal characteristics as a commander, were strict discipline, great coolness, and an intrepid promptitude for sudden danger which it was difficult to surprise. Of this he gave a conspicuous proof just after the termination of the foregoing war. Great discontent prevailed among the sailors, in consequence of some arrears in their pay, and a disappointment in the distribution of their prize money. One day they gathered in crowds round the Navy Office, and vociferously demanded money. Monk appeared, and told them there were one thousand five hundred ships to be sold, for which he assured them the proceeds, as soon as received, should be promptly paid off. With this answer they appeared satisfied and dispersed; but in the evening they collected again, to the number of five thousand, and proceeded with arms to Whitehall. Monk, who was at the time engaged with Cromwell, overheard the tumult, and issuing from the Palace, met the body at Charing Cross. A few words satisfied him of the height of their excitement, and consequently of the uselessness of remonstrance. He therefore drew his sword, dashed into

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the thickest of them, and cut down several of the leaders. Such was the effect produced by this alacrity, that they couched their weapons, and after hearing a reproach or two from him for doubting a word he had never broken to them, they retired at his bidding, and quietly sought their homes.

The grand issue of Monk's plans and movements henceforward was the restoration of the exiled king, a memorable event, admirably conducted, and so perfectly known, that there is nothing left in this place, but to re-echo the praises which the nobility of the action, and the prudence of its execution, have so often, and so deservedly received. Marching directly into England to intercept the possibility of any dangerous aspirations upon the part of Lambert, who was the only man likely to rival his views, he gradually purified his ranks of the most factious members, and upon quartering his army in Westminster, avowed his intention of supporting the interests of the Parliament. In return for this, he honestly told the members, that he expected they would support the interests of the people, by which means peace and happiness might once more become the enjoyment of their distracted country. The greater an emergency, the more serviceable is plain dealing; and upon this occasion, the candid sense with which Monk spoke and acted, most triumphantly favoured his designs. The Long Parliament, that desperate focus of all the crime and misery which overran the three kingdoms, during the century in which it abused every principle and privilege of legislation, at last came to the decent resolution of dissolving its power. A new election was ordained; and that single measure involved every other consequence of success. An unbiassed appeal to the people secured the return of reasonable men to the councils of the state; the House of Peers was dexterously thrown open to the high functions of the Lords, without a debate, or even an order; things were allowed to take their own course, and they fell pleasantly into their natural channel; and it now required only to utter the word, and that great point for which so much had been dared, and so much suffered, was sure to be found at the goal. This was a beautiful posture in the affairs of a mighty nation: every breast was big with hope, and confident of success, and yet so much blood had been spilt, and so many lives martyred for it, that it seemed as if the blessing was too consummate for utterance, and men agreed,

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by tacit consent, to complete their happiness ere they trusted a tongue with congratulation or thanksgiving. Monk himself was impenetrably secret upon the subject; to no one did he breathe a hint of his designs, and from no one would he hear a counsel upon it. Of his tenacity in this respect a characteristic story is recorded. All Monk's relations and kindred were devoted to the royal interest; his brothers were actually in Charles's service, and it was not unnaturally supposed, that he himself could not be without some feelings of partiality for the cause in which he had first embarked, and honourably suffered. To ascertain and cherish so momentous a disposition,* Dr. Monk, his younger brother, was sent into Scotland with a letter from the king. Upon reaching the general's quarters, he found him engaged at a council of officers, from whom he was not likely to be at liberty for some time. Meanwhile, the Doctor was received and entertained by Price, the general's chaplain, a man highly respected by Monk, and well-known to be in the confidence of the Royalists. To him Doctor Monk freely communicated the object of his journey, and even desired the advantage of support, should circumstances require it. At length, the brothers met, and the instructions were opened, when the General abruptly, asked "If mention of the business had been made to any other person?" "To no one," returned the Doctor, "but to Price, whom I know to be entirely trusted by you." Still the fact was fatal: the general turned the conversation, and refused to enter any further upon it; nor could any entreaty or importunity induce him to hold deeper intercourse on a question so vital, even with a brother, who had been weak enough to confide to an inferior, what should have been only addressed to his principal, although that inferior was a man of probity, on whom he would have himself relied. A noble instance this of that principle, without which no matter of consequence can ever be expected to prosper, and of that reserve so requisite in the dangerous work then meditated.

Meantime, Monk connected himself upon the most popular terms with the corporation of London, at a public meeting in the

* This was Nicholas Monk, afterwards Provost of Eton, and Bishop of Hereford. He was buried, and is commemorated by a marble tablet, in the Chapel of St. Edmund, in Westminster Abbey.

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city; while a sudden insurrection by Lambert, which for the moment spread universal consternation, was vigorously suppressed, and the new Parliament assembled with every prospect of general amity. Already the House of Commons had chosen their speaker, and were about to commence business, when Monk presented himself at the bar, and unceremoniously informed them, that one Sir John Granville waited at the door, with a letter from the king for the Commons of England. A cry of ecstasy burst forth upon the news, and the restoration was carried in the shout. The king was proclaimed before the members of both houses in Palace-yard, at Whitehall, and Temple Bar; £500 were voted to buy a jewel for Granville; and then 50,000*l.* as a present to the King; 10,000*l.* to the Duke of York, and 5,000*l.* to the Duke of Gloucester; and a deputation of Lords and Commons was decreed to welcome Charles II. to his crown. While these acts passed with enthusiasm at home, Montague, afterwards Earl of Sandwich, prevailed upon the fleet to tender its duty to their monarch, and actually sailed without orders to the coast of Holland. At Schoeling, Charles came on board, and upon disembarking at Dover, was received in the arms of Monk, than whom no subject ever deserved better of his king or his country.

Thus happily were peace and monarchy restored to three kingdoms, which for twenty years had been rent to the extreme of misery by incessant feud and constant bloodshed; thus, too, did one man quietly effect what thousands had vainly died to accomplish; and all by means the least exceptionable, and a manner the most enviable. Here was no plot in measures, no conspiracy among men; no hazarding of a good cause in order to overthrow a bad one; no intrigues, no oaths, no desperation; the whole affair is marked by an exemplary correctness, and an original simplicity which the corruption of universal history leaves without a single parallel. What reward, wealth, honours, and offices could return for such services, Monk now received in abundance. He was created Duke of Albemarle, and Knight of the Garter, was appointed Lord of the Bedchamber, and made Master of the Horse; he received a pension of 7,000*l.* a-year, and, as the climax of public respect, was formally attended by the whole House of Commons upon the occasion of his first repairing to take his seat among the Lords.

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The Duke of Albemarle was now left for some time in the easy enjoyment of fame. In 1665, however, a war, most unfortunately undertaken against the Dutch, called him back to the busier scenes of life; and while the Duke of York commanded the fleet at sea, he directed the admiralty on shore. Though victory at the onset was won by the English, yet were some reflections made upon the conduct of the royal duke, for not urging the advantages of a pursuit as far as they might have been pushed; and Albemarle was, in consequence, solicited by the king to occupy his brother's place. This step is said to have been earnestly opposed by the general's private friends, who forcibly represented that his character as a soldier, a sailor, and a statesman, were proudly established, and that he was unreasonable, at his time of life, to risk all those honours upon the chances of another war, in which no success could heighten, while any defeat must tarnish the greatness of his reputation. To this overprudent advice he very properly replied, by stating, that his character could only derive value from its utility to his country: and accordingly, he accepted the command, in conjunction with Prince Rupert. No sooner was this known, than sailors came in crowds to enlist, because, as they bluntly declared, *honest George*, they were sure, would still see them righted.

Early in 1666, the Dutch fleet, amounting to seventy-six sail, put to sea under De Ruyter and Van Tromp, while a French squadron of forty sail, led by the Duke of Beaufort, also pressed forward to support them. Albemarle, still estimating the Dutch by the defeats they had sustained at his hands under the Commonwealth, proposed to divide his force, which altogether mustered only seventy-four sail, by sending the one half with Prince Rupert, against the French, while he remained with the other to oppose De Ruyter; and this plan, though protested against for its temerity by some of the officers, was ultimately adopted. The admirals parted, and Albemarle, on the 1st of June, began the celebrated battle of the four days. On the first day, darkness parted the combatants, and except the loss of Vice-Admiral Sir William Berkeley, who was found covered with blood and wounds in his cabin, after the ship had been overpowered in the thickest of the enemy's van; the English had little to complain of. They lay at the weather-gage,

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and the Dutch shot fell principally among the rigging, so that no heavy damage was thus effected: the greatest injury was done by fire-ships.

The result of this encounter convinced them, however, that their enemy was far from deficient in courage, and equally well commanded, while in superiority of numbers they had an advantage not to be equalled. Albermarle, therefore, on the second morning, called a council of war, in which he made this pithy address to his officers:—"If we had feared the numbers of our enemy, we should have fled yesterday; but, though inferior to them in ships, we are in all else superior. Force gives them courage; let us, if we need it, borrow confidence from what we have already done; and let the enemy feel, that though our fleet be divided, yet our spirit is entire. At the worst, will it not be better to die bravely here on our own element, than to be made spectacles to the Dutch? To be overcome is the fortune of war; but to fly is the fashion of cowards. Let us, then, shew the world that Englishmen prefer death to fear." The nobility of these sentiments decided the question of a continued engagement, which was supported with desperate intrepidity on both sides. Albemarle strained every nerve in valour; no youth, fresh in hope, and struggling for his first honour, could exert himself more. But all was in vain: the wind had fallen, the combat was steadier, and the strength of the enemy irresistible. Retreat becoming unavoidable, he turned the fleet toward the shore; a most fortunate calm set in; pursuit was thus intercepted; and night again prevented further engagement. On the following morning, the English continued to retire in good order, and the Dutch to pursue with resolution. Albemarle undauntedly closed the rear, and as the last extremity seemed to approach, proposed to the Earl of Ossory, son of the Duke of Ormond, who sailed on board the same vessel with him, rather to blow up the ship than surrender. The latter, a youth of approved gallantry, applauded the idea with enthusiasm, and the act was resolved upon; when about two o'clock, just as the enemy were near enough to renew the fight, a fleet was descried crowding all sail from the south towards the scene of action. This proved to be Prince Rupert: Albemarle again joined him with alacrity; and the scale of victory was turned.

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On the fourth morning the attack was resumed with forces more equal, and unaltered violence. After a long cannonade, the fleets closed in action, and fought with the most determined spirit until about six in the evening, when they were separated by a dense mist. The English were the first to retire to their harbours, where they claimed a victory, upon the double grounds of their inferior force, and more obstinate courage; while the Dutch, having made a few captures, returned home with all the parade and rejoicing of indisputable triumph. But the circumstance which reflected greatest credit upon the pretensions of the English, was the fact of their having been first out at sea again, in thorough repair, and presenting once more to the cannon of the enemy, many of those ships whichit had been prematurely boasted were either captured or sunk.

On the 25th of the same month the two fleets met again under the same commanders; the force on both sides was nearly equal, amounting to about eighty sail, and an engagement took place, fierce and unrepressed as the experience of such officers, the valour of their men, and the excitement of so many trials for decisive conquest, could inspire. The attack was led by the English under Sir Thomas Allen, commanding the white squadron, who routed the Dutch van, and killed the three admirals appointed to it. Van Tromp was opposed by Sir Jeremy Smith, and entirely cut off from all assistance, while De Ruyter supported the main violence of the battle, and though terribly overpowered, kept up a spirited defence until the close of the day preserved him from the mortification of flight. That resource, however, was not long deferred; for on the following morning, his fleet appeared shattered and broken; the superiority of the English was manifest, and nothing but the greatest skill and the most arduous efforts saved the Dutch from utter destruction. They withdrew in a manner highly honourable; and after being severely pressed during two days and a night, at last saved themselves in their harbours, while the English sailed about in undisputed sovereignty, and even insulted the enemy in their anchorage.

Albemarle's last appearance in arms is now to be recorded: this was in 1667, when the Dutch fleet enjoyed the unprecedented

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triumph of sailing up the Thames, and burning all the shipping in the river. Upon this disastrous occasion, he commanded the land forces, and though heavily advanced in years, yet were his exertions as bold, and his bearing as fearless as ever. When at Chatham it was apprehended, that the enemy would attempt a landing, he advanced into the hottest of their fire, and set the most powerful example of duty and resistance; and when expostulated with upon the danger to which he thus exposed himself, and importuned to retire, he quietly answered, "Had I been afraid of a bullet, I should have left this trade long ago."

This service may be said to have been the conclusion of his public life, and it was greatly owing not only to his counsel, but to his conduct, that so daring an enterprize was so formidably resisted. For a short time he filled the office of Lord High Treasurer, and then finally retreating from the fatigues of place and authority, spent the close of his life, enjoying the confidence of his sovereign, and the affection of his countrymen, in calm and happy privacy. His last illness was long and painful: he languished until his sixty-third year, and expired at Newhall, in Essex, on the 3d of January, 1680.

Monk, Duke of Albemarle, left an only son, with whom his title was extinguished. Both father and son were buried in a vault under the North aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel, the descent to which is marked by a closet, containing an effigy of the general in armour. At his death his means were very affluent; he had a landed estate of 15,000*l.* a year, and 60,000*l.* in personal property. This wealth was amassed first by the grateful bounty of his sovereign, and afterwards by his own frugal use of it. Plain in habit, as clear in sense, he lived during the period of his greatest prosperity with the same honest manner, and unassuming ease, by which he was originally enabled to advance both his fame and his fortune. This moderation, which should only have added fresh matter to the praises of his eulogy, was made an ungenerous means for reproaching the purity of his memory; and some writers, with Bishop Burnet at their head, accused him of avarice. So unfounded a charge upon so unexceptionable a character, only affords another instance of how far the rancour of political partisanship can be blinded to the perversion of facts and the abuse of truth.

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Neither have there been wanting men to question his genius: these, because his speech was modest, and his carriage reserved, would deny him the praise of uncommon ability, and underrate the merit of his life. But such envy carries the best antidote in its absurdity: Monk's talents were not the less solid, because not the most shining. It is idle to think of arranging the manners of genius, for by its finest essence, the endowment is ever capricious, uncertain, and incalculable.

A word or two are now to be added, descriptive of Monk's monument:—it stands near the waxen effigy of Charles II., at the extremity of the south aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel; and, by some strange perversion of vanity, or an equally culpable fatality of neglect, is only inscribed with the names of the trustees who placed it, although a fine free basement left ample room for either epitaph or eulogy. The only information given to the reader by the marble is simply that, Grace, Countess of Granville, John, Earl of Gower, and Bernard Granville, Esq. erected this monument, pursuant to the will of Christopher, Duke of Albemarle. The sculptor thus employed was Schæmakers:—on one side of a curiously ornamented column he has represented the general in armour, holding a baton in one hand, and with the other leaning on his sword; and at the contrary side a female figure, recumbent in grief over a medallion of his son Christopher. The general's face is in good likeness, and finely wrought: the design is relieved by various devices emblematical of war; but in its general aspect, presents no very striking beauties either of conception or execution.

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THE LADY ARABELLA.

In the same grave with the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, is also placed the coffin of an equally hapless lady, who for reasons of state, heartless as those which embittered the reign and crimsoned the death of the former, was long and early doomed to a condition of similar cruelty and wrong; and who, at last, expired under circumstances nearly as tragical, and certainly as unjust. The same causes wrought the destruction of both the one and the other; and yet, while the fate of the beautiful Queen of Scots is universally known, and unanimously commiserated, the adversity of her persecuted kinswoman is but seldom mentioned, and receives but little sympathy. There is not a stone, nor even a line in the abbey to commemorate her talents, or her sufferings; and not even her name is mentioned, nor the spot of her interment specified in those pages, which are exclusively dedicated to the dead of this ancient temple. In some measure to atone for this neglect, and save the present work from at least one reproach, which has been reasonably applied to others on the same subject, the following brief notice cannot prove uninteresting.

The Lady Arabella, as she has been commonly styled, was the only child of Charles Stuart, Earl of Lennox, who was the younger brother of Henry, Earl of Darnley, the infatuated husband of Mary Queen of Scots. Arabella was thus first cousin of our James I., and therefore stood, until he had a family, next heir after him to the throne of England, as both of them derived the blood that constituted the right from the second marriage of Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. This propinquity to the crown occasioned the engaging subject of this sketch a care-worn life, and one of the most afflicting of deaths. Her father died while she was yet an infant, and she became, by con-

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sequence, a more easy victim to the controul of Queen Elizabeth, whose depth of policy never lost sight of the dissensions that might be sown by hereditary claims to her sovereignty, and never spared a pain to prevent them from ripening into effect. Born in the year 1577, the Lady Arabella was held in constant restraint, or rather under actually forcible tutelage, by Elizabeth, who refused to allow her, when a girl, to be joined in a marriage, proposed through the King of Scotland, by which a kinsman, the Duke of Lennox, sought her hand. So important was her alliance esteemed, that after this, the Pope is said to have entered into a plan for uniting her to the Duke of Savoy, and then advancing both to the English crown, in order to prevent the increase of power which must ensue upon the accession of James I. These projects, however, never drew near any point of realization; so that whatever jealousy they might have excited on the one side, and whatever constraint they might have occasioned on the other, no violence was attempted, and the last mentioned King mounted the throne undisturbed. That the Lady Arabella might now be allowed to consider herself a free woman seemed probable, when suddenly a conspiracy of English nobles was discovered, who, indignant at the Scotch succession, had plotted the death of James, and the enthronement of Arabella in his stead. No co-operation on her part with these measures, and no privacy to these views, were either proved or suspected; but, notwithstanding, she was for a time confined to her house, and distressed by many privations. The certainty of her innocence did not permit of any long enforcement of this arbitrary treatment; and, as if to make amends for the injustice, she was awhile particularly favoured by the vacillating James. He gave her an enlarged pension, a new service of plate, and a thousand marks to clear her debts. Still past suspicions were obnoxiously harboured, and the fears excited by that conspiracy precipitated her ruin.

It was soon after discovered that she had married herself privately with the young Seymour, grandson to the Earl of Hertford; and both he and she were forthwith committed to close custody in the tower. There the young couple, upon the presumption of no greater offence than that they had loved, and at the impulse of the passion contracted their hopes and fortunes, were left

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to pine in separate dungeons. Towards the end of the year, however, by the force of artifice, and the conciliation of money, they succeeded in establishing, first a means of communication, and soon a means of escape. The plot succeeded; and by different routes both the Lady Arabella and her husband passed the tower moat, and reached the shipping down the Thames. There some terrible misunderstanding of their directions prevented them from meeting and the result unfortunately was, that Seymour set sail for the continent in one vessel, and reached his point of destination in safety; while his wife, attired in man's apparel, and embarked on board another ship, vainly tarried for him until she was retaken. Conducted back to her prison in the tower, a rigorously close confinement ensued for years, until at length her senses proved unable to endure the distraction of her sufferings. She went mad, and in that state expired, a sort of martyr to love, on the 27th of September, 1615, aged 38. Her death was a royal murder, and, as if to make the story of her misfortunes more affecting, she was endowed with beauty, and had a natural liveliness of intelligence, highly improved by a superior education. Of her attainments in this latter respect, sufficient proof is extant in the manuscripts of her productions, still in the possession of the Hertford family, and the copies of her letters printed in the Harleian Collection. These papers establish the fact of decided talents, and conspicuous study. The moderns have been rather unkind to the fame of the Lady Arabella; and while they have wasted both their eulogy upon the qualities, and their condolence upon the adversities of Lady Jane Seymour and Mary Queen of Scots, have appeared insensible of her sufferings, and unmindful of her virtues. But the immaculateness of Mary Queen of Scots is at best equivocal; and Lady Jane Seymour was weak enough to join overtly in treason; while no offence, moral or political, can be charged to the Lady Arabella. It would seem from this contrariety, that misfortune, to be preserved for the tribute of that pity it deserves, must be steeped in blood. Our ancestors, however, were neither unmindful of the sorrows of the Lady Arabella, nor sparing of condolement. Her name forms the title, and her life supplies the incidents, of many a ballad—from one of which the following lines will serve as a specimen:—

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Ah! why, the hapless lady cried,
From royal race am I derived?
Had I to peasants been allied,
Tho' poor, yet happy I had lived.

Ambition never won my mind,
For many its victims I have known,
Alas! like me here once confined,
Their hours of peace for ever flown.

Because by blood to kings allied,
Ah me! how wretched the pretence!
My name offends the ear of pride;
My being born is my offence!

When still the night, with darksome shade
Enwraps these dreary walls around,
Anxious I list my dear Lord's tread,
O'erjoyed I hear his loved voice sound.

But who can tell the pangs so keen
That such ill-fated lovers know;
Where towers and bars arise between,
Dark spies above, and guards below!

In vain for me the sun doth rise!
In vain to me the moon doth shine!
The smiling earth ne'er cheers mine eyes,
Here doomed in misery to pine!

But as I hear the waves arise,
And as I hear the bleak winds roar,
Still, still as fast will heave my sighs,
And still so fast my tears will flow!

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JOHN DUKE OF ARGYLE AND GREENWICH, K.T.

Argyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate, and the field. POPE.

THE monument erected to this nobleman in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, is one of the most superb within the walls of a magnificent edifice. The Duke is represented in a recumbent posture, upon a massive altar, which is elevated upon a fine pedestal. Upon the one side of this appears the statue of Eloquence, in the act of deploring the public loss sustained by his death; and upon the other, Minerva looks meditatively up to the figure of History on the pyramid, who, with her book of annals in one hand, inscribes with the other the titles of the deceased on the sepulchre. The final letters *Gr.* stand for Greenwich; and the style or pen of the goddess is broken at that point, to indicate that the Dukedom of that name became extinct with his Grace. Upon the whole, this composition is perhaps as interestingly striking as any allegorical design can well be. Roubilliac was an artist seldom unhappy, either in the attitudes or countenances of his figures; and accordingly, that of Eloquence in this monument cannot fail to be regarded as a very animated performance. In the effigy of the Duke himself, much power and boldness of execution will be recognized at a glance. Two inscriptions explain the object of the tomb, and the circumstances which occasioned its foundation. The one in poetry, is said to have been written by Paul Whitehead, the Poet Laureate, and runs thus:—

Britons, behold, if patriot worth be dear,
A shrine that claims a tributary tear;
Silent that tongue admiring senates heard,
Nerveless that arm opposing legions feared.

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Nor less, O Campbell, thine the power to please,
And give to grandeur all the grace of ease;
Long from thy life let kindred heroes trace
Arts which ennoble still the noblest race:
Others may owe their future fame to me,
I borrow immortality from thee.

Such are the lines upon the pyramid under which History subscribes the titles of the deceased; the statement upon the base below is this:—

"In memory of an honest man, and a constant friend, the great Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, a general and orator, exceeded by none in the age he lived; Sir Henry Farmer, Baronet, by his last will, left the sum of 500*l.* towards erecting this monument, and recommended the inscription above."

Two noblemen bearing the title of Argyle, and sprung from the same ancient family, have ranked with distinction in the military history of Great Britain during the course of the last two centuries. Of these, the first, and least fortunate in the career of his ambition, was Archibald Campbell, Earl of Argyle, who in conjunction with the Duke of Monmouth, headed the first rebellion that was excited against the obstinate rule of the unfortunate James II. The attempt miscarried: Argyle was captured, tried, and executed as a traitor, under circumstances of marked serenity and fortitude, at Edinburgh, in 1686; and his co-partner, after as vain a diversion in the South of England, was also taken prisoner, and, bating some unsoldierlike humility while his fate remained undecided, suffered death with resignation before the Tower of London. Of this Archibald, much has been recorded that is both interesting, and might be here profitably introduced, but that the subject does not properly fall under the title of the work. There are some verses, however, preserved, which were written by him on the night before his execution, and are too touching and too good to be suppressed wherever his name is mentioned. They are these—

Thou passenger, who shalt have so much time
As view my grave, and ask what was my crime;
No stain of error, no black vice's brand,
Did me compel to leave my native land:

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Love to my country—truth foredoomed to die,
Did force these hands forgotten arms to try.
More from friend's fraud my fall proceeded hath
Than foes, though thrice they did attempt my death.
On my design tho' Providence doth frown,
Yet God at last will surely raise his own.
Another hand with more successful speed
Shall raise the remnant—bruise the serpent's head.

Born on the 10th of October 1780, John Campbell, grandson of this Archibald, had the good fortune of finding the honours of his family restored, before he could be well sensible of their forfeiture. This act, whether of grace or consistency, was one of the first accorded by King William upon his accession to the British crown; because the enterprize in which they were attainted; if not undertaken at his charge, was at least considered a prelude of his cause. The subject of this sketch received a domestic education, and such was his proficiency in his studies, that, at the early age of sixteen, he was thought qualified to engage with the busy cares of life. Professing a partiality for the army, he accordingly received a commission, was present at the battle of the Boyne, and soon after, upon a private introduction to the King, honoured with a Coloneley.

During this reign, he does not appear to have enjoyed any decided opportunities for distinction; but in the long and glorious wars by which, under the reign of Queen Anne, the crown of Austria was preserved, and the independence of Europe secured from the disastrous ambition of Louis XIV. Argyle accompanied the celebrated Marlborough to the Continent, and there proved himself, in active service, a skilful general, and a brave soldier. At the battle of Oudenarde, he served as Brigadier-general; and had for his companions in victory, Prince Eugene, and the young Prince of Hanover, afterwards George I.; and though the exertions of these officers were signally conspicuous, still the conduct of Argyle was even more eminently conducive to the bright issue of the day. The contending troops had been manœuvring and skirmishing until evening had set in, and the French, who, under the Duke de Vendome, had not only the advantage of numbers, but of situation also, had been vainly challenged to a

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general engagement, when, at about five o'clock in the evening, Argyle led his battalions across the Schelde, directly in face of the strongest fire the enemy could discharge; and, in a short time, forced them into a reluctant battle. Pursuing the advantages of this victory, he was ordered to the siege of Ghent; and upon the probable reduction of that city, was charged with the honours of its investment. In the last brilliant affair over which the fortune and talents of Marlborough prevailed, Argyle also performed a distinguished part, though he was decidedly opposed to the policy of a battle in which the loss of lives was of immense extent; and the consequent advantages neither proportionately desirable, nor easily to be attained.

While Marlborough was triumphantly employed in forcing the French lines, and reducing Bouchain, Argyle, now powerfully supported by the ministry, on account of his variance with the Captain General, was recalled from operations of less trust, and invested with the command of Queen Anne's forces in Spain. Here he was opposed to the celebrated Vendome, but unfortunately, although the greatest hopes were hazarded upon the success of the campaign, nothing was effected during it which reflected any particular honour on the general, or rendered any material benefit to his country. The blame of this disappointment lay exclusively to the charge of the ministers at home; for, notwithstanding a vote of 1,500,000*l.* from the Commons for that particular service, Argyle, upon landing at Barcelona, in the month of May, found his troops enervated by extreme distress, and even destitute of victuals. In this wretched condition, he waited for some time, vainly expecting the promised remittances, and at last borrowed money on his personal credit, and took the field. An action immediately took place, at the pass of Prato del Rey, where the enemy were repulsed with heavy damage; but all further advantages were, in a great degree, impeded by the ill health of Argyle, who was conveyed back to Barcelona in a high fever. Still he pressed the ministers for relief, and vehemently complained of the state to which he was abandoned; but his remonstrances were ineffectual; and, although Vendome was again severely repulsed from the investment of Cordova, Argyle, unable to follow on the blow, was obliged to return disappointed to England.

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The allusion already made to the differences between Argyle and Marlborough, is to be further illustrated by the fact, that although associated together in the field of battle abroad, and in the cabinet at home, still they were far from according in strategic opinions, or concurring in political measures. Whether this personal opposition took its rise from any jealousy of rivalship in the breast of Argyle; or whether it was dictated by a sense of the impropriety of that secret influence generally ascribed to Marlborough; or whether again it proceeded from a feeling of the reasonable colour which some of the peculatory charges against the commander-in-chief assumed, it were now difficult to determine. It is probable that each of these causes had an influence over his conduct, and it is certain that he was not only among the first to speak against Marlborough in the House of Commons, but that he also caused the rejection of the last vote which was proposed in the House of Lords, as an acknowledgment of the lustre which the talented achievements of the former had, for so many years, shed over the history of England. Such a statement as this must ever excite a melancholy conviction of the instability of mortal greatness, and more than that, an indignant sense of the gracelessness and injustice which must always tarnish the annals of that country, in which the reins of government are incessantly contended for by political leaguers professing adverse principles. Party must invariably swell into faction when power is likely either to be gained, or to be lost. In that case, reason is perverted, and virtue misrepresented; no merit is then appreciated, and no services are rewarded: the end justifies the means; the ascendancy of the hour extenuates every vice; and the brilliancy of success wraps a web of glossy show over the crimes by which it is attained. Such were the circumstances that characterized the treatment of Marlborough. After having been, during the greater part of his life, extolled by the people, and caressed by their representatives, he sunk on a sudden into the common object of popular enmity and parliamentary censure; and that, too, although no variation was marked in the quality of his talents, or the quantity of his success. All the victories he had won, and all the forts he had reduced; all the genius he had displayed, and all the services he had performed,—nothing was allowed to interpose or polish down the asperity of his fall; and he died with only the

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memory of a happy fame to solace the bitterness of an unfortunate notoriety. Such, and so foul, are the features of popularity: let the aspirants to greatness shun the intriguing depths of party by which Marlborough rose; and even the greatest fear the arts of faction, amidst which he so often fluctuated, and was at last meanly ruined.

Much attention was naturally excited by Argyle, first by the gallantry he evinced in personally adding to the celebrity of Marlborough's battles, and then by disputing the degree of favour which such exploits deserved. His own conduct upon military occasions had obtained his advance to the coronet of a dukedom, and he was further vested with many other offices, which are generally estimated as so many acknowledgments of capacity and proofs of royal confidence. Thus, after being made a member of the Privy Council, captain of the Scotch Horse Guards, an extraordinary Lord of the Scotch Sessions; and, upon the revival of the order, installed a Knight of the Thistle; he was nominated High Commissioner of the Scotch Parliament, and intrusted with the management of the celebrated Union between the administrations of his native kingdom and England. This was a measure most odious to the people of Scotland, and in the prosecution of it, no light broke in upon him from those praises which must have so often relieved the breast of his opponent, Marlborough, when making his best efforts for the service of his country. The fury of the rabble rose to actual violence; and there was required as much of prudence and firmness to restrain them from arms, as there were demanded policy and talents to work the law through the two houses. But, however difficult the steps by which the Union was advanced, that it terminated most favourably, is universally known; and Argyle, for the active share he had in the success of the question, was upon his return to London, created an English peer, by the titles of Baron Chatham, and Earl of Greenwich.

George I. now ascended the throne; the Tories were every where displaced, and the Whigs alone entrusted with the posts of influence and emolument. The successful party immediately determined to make their late opponents feel the strength of superiority; and impeachments, menaces and exile, were the instruments of revenge as unwisely as injuriously put into force. To this uncompromising policy has been generally attributed an event

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which again called Argyle into arms, and enabled him to give fresh proofs of his own talents, and the attachment he felt to the constitution as recently confirmed. Driven to despair by the implacability of the Whigs, the Tories fled to the court of the Pretender in France, and exerted all their influence to induce him to gain the acquiescence and support of Louis XIV. in an attempt to dislodge the house of Hanover from the throne of England. The rebellion of 1715 was thus determined upon; and King George had scarcely seen the first year of his reign, when the Earl of Mar proclaimed James II. once more monarch; and the highlands of Scotland rose in mass to support the claim. At the head of this band, Mar advanced down upon the South, and increased his ranks as he marched; the Lords Kenmure, Nithsdale, Cornwath, and Derwentwater, mustered their adherents and espoused the old cause; so that, ere long, every county, from Cromarty to the Frith of Forth, was secured in the interests of rebellion.

To avoid the dangers of too precipitate an advance, the insurgents took up a station upon the Forth, while 2500 men under Mackintosh, were despatched to take possession of Edinburgh. Matters had already taken so formidable a state as this before the preparations of the English cabinet were brought into effect. Nothing more decisive, however, had occurred, before the Duke of Argyle, with many other Scottish lords, arrived in Scotland, vested with the authority of commander-in-chief. No exertion was now left unassayed to quell the progress of the war; and great as hitherto had been the popularity of the insurrection, the earnests of hostility to it soon became equally auspicious to the cause of George.

Argyle, who had marched to Stirling, to prevent Mar from passing over the Forth, upon hearing of the approach of Mackintosh towards the capital, fled to its defence. The latter then turned his route towards Leith, took possession of the fortress of Cromwell, and provided himself with some ammunition and cannon from the ships in the harbour; so that had not Mar neglected to seize this moment, to pass the Forth, gain the castle of Stirling, and then follow Argyle to Edinburgh, all Scotland would soon have been in possession of the rebels. But, disappointed in the reinforcements expected from the city of Edinburgh, deprived of

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ordnance and provisions, and dreading that he might be surrounded, Mackintosh evacuated fort Cromwell by night, and took refuge in Seaton House, the castle of the Earl of Winton. Upon this retreat, Argyle received intelligence that Mar, with ten thousand men, had advanced to Dumblane, and threatened to take Stirling, which stood as a key to the southern counties.

During these transactions in the north, Kenmure, with what forces he could collect, marched into England, and, after several enterprises, reached Preston, and fortified himself in that town. Against him General Wills was sent down from London; but so carelessly indifferent was Forest, the rebel commander, that Wills was almost within sight of the town, before he had received any intelligence of his movements. At a small distance from Preston runs the river Ribble, which was only passable by a bridge, which could have been defended by a small force against a great army. Here Colonel Farquharson posted himself with a detachment of highlanders; but, by some infatuation, he was called off from the defence of the bridge, and the passage was thus left open to the royal army. The rebels then prepared to defend themselves in the town; and the battle began with terrible fury upon both sides. Mackintosh and Lord Murray, with the highlanders, met the charges of their foes with firmness. In every quarter where they acted, uncommon valour and intrepidity were displayed. When Farquharson was mortally wounded, and a glass of brandy was brought to him to sustain his fainting spirits, he drank gaily to the Pretender's health, saying, "I wish him success, my lads, though sorry I can do no more to serve him." Lord Murray, who, through all the march, had walked on foot, and passed through rivers at the head of his men, now acted the part of a brave commander, and performed deeds that animated all around him. The arrival of General Carpenter to the aid of Wills gave new fury to the contest; until the rebels, becoming surrounded by superior numbers, were constrained to surrender at discretion.

While this defeat occurred in the South, their affairs began to assume an unfavourable aspect in the North. Fraser of Lovat, whom the house of Athol had driven into the interest of the Pretender, and afterwards covered with ignominy, and banished to

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a remote province of France, embraced this opportunity to reconcile himself to government, by engaging to repair to the north, and raise his followers against the prince, by whom he had been so cruelly and so ungenerously persecuted. His offers were accepted, and he realized his pretensions. He was seconded by the Grants, and the vassals of Sutherland, and soon changed the aspect of the rebellion. Meanwhile, Argyle received abundant supplies of money, artillery, ammunition, and all the necessaries of war. On the contrary, Mar could not arm all those who repaired to his standard; nor could he, without great difficulty, find provision and forage. The arrival of the Pretender himself was delayed; and no supplies were received from him; while no intelligence of the arrival of Ormond, nor of the general insurrection in England, nor of the success of the Southern expedition, came to animate Mar and his men.

The latter now perceived that to remain any longer inactive, would be to ruin the whole undertaking; and in a council of war, it was, therefore, determined to give Argyle battle. It was resolved to send a detachment to Stirling Bridge; and, at two fords, one above and the other below, to make a feint to pass the river, while the main army should actually cross a little above, and rush down upon the southern counties: thus should Argyle pursue the main army, then the detachment might either seize the passes to the castle, or attack the rear of the royal troops.

But these skilful plans were disconcerted by the spies which Argyle had obtained among the followers of the insurgents. Leaving, therefore, a sufficient number to defend Stirling, with the rest of the army he hastened to attack them in the vicinity of Dumblane. The rebels moved on, intending to take possession of the town, but, much to their disappointment, found it occupied by foes. According to this discovery, Mar changed the scene of his encampment, and rested all night under arms, in the confident hope of victory upon the ensuing day, since Argyle had abandoned all his local advantages.

In the morning, Mar drew out his army, which consisted of about nine thousand men, upon Sheriffmuir, in the best possible manner. Argyle was not less dexterous in forming his ranks, which were greatly inferior in number to the enemy, but better provided with every thing necessary to give full effect to their loyalty and

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courage. Mar attacked the centre and left wing of the royal army and routed them, while Argyle, at the head of the right wing, was victorious. Both parties claimed the victory, and Mar was actually left master of the field. That action, however, was in the end similar to a defeat of the insurgents. Their ammunition was consumed, their provisions exhausted, their hopes of plunder disappointed, and, under this last misfortune, the men began to desert to their own homes one by one. Thus, Mar was constrained to march his force back to Perth, instead of advancing on Stirling; and scarcely had he reached the former place, when he heard of the defeat of his friends in the south. The success of Lovat had also reached the town, and tended to augment the calamities of his plight. Mar endured all these misfortunes with singular vigour of mind; but without money, military stores, or provisions, there was nothing to be effected.

Convinced that Argyle, who was in want of nothing, and again reinforced, would pursue his advantage, he resolved to abandon Perth, and accordingly, when the former was only eight miles from him, marched off to Dundee. But the measure of success obtained by Argyle, was far from equal to the expectations of the Government in London; his military skill was criticised, and even his loyalty aspersed; so that when Lieutenant-colonel Cadogan arrived with reinforcements, he found the instructions of the latter so full, that, offended at the conduct of the Ministers, he hastened up to London to remonstrate upon the treatment he had received. What little remained to be executed was, in the meantime, easily done by Cadogan; for after pursuing Mar to Aberdeen, where the rebels dispersed as soon as the flight of the Pretender and the lords in his confidence, to France took place, he soon reduced the stubborn clans, and established the authority of Government throughout the country. Ere this end had been attained, Argyle reached London, and with the boldness of innocence, met every doubt and challenged every investigation. But his indignation was unavailing, for without the specification of a single cause, both he and his brother, the Earl of Ilay, were, to the surprise of the country, dismissed from all their employments.

This state of neglect endured until about the year 1719, when the connection which he always continued to preserve with Lord Townshend and his political adherents, facilitated a return to

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power; and he as well as the Earl of Ilay, again engrossed various posts of honour and profit. The theatre of his greatest employment was in his native land, where the principal direction of affairs was entrusted to his care; and though the apprehension of some disturbances in consequence of the Pretender's influence, was made a reason for subjecting the people to the inconveniences which must always attend upon the maintenance of a large military force, still many acts were completed highly serviceable to the interests of the country. Great efforts were made to conciliate the opposite party; the improvement of the Highlands was sensibly attended to, and much benefit was felt from the passable roads, which were now for the first time opened to the commercial intercourse of the country. This confidential employment in various capacities, continued during many years, and Argyle was created Duke of Greenwich, as a token of the approbation with which his exertions were estimated. But he was above the deep chicanery by which the great political leaders of that day upheld their interests; and though associated with them, was less joined to them by cordiality, than held by them out of fear. His spirit and integrity were known and respected, but he was preferred by the Ministers, less as a friend to their views, than a man too influential to be spared from their support. The consequence of this independent connection was, that as he followed the direction of an honest judgment upon many questions, so he was often necessarily out of favour.

A character thus sincerely occupied in the administration of a Government, must always command a considerable share of public regard, and Argyle secured to himself a very high reputation with his countrymen. To his inflexible adherence to the course he deemed right, and a becoming resolution never to consider his principles swayed by a place, or pledged to the party that maintained him in his post, he was again doomed to attribute the loss of political influence. For, not only unable to abet the measures which the Government enforced about the year 1740, but impelled in reason to resist them, he was once more suddenly dismissed from all the offices he held. A change of Ministry, however, soon after took place, and a restoration to all his former rank was tendered to him. But disgusted with the mercenary

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intrigues which marked the courts of George I. and II., he abandoned the exertions of office, and finally retired from politics to the quiet of domestic life. In that state, respected as a skilful statesman, an eloquent speaker, and an honest man; while in his private circle he was fondly regarded as an affectionate husband, a kind father, and a considerate friend, he lived on happily, until an attack of paralysis put a period to his existence in the year 1743. He was twice married: his first wife was the exquisite beauty, daughter of Lord Ballenden, who was so amorously persecuted by George the Second, and is honourably celebrated for the spirited aversion with which she baffled the uncouth lover. Argyle left behind him five daughters, so that his Scotch titles were inherited by his brother, while those of English origin were extinguished with his life.

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SAMUEL ARNOLD, Mus. Doc.

Samuel Arnold, Musical Doctor, was born in London, during the year 1739, and received his musical education, first under Mr. Gates, and then under Dr. Nares, as a chorister at the Chapel Royal of St. James. His introduction to a place on that foundation, he is said to have had the honour of owing to the Princess Amelia, who noticed with interest the promise of talents which he displayed while a boy. Thus fortunately provided, his attention to study was so assiduous, and his progress in the art so favourable, that he secured a feeling of strong regard from his first master, Gates, who at his death bequeathed the successful pupil a legacy. Dr. Nares next became his instructor, and it may suffice to state, that before he attained the age of manhood, young Arnold, according to the flattering assurance of his biographer, was esteemed an ornament to his profession.

But it was not until about the year 1760, that he was properly known to the public, when Beard the singer and manager made him composer to that theatre in Covent Garden. Beard is described as a natural singer, with a manly voice, and of a simple execution; and Arnold naturally adapted the style of his compositions to the character of his employer. This merit was fully established in his first productions, the chief beauties of which are marked in the music to the Maid of the Mill, an opera which met with considerable applause at the period of its first appearance, and is still occasionally repeated to attentive houses. The success of his efforts in strains of this description emboldened him to attempt chords of a higher order, and in 1767, he occupied himself with the Cure of Saul, an oratorio by the unhappy Dr. Brown, author of Barbarossa. This work he enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing received with ready popularity; but, perhaps, the use he made of it was even more praiseworthy

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than its very production. The Society for the Benefit of Decayed Musicians was, at that time, not only impoverished in its funds, but also indifferently patronized at its annual concerts. Arnold presented the copyright of the Cure of Saul to the Institution; its merits drew a numerous audience, and contributed in a striking degree to the re-establishment of an admirable charity. The prosperity of this production naturally led to other attempts of the same kind; and accordingly the oratorios of Abimelech, the Resurrection, and the Prodigal Son, which ranks as the masterpiece of its author, were issued before the musical public in fertile succession. With this stock he rented the right of giving sacred concerts at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket for some Lents successively, and found his talents respectably rewarded in the undertaking. He next embarked in the management of the same entertainments at Covent Garden, but was unfortunately disappointed in the advantages of the speculation. The rival establishment in Drury Lane was at that time powerfully supported by a more direct patronage from Court, and a consequent resort of fashion; no talent could withstand such competition; this second adventure failed, and Arnold was a considerable loser.

A little before this adventure, he published, in score, four sets of songs, composed for Vauxhall, of which many are still remembered for the ease with which they flowed, and the judicious combination effected in the instrumental symphonies. Arnold married in 1771; his wife, a lady of fortune, was the daughter of Archibald Napier, Doctor in Physic; and during the same year he became the purchaser of the Marybone Gardens. To add to the gaiety for which the spot was then so fashionably known, he erected a scenic stage, and composed for it several burlettas, which happily evinced the versatility of his powers, and gained an ample meed of favour. In these short but interesting pieces, many performers of particular note made their appearance, among whom may be particularised Miss Harper, afterwards Mrs. Bannister, Miss Catley, Reinhold, and Charles Bannister. Another novelty of his introduction at the same place, was a Signor Torré and his fireworks; and the curious in such exhibitions, have asserted that the ingenuity and splendour manifested in his displays, more especially in an ignition styled the Cave of Vulcan,

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were greater than the country had before witnessed. The emoluments derived from these entertainments were soon destined to cease: the lease expired in 1776, and the proprietors found it most advantageous to raise houses upon the site of lamp-lit arcades, and vocal bowers; and Marybone Gardens were covered over with an integral part of the metropolis.

But his most conspicuous honours awaited Arnold in the year 1773. At the ceremony performed in Oxford, when Lord North was instituted Chancellor of that University, Arnold was requested to permit his Prodigal Son to form a part of the festivity, while the poet Gray was invited to celebrate the installation by an ode. As a return for the politeness with which he assented to the request, and an acknowledgment for the talent exhibited in the oratorio, he was offered an honorary degree in the Theatre of the University, which, however conscious of his scientific attainments, he more honourably declined, at the same time that he begged leave to entitle himself to it by the usual academical course. In conformity with the statutes of the University, he therefore passed into the school-room, to stand an examination, and submit an exercise. For the subject of this he chose Hughes' Ode on the Power of Music. But the result was equally complimentary; for Doctor Hayes, the musical professor of the University, not only dispensed with the examination, but returned the score unopened, assuring him that it was unnecessary to scrutinize an exercise by the author of the Prodigal Son.

During this interval, Arnold still retained his post as musical composer at Covent Garden. Beard, his original supporter, had left the stage with a well earned competence; but his successor, George Colman the elder, was sufficiently convinced of Arnold's merit and popularity to make no change in his department. For the same reasons, when in 1776 Foote retreated from mimic life at the Haymarket, and Colman succeeded in obtaining a continuation of the patent, the Doctor was engaged to give to this new concern the aid of those services by which the old one had been so often benefited, and he continued to fill the office until he died.

By this time his reputation was happily established, and he had little reason to complain of neglect, whenever a vacancy presented itself which his attainments could supply. Thus, when in

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1783, the situation of organist and composer at the Chapel Royal of St. James, was left unoccupied by the death of Dr. Nares, he was sworn into it on the 1st of March in the same year. Again, when the Commemoration of Handel in Westminster Abbey was determined on in 1784, he was complimented with the rank of a sub-director, and received a medal from the King as a mark of the approbation which his services on the occasion, and the magnificent success of the performance, deserved. Thus too, when in 1789 the subscribers to the Concerts of Ancient Music came to a resolution of putting their entertainments more authoritatively under the direction of a member of the profession, Dr. Arnold was elected to the honour by a large majority, though he had no less men than Drs. Cooke and Dupuis for his competitors. To this catalogue of appointments two others remain to be added; for Dr. Horsley without any solicitation, made him organist of Westminster Abbey in 1793; and in 1796 he was chosen conductor of the performances at St. Paul's Cathedral for the Annual Feast of the Sons of the Clergy.

During the succession of years here run over, Arnold formed the plan of an edition of the works of Handel. He began to publish it in parts, in 1786, and continued them down to the hundred and eighteenth number, in which are included all the compositions by that superior man, his Italian operas alone excepted. This task, certainly one of no ordinary magnitude and merit, was highly patronized during the course of its execution; and must still be considered estimable, though it has been in a great measure superseded by the subsequent labours of Dr. Clarke. Nearly at the same time he also published three volumes of cathedral music, in scores, with a volume of accompaniments for the organ, which he intended should serve as a continuation of the greater work on the same subject by Dr. Boyce. These have never been adopted in the same number and with the same universality, which prove the standard excellence of the anthems they professed to succeed. If less powerfully sonorous, however, they are perhaps more agreeably musical, and now constitute no invaluable portion of variety in the service of the established church of England.

Though but a partial mention has been as yet made of the compositions by which he entertained the theatres, it may easily

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be conjectured, that, during all this lapse of time, he must have added considerably to the number of his early productions in this style; and in point of fact, few men have so often contributed music to plays, operas, farces, and the other minor diversities of the stage. The list exceeds fifty pieces; but it may suffice to extract, as specimens of the musician's ability, the names of a few which are still known to "fret their hour upon the stage." Of these the most popular are, The Maid of the Mill, The Castle of Andalusia, The Agreeable Surprise, Inkle and Yarico, Gretna Green, The Surrender of Calais, and The Mountaineers. This bulk of various works might be still farther swelled by the titles of concertos, canzonets, glees, trios, and catches, instrumental lessons and religious services, in abundance;—but it is unnecessary.

Such in brief were the offices of responsibility which Dr. Arnold held during his life, and such are the labours by which he hoped to claim commemoration when no more. He died at his house in Duke-street, Westminster, on the 22d of October, 1802, and was buried in Westminster Abbey on the 29th of the same month. His age was sixty-three; and his tomb was sunk in the north aisle, between the monuments of Croft and Purcell. The ceremony of his interment was respectably attended by a number of old and distinguished friends, and a throng of brother professors and musical acquaintances. The body was received at the grand entrance by the dean and officers of the church, headed by the precentor. The service of the day was then celebrated; after which the procession formed again, and proceeded round the aisles. A funeral service by Dr. Calcott was performed, and at last the coffin was lowered to the earth. Above the spot a tablet has been affixed, which represents a sickle severing a lyre, and tells the reader by what hands it came there, first in a prose epitaph, and afterwards in a poetic eulogy. They possess no marked novelty or merit, and therefore have neither of them been copied here.

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FRANCIS ATTERBURY, D. D.

FRANCIS ATTERBURY, a prelate equally conspicuous in the history of politics, literature, and religion, was born during the year 1662, at Milton Keyes, near Newport Pagnell, Bucks, of which parish his father, a Doctor in Divinity, was rector. From Westminster School, where he made his first progress in classical education, he was elected a student of Christ's Church College, Oxford, and there obtained a rapid distinction for literary attainments and a poetical taste. In 1687 he graduated as M. A., and during the course of the same year, made his first essay in controversial writing, a style of composition which he subsequently cultivated to a considerable extent, and with no mean ability. The exertion was provoked by a work, entitled "*Considerations on the Spirit of Martin Luther;*" but neither this nor the answer to it were thought worthy of any greater reward than ephemeral notice and contingent oblivion. Something of a more lasting credit, however, attached itself to his name, soon after, in consequence of a conjecture that he assisted in the popular controversy which his pupil, the Hon. Charles Boyle, afterwards Earl of Orrery, maintained with Dr. Bentley, upon the subject of the epistles of Phalaris.

By this time, that acute restlessness of character for which his career became afterwards so remarkable, began to develope itself, and he complained rather vehemently to his father of the discontent in which he lived. To these remonstrances the old gentleman very appropriately replied by recommending a marriage into a family of interest, some bishop's or courtier's, adding that it was a good step to be taken with accomplishments, and a portion too. This profitable council was duly attended to; Francis soon after solicited and obtained the hand of Miss Osborne, a lady invested with every desirable qualification, for she was related to the Duke of Leeds, and possessed of marked

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beauty and 7000*l.* The death of his father is the next event of any note to be related in connexion with the life of Atterbury. This circumstance gave him an opportunity of applying to the University for preferment to the vacant living—a moderate aspiration, of which his disappointment seems to have finally led his busy spirit to determine, that he was much better fitted for a wider theatre.

Removing therefore to London in 1693, he sought for distinction and fortune in the great mart for talents of every description, by more vigorous steps, and a more public appeal. Nor was the prosperity of the change long deferred or scantily evinced; his aptitude for public eloquence soon attracted attention, and he was successively gazetted Chaplain in ordinary to the King, preacher at Bridewell, and lecturer of St. Bride's Church, in Fleet-street. This accumulation of appointments was not likely to damp the ardour by which he had improved his rank, and accordingly we now find his sermons generally noticed for the boldness of his sentiments, and the energy of his language. By his very nature Atterbury was desperately inimical to every thing tame and trite; novelty and impressiveness were his darling pursuits, and with him, as well as with all others, they soon produced the inevitable consequences of opposition and censure. The first of his sermons that was memorably attacked was one "*On the Power of Charity to cover Sin;*" for his doctrines in which he found Hoadley at the head of his antagonists; while a second and more violent one was occasioned by a discourse, on the "*Character of the Scorner.*" Controversy, however, was far from an uncongenial subject to this divine; his answers were prompt and pointed, and as if emboldened by the excitement, he entered upon another, concerning the *Rights, Powers, and Privileges of Convocations*, which lasted for four years, and in which the most prominent writer against him was Dr. Wake. Upon all religious argumentations there seems to have been hitherto inflicted a melancholy fatality, by the perverseness of which, each succeeding dispute has only been marked by an uncharitableness of views and an enmity in measures, farther and farther removed from the commonest principles of that religion, for the benefit of which every altercation has been justified. From the lamentable spirit of this example, nothing was in the present instance, detracted;

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the same fierceness of zeal and fury of contention are to be traced throughout this altercation, in which Atterbury espoused the side of the high ecclesiastics, and was rewarded for his labours by the thanks of the lower house of Convocation, and a degree of Doctor in Divinity from the University of Oxford.

Atterbury was an invincible Tory, and as such came in for no stinted share of the wealth and promotions, by which that party in politics were favoured during the reign of Queen Anne. After being first confirmed in his appointment of Chaplain in Ordinary, other preferments quickly took place, and in the following order:—he was made Dean of Carlisle in 1704; a Canon in the Cathedral of Exeter, during the year 1707; and in 1709, in consequence of the assiduous enthusiasm with which he continued to cultivate the oratory of the pulpit, enjoyed the honour of being nominated preacher at the Roll's Chapel. But no avocation was sufficiently comprehensive to divert his avidity for controversies, and he engaged during the course of the same year in a fresh disquisition with Hoadley, concerning the doctrine of passive obedience. An active part in the defence of Sacheverell, and the duties of Prolocutor to the lower house of Convocation next occupied a portion of his time; and he also found leisure to compose a pamphlet entitled a "*Representation of the present state of Religion*," which, though considered too violent for presentation to the Queen, was notwithstanding dispersed without a name into private circulation. The fortune of advancement now ran on to its climax; in 1712 he became Dean of Christ's Church, Oxford; and in 1713, at the recommendation of the Earl of Oxford, attained his highest dignity, the Bishopric of Rochester, to which was superadded a no less valuable promotion, in the Deanery of Westminster.

Such was the rank of Atterbury in the year 1714, when the death of Anne not only put a period to all further prospects of ambition, but in its consequences unhinged the prosperity he had hitherto deserved. The new monarch was no sooner seated on the throne, than a report was circulated affirming that, upon the queen's death, Atterbury had waited upon the lords Bolingbroke and Harcourt, and had urged to them an instantaneous proclamation of the Pretender, boldly offering to head the procession in his lawn sleeves. This story was promptly whispered to the

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ears of George, and it was not likely that one who joined a sound spirit for hating with the sullenness of a German, would be at any great trouble to disguise his feelings. Accordingly, the king soon evinced a marked dislike to the bishop, and the latter acknowledged the manifestation by every means of opposition to the Government within his power. He harangued upon every occasion against the Ministry with vehemence; set his name to every protest against their acts in the House of Lords; and upon the explosion of the Scotch rebellion in 1715, stamped a seal upon the character of his disaffection, by refusing to concur in the loyal address of the bishops. Oil could not have burned with greater avidity than the inflammable temper of Atterbury now raged in hostility. In the rancour of resentment, he even suspended a curate at Gravesend, for allowing the use of his church to one of the chaplains to the Dutch troops, who had been brought over to assist in quelling the tumult of treason. The feelings which led to this conduct, in the natural routine of things soon spirited excesses of a more dangerous nature; so that after being for a time suspected of too much favour for the dethroned family, the bishop was at length arrested upon a charge of conspiracy, and after an examination before the Council, committed to the Tower. This occurred in the month of August, 1722: after the lapse of a fortnight he took advantage of the sessions at the Old Bailey to submit a motion to the judges in the commission, which was founded on the affidavit of his daughter, Mrs. Morice, and upon the plea of bad health, prayed for one of three things—a speedy trial, leave to put in bail, or an immediate discharge. The application was over-ruled, and he was left without any immediate prospect of relief until the next meeting of parliament.

This latter event took place on the ninth day of the October following, and the public business was opened by a speech from the King in person, which mainly consisted of a peremptory denunciation of the conspiracy, coupled with an expatiatory eulogy upon the integrity of the existing Government, and a bitter invective against the implacable madness of the disaffected. Although among the people some sympathies had been expressed, and among the clergy a strong indignation had been vented at the moment of the bishop's confinement; and although prayers

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had been offered up for his health in almost all the churches in the metropolis, still this decision of the Ministry seemed to augur but ill for his cause. A plan of the conspiracy was forthwith laid before the House of Commons, by the particulars of which it was made to appear, that an invasion of the kingdom under the Duke of Ormond had been designed; that a popish pretender was to have been forced on the throne; that the plot had been defeated by the vigilance of the Ministry; but that, notwithstanding, many agents had since then been employed to corrupt and seduce the army and navy; and finally, that the Dukes of Norfolk and Ormond, the Earl of Orrery, Lords North and Grey, and the Bishop of Rochester, appeared by several letters and circumstances, to be concerned in the conspiracy. In the month of March, a bill of pains and penalties was introduced into the House of Commons, against which Atterbury declined to offer any opposition, importing in a letter to the Speaker, that conscious of innocence he would content himself with one defence, and that before the house of which he had the honour to be a member. Towards the close of April, the bill was sent up to the Lords, and, before them, the business assumed more of the form of a trial. In the lower House the Tories had declined voting, but in the upper one, the party vehemently contested the accusation. The main point was supported by the evidence of some clerks in the Post Office, who, though unacquainted with the bishop's writing, yet swore to a similarity of penmanship under his name for four successive months. The opposition to the bill was signalised by a great display of argument and eloquence, and was closed by a defence from Atterbury, in which he unequivocally denied the identity of the writing, and fully maintained the reputation of his character by the firmness with which he behaved, and the acute ability with which he spoke. But the ministerial majority was in no degree shaken by these circumstances; the bill passed into law, and he was deprived of all offices and benefits, and condemned to perpetual exile, with a provision of death in case he infringed upon the sentence—which latter penalty was extended to all who should correspond with or abet him; while no subject was permitted to visit him, without an express authority under the sign manual.

Atterbury left England for France in the month of June 1723,

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and, after a sojourn at Brussels, fixed his residence, and spent the remainder of his life at Paris. There he professed a resignation to his fate, and an abnegation of worldly cares, the sincerity of which was doubted while yet he lived, and disproved after his death, when a series of letters, written about the year 1725, to foment an insurrection in the Highlands, were published at Edinburg;—productions, the authenticity of which, it is to be remarked, has never been called in question. These were the importunities of a waning ambition, and were, in some measure, honourably softened by efficient study and literary correspondence. His favourite daughter, Mrs. Morice, the sole companion of his banishment, (for he lost his wife the year before his imprisonment), expired in his arms in 1729, and his strength underwent a severe shock at the event. He recovered a becoming degree of composure, however, and conducted himself in peaceful reputability until the month of February 1731, when a violent fit of illness put a period to his degradation. The interest of his friends was powerfully exerted to obtain some distinction for his remains, and they succeeded so far as to procure a private interment of the body in Westminster Abbey.

Upon the character of Bishop Atterbury, no disquisition need be required from his biographer, inasmuch as the whole tenor of his life incontestably shows that he was one of those proud and daring mortals, whom the Mahometan alone can desire to see invested with the exemplary offices of religion. Ever restless in zeal, and climbing in ambition, he had as little charity for an opponent in controversy, as for a foe in politics. But if his resentment was fierce, it must also be stated that his attachment was strong; and therefore however deep the censure of his enemies, it is met by as high praises from his friends, who were chosen from among the most gifted rank of his day. His address was commanding, his management dextrous, and his duplicity fine; he always professed nobly, but occasionally designed badly, and by consequence his reputation often exceeded his merits.

With regard to his impeachment, two points seem to be now established beyond dispute; the first, that he certainly was culpably leagued against the existing Government; and the second, that the proceedings against him were arbitrary and unconstitutional in the extreme. This statement may at a first reflection appear

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rather inconsistent and inconsequential; but the facts are these: the sources of our conviction of his guilt are of posthumous origin, while the grounds upon which he was condemned were little better than obnoxiousness and hearsay. As to his literary pretensions, they were, undoubtedly respectable: his mind was talented, and his education polished. The celebrity which his friends deservedly possessed, reflected some rays of greater brightness upon his name than his own deserts could have distinctly elicited, but time always softens such a light, and Bishop Atterbury is now to be chiefly respected as an engaging preacher, and an elegant letter-writer. In criticism, he was oftener tasteful than correct; and in controversy, oftener pointed than profound; in both, consequently, he has so many superiors, that his essays in those branches of knowledge must, at this period, be considered rather as resources of popularity than means of fame. To one matter more it may be proper to allude, and to that, only because it has been noticed by former biographers. Pope asserts that, at one period of his life, Atterbury was sceptical in that belief of which he was so laborious an advocate, but that he was afterwards confirmed in its principles, and derived his only consolation from them in adversity. His pathetic gift of a bible to Pope, upon the occasion of their parting at the Tower, is well known, and supplies a satisfactory proof of a matured attachment to its doctrines. Less judicious writers have affected to question the solidity of his Protestantism, because he conspired to restore a Catholic family; but there is no force in the remark, and it may be further affirmed, that it were well for mankind if no connexion whatever were admitted between politics and religion, for in nine cases out of ten the one debauches the other. This sketch of the life of Atterbury affords some reasons for their disunion; for, had that prelate confined his abilities to the concerns of his ministry, or rather had he not been mixed up by its very duties with secular interests, the benefit rendered by him to his profession and his country, would have been influential and uncontaminated, whereas, in the alloy of two conflicting pursuits, he can only be ranked as an eminent man, with many detractions from purity.

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THOMAS BANKS, R. A.

THE labours of the sculptor, in many respects, come recommended to the favour of mankind by means more interesting, and consequences more important, than any other branch of the fine arts. The painter represents his subject beautifully enough: he preserves the air of each form, and every complexion of the face, but he is restricted in the delineation of his subjects, and must always flatter when at the highest pitch of success; the sculptor, on the contrary, is the impartial modelist of nature, and gives the whole exhibition perfect in every part, and true to every aspect. In proportion, therefore, as the study of the fine arts refines a people, reflects lustre on the history of the country to which they belong, and advances the pursuit of all that is useful in society, the profession of the sculptor becomes paramount. How eminently the little state of Athens thus rose to fame is universally attested; and how nobly the genius of her citizens has been preserved in sculpture, few memories can be so transient as to have forgotten. History preserves, by admirable descriptions, a knowledge of the greatness of nations, the mightiness of men, the beauty of women, and the influence of talents; but there is no record which, in the course of nature and events, can endure so long, or identify its purposes so generously as the faithful imagery and living example presented in statuary. Thus it is that we gather, not only a finer, but a more correct idea of the wealth, the resources, and energy of the Athenians from the Elgin marbles, than from any other source. Contemplating those venerable relics, we cede Herodotus to Praxiteles, and yield Thucydides to Phidias.—And thus in short of all arts and all attainments, sculpture alone deserves the style of immortal.

In England, sculpture followed in the steps of painting, and may be said to have been only naturalized amongst us by the

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institution of the Royal Academy. Before that period foreigners alone were patronized, and by consequence, the only works of any merit to be found in our public buildings up to the eighteenth century, are the productions of a foreign chisel. For although Cibber by his figures of raving and melancholy madness before the gates of Bedlam, and Bird by his statues for St. Paul's, may be instanced as, in some degree, competitors with Sir John Thornhill and Hogarth; yet the inferiority of talent revealed by the former, leaves the award of priority, without disputation, among the painters. With Reynolds and the Royal Academy, a new era took its rise: artists of every description and the first excellence, sprung up in numbers; works of genius abounded, and the prosperity of a few years sufficed to elevate the character of the nation upon a level with the fame of every other modern people, for the only pursuits in which Great Britain had not previously emulated the world.

Among the gifted body of men who contributed towards this happy state of things by the exercise of superior abilities, and are moreover entitled to celebration for the virtues of their private lives, Thomas Banks, the royal academician, has conspicuous pretensions. He was the eldest son of William Banks, land-steward to the Duke of Beaufort, and was born during the year 1735. Thus he stood next to Bacon in order of time, but ranked equal with him in degree of merit: the fortunes of a higher patronage gave a wider scope to the abilities of the former, but the influence of commensurate genius reflected rival honours upon the productions of the latter. Evincing an aptitude for the operations of art at a very early age, Banks was bound apprentice to Kent, the architect, a man of extensive practice and popular consideration. A more decided passion, however, soon emboldened him to direct his efforts to sculpture. He became one of the first pupils of the Royal Academy, and was rewarded with many distinctions during the progress of his initiatory studies. After gaining the usual prizes, he was elected on the foundation to travel to the Continent, and complete his education by an acquaintance with the classical remains of Italy, in which country the society supplied their students with the means of support, for a space of three years. Banks found that period too

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short to satisfy the enthusiasm of his researches; he outstayed the time, and forfeited his stipend.

Being thus compelled to look after other patronage, he addressed his labours to the notice of his countrymen visiting Rome, and by their interest was enabled to forward several examples of his art home to England, under very flattering circumstances. Of the pieces thus presented to the world, three have been particularly praised:—a bass-relief in marble, representing Caractacus brought prisoner with his family before Claudius, which was purchased by the Duke of Buckingham, and now ornaments the entrance hall of his Grace's seat at Stowe;—a marble figure of Psyche stealing the golden fleece, designed as a portrait of the Princess Sophia of Gloucester, and still in her Royal Highness's possession;—and an allegory of Love tormenting the soul, in a figure of Cupid catching a butterfly. Many admirers were speedily attracted to these productions, and many beauties commended in them; and the emulous sculptor was rewarded by finding the symmetry of his forms, the grace of his contours, and the delicacy of his general work, compared with the exquisite relics of those ages to which his attention had been exclusively directed.

But though Banks's reputation was most favourably nourished by his countrymen abroad, the advantages resulting from his popularity were neither equal to his expectations, nor adequate to his expenses; and he was therefore reluctantly compelled to return to England. Scarcely, however, had he time to establish himself in a connexion, or put forth any fresh work, when a flattering invitation to visit Russia was presented to him from the Empress Catherine. He accordingly set out for Petersburg, taking with him a talented testimonial in the figure of Cupid above mentioned. Immediately upon his arrival, it was purchased by his royal patron, who caused a temple to be erected for its reception, in the gardens attached to her palace at Czarscocelo.

An introduction thus complimentary seemed to promise consequences of similar prosperity; but Banks was again doomed to experience disappointment. The cold climate of Russia disagreed with his constitution, and he was forced, at the end of two years, once more to return and court the tide of popularity in his native country. The first distinction now offered to him was a fellowship in the Royal Academy, in acknowledgment for which he

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made a present to the body of a Fallen Titan, which is still to be seen in the Council Room at Somerset House, a striking specimen of correct anatomy and characteristic energy. A monument for Penelope, the only daughter of Sir Brooke Boothby, in Ashbourne Church, was the next subject of interest offered to his chisel. This is a piece of workmanship which has been vividly applauded for the tenderness of its imagery, and the elegance of its execution. The child appears resting on a mattrass, with its parted hands thrown upwards to the head, and its feet loosely crossed. The only drapery is a thin frock, gently confined by a sash, which is twisted to one side, as if in the impatience of sickness, while every trait of attitude is beautifully disposed to excite a regret that the little creature should have expired in an effort to toss itself into an easier situation. One anecdote of the powerful effect produced by this monument has been mentioned, and deserves preservation. It was first exhibited at the Academy in Somerset House, and it is said that the late Queen Charlotte and her daughters, after contemplating its beauties for some time in silence, burst into tears together, and hurried from the apartments, too much overcome to examine any other display of talents.

A performance as touching in sympathy, but greater in design and moral, was soon after proposed to Banks. This was the colossal statue in marble, of Achilles bewailing the loss of Briseis on the sea-shore, a magnificent undertaking, which the remainder of his life did not entirely suffice to perfect, and which was presented by his family to the British Institution, in Pall-Mall, where it now stands, an ornament simple and grand, in the lower hall. Apposite to the mention of this establishment, it is to be added, that its stone front was designed by Banks, whose successful hands are also to be recognised in the groups of figures at the entrance: they were executed to illustrate the primitive destination of the building as the Shakspeare Gallery.

The latter years of Banks's career were chiefly devoted to the monuments of Sir Eyre Coote, in Westminster Abbey; and to those of Captains Burgess and Westcott, the one in the south, and the other in the north transept of St. Paul's. Of these labours, however, no particular examination can be desirable in this place, inasmuch as they will be more properly described in that

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order of the work to which the gallant subjects they commemorate belong.

The death of Banks, after a life of arduous exertion, is now to be recorded: it took place on the 2d of February, 1805, at the honourable age of seventy-four years. A plain tablet, on the ledge of a window in the north aisle of Westminster Abbey, signalizes his merit; and thus the artist, who was so long and so eminently engaged in decorating the graves of others, is himself distinguished only by the simplest of posthumous honours. The inscription reads as follows:

In memory of THOMAS BANKS, Esq. R. A.
Sculptor,
Whose superior abilities in his profession
Added a lustre to the arts of his country;
And whose character, as a man,
Reflected honour on human nature.
His earthly remains were deposited, by his desire,
On the south side of the church-yard at Paddington;
His Spirit is with God.

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ISAAC BARROW, D. D.

In the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, is a heavy tablet, surmounted by a clerical bust of this eminent man, which, though neither a fine nor a pleasing performance, is yet strikingly expressed, and in all probability a faithful likeness. A well written inscription, in Latin, recapitulates the various appointments he filled, from which the following are the more interesting passages:—

ISAAC BARROW,
Chaplain to Charles II.
A man almost divine, and truly great, if greatness be comprised
In piety, probity and faith, the deepest learning, equal modesty,
And morals, in every respect, sanctified and sweet.
* * * * * *
Born for greater ends,
Wealth, honours, and the ambition of life,
He despised not, but resigned to the world:
From tenderest infancy, he cherished an imitation of his Maker,
Wanting little, and benefiting many;
Even posterity is his debtor, for he counsels in death—
Other and greater truths are to be learned in his works:
Go, reader, and emulate them.

Isaac Barrow was born in the city of London during the year 1630. His father carried on a respectable business as a linen-draper, and his first rudiments of knowledge were imbibed at the Charter-House, at which he was principally noted for pugilistic contests and confirmed idleness. From this establishment he was removed to a school at Felsted, in Essex, where some promise of his future studiousness was elicited from him, and he im-

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proved so much to his master's satisfaction, that he was appointed to act as a tutor. In due time, he was entered as a pensioner at Trinity College, Cambridge: he obtained a scholarship in 1647, and enjoyed a very flattering prospect of preferment from the influence of his uncle and namesake, the Bishop of St. Asaph. The University, however, soon participated in the distractions of the country, and this prelate was ejected for his presbyterian antipathies from Peter-House College. Isaac's father, about the same time, suffered severe losses for his attachment to the royal cause; and the student became so much embarrassed, that he was obliged to stand indebted for his support to the generosity of Dr. Hammond. Although positively devoted to the principles upon which his family acted, yet such was the amiableness of his temper, and the respect already entertained for his attainments, that he was permitted to live undisturbed; and this indulgence was even continued after a formal refusal to subscribe to the covenant; nay, so powerfully did his merits continue to force themselves upon the heads of his college, that in 1649 he was elected a fellow. Above this honour, however, he seems to have considered the dominant opinions in church and state to be too firmly rooted for him to expect any preferment, as he now turned his thoughts to the medical profession. With the view of qualifying himself for practice, he studied the sciences of anatomy, botany, and chemistry to a considerable depth; but upon a more mature deliberation abandoned the idea, and returned to the pursuits of divinity and mathematics. In 1652 he graduated as Master of Arts at Oxford, and was soon after recommended to the University of Cambridge by Dr. Duport, for his successor to the Greek professorship. A suspicion of Arianism occasioned his rejection from this rank; and at last, as if wearied with disappointments, he determined to travel on the Continent. Accordingly, selling his books to raise a fund for the undertaking, he set out in 1605, and almost immediately after his departure, an edition of Euclid, which was his first work, issued from the Cambridge press. After passing through France and Italy, he set sail for Smyrna, and was attacked on his passage by an Algerine Corsair. A fight ensued between the two ships, during which Barrow pricked up the dormant spirit of battle, for which his boyhood was remarkable, and stood manfully to his gun until the enemy were beaten off. From Smyrna he repaired to Con-

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stantinople, and spent a year in studying, with enthusiasm, the works of St. Chrysostom, on the spot where they were originally composed. At last turning his steps homeward, by the roads of Germany and Holland, he reached England in 1659.

A rich harvest of appointments now compensated for the mortifications by which his ambition had been hitherto repressed. In 1660 he celebrated the restoration of the monarchy and constitution in a Latin ode, and was about the same time episcopally ordained by Bishop Brownrigg. In this year he was raised to the post of his former ambition, the Greek professorship at Cambridge, without competition, and made Aristotle's Rhetoric the subject of his first course of lectures. Another preferment awaited his acceptance in 1662, when, at the recommendation of Bishop Wilkins, he was chosen professor of geometry at Gresham College, in London, where, in consequence of the absence of the gentleman appointed to that duty, he also lectured for a time on astronomy.

The ensuing year is memorable for the incorporation of the Royal Society, among the first members of which Bishop Barrow was enrolled a member.

But the summit of his scientific promotions took place in the course of this year, when upon the foundation of Mr. Lucas's Mathematical Chair, at Cambridge, he was appointed to discharge its honours. At his inauguration he pronounced an oration upon the use and excellence of mathematical science, of which the brilliancy and information excited an intense admiration. Upon this occasion he resigned his Greek and Gresham Professorships, and continued to devote himself exclusively to the functions of this trust with the highest excellence, until the year 1669, when he relinquished the station in favour of Sir Isaac Newton; and after publishing his Lectiones Opticæ, finally quitted the depths of science for the disquisitions of divinity.

Similar success attended Barrow in this change of studies, and offices as numerous and of equal distinction and influence marked the esteem in which his labours were held. Already a King's Chaplain, in 1670 he was created a Doctor in Divinity by mandate; and in 1672 nominated to the mastership of Trinity College by the King, who accompanied the promotion with a declaration of bestowing upon it the best scholar in England. Dr. Barrow was a man delicate in conscience, and scrupulous in action, to a

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point of correctness, such as we are not often called upon to approve. At a former, and less prosperous period of his life, he had refused an incumbency, because the patron of it wished to secure his talents as tutor to his son, in return for the gift—an undertaking which he deemed simoniacal; and now, with equal virtue, he had a clause of marriage erased from his patent, because he found upon examination, that such a license was at variance with the intentions of the founder. In this new station, the same zeal and disinterestedness which had distinguished his conduct in all his former appointments, were still enviably displayed; he excused the college from the charge of many expenses to which it had been usually subjected on the master's account, and in particular refused to allow it to keep a coach for his convenience. The most memorable act of his administration was the foundation of the King's Library—a royal undertaking; after which, the Vice-chancellorship of the University becoming vacant, his talents and virtues were lifted to a rank which they were so eminently fitted to adorn. This event took place in 1675, and was the highest of his attainments; for the credit and utility anticipated from his exertions were here cut short by a fever, which terminated his life in London, during the month of May, 1677.

In science, Dr. Barrow has been placed only second to Newton; while, in divinity, he is acknowledged to have laid the foundation of all that has been since written on the subject. Charles II. used to call him, in good-natured irony, the *unfair preacher*, because, by exhausting the topics of his sermons, he left nothing for others to add after him. Of his works in science, the principal are Euclid's Elements, already mentioned, and remarkable for the conciseness of the demonstrations; Euclid's Data, published in 8vo. at Cambridge, 1657; and in 1669, eighteen Optical Lectures, delivered in the public schools of Cambridge, printed at London, in 4to.—a book subsequently revised and enlarged by Newton, and still preserved in high esteem. In 1670, he gave in 4to. from the London press, *Thirteen Geometrical Lectures, in which the general properties of curved lines are particularly expounded;* and in 1675, another 4to. containing the works of Archimedes, four books of the Conics of Apollonius, and Theodosius on Spheres, newly illustrated. These were the only works by Dr. Barrow that

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appeared during his life-time; they are all written in Latin, and were followed soon after his death by a "Lecture on Archimedes' Theorems of the Sphere and Cylinder," and an octavo volume of Mathematical Lectures, both in the same language.

Dr. Barrow's theological works were all bequeathed in manuscript to Bishop Tillotson, who edited them in 3 vols. folio, during the year 1686, since when they have been frequently republished in a more convenient form. They comprise Sermons, Expositions of the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Doctrine of the Sacraments, as well as Treatises on the Supremacy of the Pope, and the Unity of the Church; all distinguished by a profound copiousness of thought, and though occasionally laboured in the style, yet abounding with passages of singular greatness and simplicity.

Dr. Barrow is described by his contemporaries as a man despising the forms of worldly society to such an extreme, that his attire and personal appearance generally formed a caricature of the slovenly scholar. The unfavourableness of such habits was still more increased by the shortness of his figure, and a natural poverty of countenance; but these are inferior considerations of a mind so highly gifted, particularly when the modesty of his manners and the amiableness of his disposition are remembered. While his circumstances were limited, he was remarkable for charity; and as his estate flourished, he was conspicuous for disinterestedness: he was serene in every stage of his fortunes, and always united the warmth of the divine with the calmness of the philosopher. Notwithstanding the prosperity of his latter days, he had little other property to bequeath than his library and his manuscripts, which, with his former works, have borne him the more valuable interest of placing his name among the prominent ornaments of his age and country.

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JAMES BARRY.

THERE is nothing, perhaps, which is loaded with a weight of heavier penalties to the possessor, or one which is oftener quarrelled with in a rage of disappointment by the world, than the endowment of genius. The comparative history of man and the mind of man, will be generally traced at strange contrarieties; and though genius be a light in itself, yet how piteously do its children at times wander in darkness! When the ideas are powerfully engrossed by an object, the man is an indifferent companion; for he desires to hear and to be heard principally on one only subject: long study and deep reflection have thoroughly convinced him of its importance and utility: his temperament is the least obtrusive, and he lives therefore, abstracted and neglected, to develope the mighty conception; and at last expires disregarded, because sufficient time has not justified the merits of his aspirations. But on the other hand, when the pretension is stronger, when the cause is more exciting, and the passion on which it thrives is more vivid, then to challenge support and command imitation become natural and indispensable. Still, however, the same social repugnance to success is in operation; or rather, what was apathy before, now swells into forcible opposition; for as the eye familiar with darkness, retreats from the first glare of day, so is the march of improvement always broken by obstacles. A fatal contest ensues; the enthusiasm of unachieved conquest inspires the one side, and the vigour of indignation upholds the other:—the interval is bitterly fruitful in vicissitudes; the issue is marked with greater violence; and the second martyr falls:—this is an epitome of the fortunes of genius. The only true phœnix, it flourishes after death, and flowers in its fruit. Exemplifications of this fact abound in every direction; but the cha-

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racter of the following memoir is as strikingly decisive of the case, as any other out of the number can be.

James Barry, born in the year 1741, was a native of the city of Cork, in Ireland, where his father pursued the business of a ship-master. To the kindness of the latter, and the liberal institutions of his birth-place, James owed the advantages of a classical education; after which it was proposed to him to join his father in a mercantile life. To this offer there came a demur upon the force of disinclination; and the functions of a catholic priest were, according to some writers, suggested as somewhat more congenial: but a more natural bias fortunately repressed the choice, and James Barry became a painter. As far as we are told, the first instructions he received in this art were from a master named West, who taught in Dublin; and so mature was his proficiency, that when only nineteen he designed and finished a painting which attracted every eye, and secured the applause of his country. This picture was national and historical in a most interesting degree, having for its subject the first conversion of an Irish monarch to Christianity, upon the mission of St. Patrick. The period of action was chosen with corresponding felicity, and related to a story which has been preserved, to prove the intense feelings of devotion by which the saints of the primitive church and their followers were actuated. The incident is this:— The bishop's crosier, as it would seem, was in those days a weapon of defence, as well as an instrument of peace, and as such always terminated in a sharp spear, which struck conveniently into the ground, whenever the hand was required for other offices. Upon the present occasion, when the apostle, preparatory to freeing his arms for the baptismal blessing, pierced the earth with his staff, he accidentally penetrated the monarch's footstep with the blow. Yet are we assured, that the royal penitent never stirred a limb under the pain of the wound, nor even permitted a word to drop, which could be construed into a mental distraction from the holy ceremony; while the good priest, equally unconscious of any harm, continued the sacrament with most impressive unction. Such was the critical moment to which Barry fixed his representation of the scene: while the astonishment of the bye-standers was highest, and a guard, incensed at the indignity offered to his sovereign, swings his battle-axe round in the air to strike the presumptuous bishop to the

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earth,—which design however is restrained by a companion in arms, who points to the unblenched cheek, and unaltered equanimity of the sufferer, and apparently infers that the act is one he would not desire to see avenged.

The last touches were given to the canvas, upon which this exemplary legend was depicted, upon the night preceding an exhibition which had been advertised in the metropolis, for the encouragement of the fine arts. Without any introduction but his picture, Barry proceeded to the place announced, and requested permission to exhibit the first fruit of his labours. He obtained an immediate assent; and upon the following morning again repaired to the spot, palpitating with high emotions, and there beheld the general gaze of admiration concentrated upon one object, and that his own production. He moved about among the crowd, drinking in praises with ecstasy, and hearing repeated enquiries after his name, which most persons appeared anxious to learn, and many seemed mortified to be unable to answer. At last Barry advanced and avowed himself the artist—and strange to say, the claim was resisted with a shout of incredulous laughter. His youth, rough features, and unsoftened manners, produced impressions so discordant from the *beau ideal* of a painter, that after being first heartily ridiculed, he was insulted even to disdain, and rushed from the apartment in an agony of tears and anger.

This distress, however, was fleeting; his pretensions were easily established before the public, and he enjoyed a full recompense for his sorrows in collecting the general opinion; by which it appeared certain, that the powerful resignation of the monarch, the intense abstraction of the saint, and the mixed attitude and expression natural to the varied characters introduced, were comprehended by him with a force, and distinguished with a truth, which gave the happiest assurance of decided genius. Reward more palpable and honour more conspicuous were still in reserve; for the subscribers to the society holding the exhibition presented him with 20*l.*, although no prize had been advertised for the best performance;—and some gentlemen of the Irish Parliament bought the picture and presented it to the House of Commons, where it was honourably fixed, a monument of native talent displayed under circumstances of unusual interest. Few are the instances upon record of any first performance so characteristically engaging in its

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history, and so immediately signalised in its fortune, as was Barry's maiden picture. Inconstancy, however, is the assay-master of Fortune; and this firstling was destined to a reverse as sudden and extreme as could have supervened. The Irish House of Commons a few years after took fire, and was burnt to the ground; the *Conversion* shared the flames: and the fate of the painting has by some been remarked on as a type of the artist's career.

A few days after the exhibition of this painting, Barry had the good fortune to make an acquaintance, which in its consequence proved most advantageous to his professional advancement. This was with the celebrated Edmund Burke, who travelling up from Cork just as Barry's reputation was winning its first praises, came loaded with letters of congratulation and introduction for him; and was himself so engaged by the enthusiasm of opening genius, that he yielded to the cultivation of a friendship which a mutual respect and admiration preserved sacred for years. It may be here mentioned as a proof of the judgment with which Barry pursued his studies, and the constitutional ardour with which he seized every means of improvement, that meeting with a copy of Burke's Treatise on the Beautiful and Sublime, while the work stood as yet anonymously before the world, and he was unconscious that his friend was the author, he had the penetration to discover its merits, and in order to possess himself thoroughly of its precepts, copied the contents out into manuscript with his own hand. This labour had another credit; it led the author to avow his name:—for disputing with Barry upon some subject of taste, the manuscript was produced for a reference, and Burke made a first confession of having written the book. Upon such an occasion, it is truly enviable to think of the grateful feelings with which two such men must have looked back upon their lucubrations.

This intimacy once cemented, Barry continued to derive the most essential service from the superior counsel of Burke. By the latter he was strongly confirmed in the design of compassing the manner of a visit to London, and afterwards a journey to Rome; and it is probable that, but for the importunity and exertions of Burke, both these objects might have been deferred to a fatal extremity. Stern in principle, and impatient of depend-

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ance, Barry only thought of travelling when the reward of his labours should have smoothed the way before him; while Burke, too seriously convinced of the importance of prompt and timely movements, struggled hard and repeatedly with the stubbornness of his friend, and at last succeeded. Barry consented to pass over into England, with Mr. Richard Burke, whose mercantile connection promised many advantages to the stranger in London. The principal introduction now obtained by the artist was one the most consequential to his profession: it was to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who, captivated by the strong originality of mind and manner in the young Irishman, extended to him with liberal feelings every benefit which hospitality at home and recommendation abroad could bestow. Other opportunities of forming acquaintances, the most influential in developing a knowledge of life, moulding a decided character, and fostering the rectitude of his ambition, presented themselves in succession; and by degrees he grew to associate with men of such celebrity as Johnson, Goldsmith, and Garrick; while the fruits of his assiduity left him competence to enjoy his leisure moments without a repentant thought. This, without comparison, was the happiest period of Barry's existence: invigorated by success, and excited not only by the example of intelligence of the finest order, but also by direct contact with it, he was free to let loose his imagination in that search after *perfection*, which it afterwards proved the greatest defect of his life, that he could so ardently pursue, but so faintly approach. Burke, his friend and patron, now a student at the Temple, was restored to his society; months and even years glided away unnumbered and undeplored; and the schools of classical Italy seemed forgotten.

Burke, however, was constant in his regard and exhortation; and in the year 1766 proposed a plan for enabling Barry to travel and complete the education of an artist, which the co-operation of Reynolds forced into effect. Of this measure, so highly honourable to all the parties concerned in it, the chief merit was due to Burke; and it should never be forgotten, how often during Barry's absence he pinched his own limited income, in order to supply his friend with means to proceed and prosper. After spending four years in visiting the principal emporiums of art abroad, and receiving the distinction of being made a fellow of

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the Clementini Academy, at Bologna; Barry returned to England, and at the exhibition of the Royal Academy for 1770, produced his Adam and Eve. This was succeeded during the next year by his Venus Anadyomene, or *rising from the sea*, a picture which has long, by general consent, ranked at the head of his miscellaneous performances. In 1775 he gave to the world "An Inquiry into the real and imaginary obstructions to the acquisition of the arts in England;"—a work to the composition of which he was prompted, during his sojourn on the Continent, by the aspersions of different foreign authors upon the mental powers of the Britons. Montesquieu and the Abbé Du Bos had already undertaken to assign limits to the capacity of Englishmen; and the Abbé Winckelman, a critic otherwise remarkable for the correctness of his penetration, now presumed to establish a natural deficiency in their genius, owing to the unfavourable temperature of the climate in which they lived. It is easy to suppose that to succeed in this task was no great matter of difficulty to a man who, like Barry, presented a living example of the absurdity of a doctrine, which would have forced him by argument to admit that his character, practically fiery as possibly could be, was physically dull; and that his fancy, which made him miserable by the vividness of its aspirations, was in truth a clouded faculty of stinted powers. Barry's address was manly, and his reasoning clear; and he reaped an easy harvest of praise by correcting the errors of men whose reputation was more cultivated and extensive than his own.

It was about this time that Barry joined in the memorable proposition of Sir Joshua Reynolds, to decorate the Cathedral of St. Paul's with a set of sacred paintings, and upon the discouragement of the plan, meditated that work which endures as the principal monument of his reputation. This was his voluntary offer to the Society of Arts, to paint for them gratuitously a set of pictures, describing allegorically the rise and progress of civilization among mankind. This elaborate performance, consisting of six heads, was accomplished in seven years, and while the artist was enduring no light anxiety from the narrowness of his income. The two largest of the subjects represent the *Victors at the Olympic Games*, and *Elysium;* and are each forty-two feet in length. The other designs comprise,—*Man in his savageness*,—

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A Grecian Harvest Home,—*Navigation*,—and the *Society of Arts*. With the disinterested principles upon which this great task was finished, no second effort can be compared; while the only undertakings of similar magnitude in the country, namely, the painting of the State Hall at Greenwich Hospital, and the Dome of St. Paul's, both by Sir John Thornhill, show Barry, if not possessed of the palm of undisputed superiority, at least, finely gifted with the honours of competition. In short, the execution of the work is as excellent as its kind is uncommon amongst us; its faults are trivial, and lost in the brightness of many beauties; and the whole is stamped with a character of genius, which will distinguish the name of Barry amongst British artists, while the profession subsists. Illustrative of these subjects, he afterwards published a book, which he inscribed to the Society; and still later began a set of engravings from them, which life was not spared him to complete. This invaluable presentation had no sooner received its last touches, than the Society elected Barry a perpetual member of their body, and voted him their gold medal, inscribed Eminent Merit, and a donation of two hundred guineas. At the same time, they authorized their great room thus ornamented, to be thrown open as an exhibition to the public, for the benefit of the artist; from which he ultimately derived a profit of about 700*l*.—a truly moderate return, either for the time thus occupied, or the ability displayed during it.

The matter of the preceding paragraph extends to a late period of Barry's life, and it therefore becomes necessary, for the sake of an even tenor, to recur to the period about which the prominent event of it originated: this may be dated at about the year 1776. During the course of the next spring, Barry was admitted a royal academician; and in the year 1786 was advanced to the chair of Professor of Painting. As this appointment, combining distinction and emolument in a high degree, was considered the summit of his ambition, so might it be supposed to point the climax of his happiness. But of all earthly consequences the most treacherous of confidence are those depending from civil grandeur; and Barry's elevation produced nothing but difficulties and misfortune. Original and therefore singular in his opinions, he proposed innovations upon the established order of things in the academy, for which he could find but little relish or

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support among his associates. The darling change he wished to effect, was to derive a fund out of the receipts from the annual exhibition, with the view of forming a gallery of the antient masters, for the instruction of the pupils. This certainly was a laudable object, and would have been decidedly an improvement; but neither the one consideration nor the other availed the sanguine professor in his designs; and notwithstanding repeated agitations of the subject in various shapes, he always found himself mortified by a refusal. It was not in the nature of a constitution fervid like his, to endure this course of things without a murmur: he began by reproaching the apathy, and reproving the procrastination of his compeers; and at last, as the opposition to his plans grew more pertinacious, broke out into an unmeasured impetuosity of hostile condemnation. Thus from an object of jealousy, he rose into a rock of obnoxiousness; and as he was not reserved in characterising the conduct of the Academy, so were the members of it, ere long, by no means considerate in their decisions against him. At length in March 1799, the bitter spirit of these altercations effervesced, and a body of charges were preferred to the council against the professor of painting: they were received, and directed to be laid before a special committee. The last meeting upon the question was on the 15th of the following April, when the Academy assembled to receive a report from this committee. Upon that occasion Barry rose, and desired to see a copy of the report. The request was refused; and he protested with great earnestness, and certainly with apparent reason, against the justice of the whole proceeding. Towards the close of his address, he bluntly declared, that if they acted in this manner, they combined with his enemies; and that if they refused to give him an opportunity of refuting the charges brought against him, he should be ashamed to belong to their body. This sally decided the fate of the day; and the hint with which it concluded was forthwith violently forestalled. Two resolutions were immediately passed, by which he was first voted out of the Professor's chair, and then expelled the Academy. One form remained before this strange declaration could be ratified:—it was necessary to lay the proceedings before the King; but the result showed it was one of the emptiest of forms, for his Majesty approved of the business as a matter of course. On this transaction, or the

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circumstances under which it arose and terminated, it seems unnecessary to dilate; for the pith of it all is briefly stated. Barry was intemperate in words, and the Academy in deeds;—he erred, and they sinned; for what in an individual was the ebullition of an over-sanguine intellect, was in a deliberative association the tyranny of superior power, but inferior capacity.

From this period the existence of Barry passed on without interest or variety: he thought much, and did little. He appeared to live proudly abstracted in the consciousness of unmerited adversity, but with a spirit unbroken by the violence of its strokes. He dwelt alone in a house in Castle-street, Oxford-street, and in all probability, such another residence was neither then known, nor has since been discovered in the metropolis. Having detected two servant-women purloining some of his engraved plates, he forswore the assistance of domestics, and performed every household care with his own hands. By degrees the oddity of these habits became noticed in the neighbourhood; he was set down as an old Jew, and molested with all the obloquy which popular rancour prides itself in heaping on a race, already presumed by Christians to have been for ages marked by the penal hand of Heaven. Thus the door of Barry's house grew plastered with mud; the windows were broken, the walls were mutilated, the area filled with refuse, and the entrance continually crowded by mischievous groups of noisy urchins. To these the approach of the wayward artist was always the welcome signal of abuse and petty riot; and even when he failed to appear in the street, a glimpse of his person from a window was sufficient to provoke their vociferation. This fidelity of persecution was submitted to with a strange admixture of discontent and patience, but in time it compelled him to forsake the apartments in front of the house entirely. The back-room upon the first floor he therefore used as a workshop:—it was heaped up with books, busts, tools and engravings, in all the glorious uncertainty of generous confusion: the chamber immediately above this served for his sleeping-room; it was furnished only with a common truck bedstead, a miserable pallet, and a couple of kitchen-chairs: the rest of the mansion was given up to dust and the rats. Yet here, in a great loose threadbare coat, a pair of old black breeches, worsted stockings, and huge strong shoes, but with a shirt of the finest texture

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and cleanest dress, did this extraordinary man put the finishing touches to his celebrated Jupiter and Juno, and paint his own favourite performance, the Pandora. It also was here that he composed the volume descriptive of his paintings at the Society of Arts, and executed all the engravings that are known of his works.

In the solitude of this cold state, there was little to entice the notice of congenial society, and by degrees the circle of Barry's acquaintances was sadly thinned. Still there remained some friends who delighted to fan the lingering brightness of genius, through all the disguises of altered fortune. From these it was not to be concealed, that though his habits were thrifty, and his mode of life the most abstemious, yet that many a privation was forced upon him by the gradual exhaustion of his little property; and that in the course of such things, his last moments must certainly be embittered by utter destitution. To obviate such an accumulation of distress, some zealous members of the Society of Arts, headed by the Earls of Radnor and Buchan, commenced a subscription for him, which soon amounted to 1000*l.* In consideration of this sum, Sir Robert Peel, at a meeting of the subscribers, volunteered to secure Barry an annuity of 120*l.* during life. But the comforts thus designed, the measure of his existence did not long permit him to enjoy: the subscription began at the close of the year 1805, and in the ensuing February he was seized with a paralysis in the street, and removed in a state of insensibility to the house of his friend Bononi, the artist, in Great Tichfield-street; where soothed by those attentions from which his own neglected domicile must have long estranged him, he expired on the 22d day of the same month.

As soon as this melancholy event was proclaimed, Sir Robert Peel presented the Society of Arts with 200*l.* out of the 1000*l.* so lately become his own, for the purpose of defraying the expense of a public interment in St. Paul's. In order to give greater effect to the ceremony, a motion was unanimously carried among the members, by which it was resolved, as the last tribute that could be paid to an illustrious artist, by whose labours they had been so nobly benefited, to place his body in state, in the great room of their house in the Adelphi, on the night previous to its interment. On the evening of Thursday the 13th of April, this resolution was put into effect, and few scenes could have inspired a more awful

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impression. The melancholy distractions of the artist's life, the noble record of his genius attested on the walls within which his corpse now lay—the palpable man present—the being vanished—its worth honoured, and its loss deplored, by an assembly noble, talented, and auspicious, in the highest degree;—all conspired to give the solemnity a character, such as few had seen before, and none can desire to witness again. On the following day, at one o'clock, the funeral procession to St. Paul's took place. The service was read in the chapel near the Western door; thence the body was borne to the south-east corner of the crypt, and there finally deposited between the remains of Sir Christopher Wren and Sir Joshua Reynolds. A plain stone, modestly inscribed, thus briefly indicates the spot:—

A ☧ Ω
The great historical Painter,
JAMES BARRY,
Died 22d February, 1806,
Aged 64.

In the year 1809, Barry's works were collected in 2 vols. 4to. Of these, the part considered most honourable to his abilities are the Lectures delivered from the Professor's Chair, at the Royal Academy; and next them, perhaps, may be remembered the letter to the Dilettanti Society, upon the best method of preserving pictures, a composition generally inserted in the editions of Pilkington's Lives of the Painters. Of Barry it has been well remarked, that the reputation of the man surpasses the reputation of the artist. His talents were unquestionable, and his powers original; but he was seldom able to realize what he conceived, or to practise all he professed. The enthusiasm of his character was not so unsusceptible of application to ordinary matters, and but too often urged him into the most fanciful imprudences. He has been compared in eccentricity to Rousseau, and there are certainly traits of similarity between the two men. In both we discover the same moroseness of independence and impatience of favour; the same wild jealousy of rivals, and perverse estrangement from the world; the same morbid affections and lofty aspiration. But there was a nobility in the ambition of Barry, and a purity in his actions, to which the Frenchman cannot pretend. Barry really possessed a great mind, and spurned at disingenuous-

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ness; Rousseau, in point of fact, was a mean man. It is also to be remembered, that however frequently the impetuosity of his constitution roused Barry to anger, and deeply involved him in quarrels, yet his heart never forgot, and his spirit never failed to acknowledge, the generosity of his friends. Burke he always called his first benefactor, and latterly never mentioned his name without ejaculating a blessing upon his grave. Of Sir Joshua Reynolds too he spoke gratefully upon every occasion. In short, there was a pious tenderness inherent in his nature, which the roughness of his manner concealed from many; yet was it constantly overflowing, and no excess of passion could exhaust his sullen sympathy. Of him it may be truly said, that his faults sprung from the finest sources of virtue, and consequently were always expiated by superior merits. For those, his name must ever continue cherished; for these, may his memory be never revived!

An only brother, surnamed Richmond, survived this great painter; and of him a feeling of compassion suggests that some short notice should be here taken; for he was the last of the family, and his life presents a kindred series of vicissitudes, and his death a counterpart of even more abject misery. Richmond Barry then was bred to the sea, on which he distinguished himself in various battles, and received many wounds. He succeeded to his father's property, and at one period of his life moved in a highly respectable rank of society; but what with a speculative mind and adventurous habits, he gradually lost the one and fell from the other. About the year 1814, when his means were all nearly exhausted, he was struck blind by lightning in the West Indies; and in this deplorable state soon after journeyed to London, with an aged wife, in the hope of finding some resources of help either in the reputation, or amongst the friends of his late brother. This step, however, was far from leading to any better fortune. The few personal friends the historical painter retained at the period of his dissolution, had either followed him to the tomb, or were now scattered away from London; so that after labouring through all the privations of poverty, the old gentleman was obliged to resort to the casual charity of the passengers through the streets for a scanty means of livelihood. The station more generally taken by him for this distressing purpose, was

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obscurely chosen near the Catholic chapel, in Sutton-street, Soho; and it is much to the credit of English charity, that the congregation never saw him, on their return from service, and left him unrelieved. In this degradation he continued to linger and mourn, until a severe fit of illness confined him to his bed; when as a last preservative from starvation, he addressed a petition to the Society of Arts. A subscription amounting to 40*l.* was speedily raised for him among the members, and was nearly as soon expended in the payment of old debts and the necessary supplies for subsistence, so that he ere long found himself as wretched as ever. At this period, for a sixpence a night, he inhabited a garret in Maynard-street, where the infirmities of age forced him entirely to abandon his supplicatory perambulations, and he eked out his misery on a shilling a day, which his wife contrived to earn at an army clothier's. This pittance could not long preserve him out of debt, and in June 1824 he owed his landlord some few shillings for eleven nights' rent. Such was the stage of destitution in which this fellow's importunities roused poor Barry from his bed. He returned to the street, and succeeded in obtaining two shillings in charity; but was so exhausted by the exertion, that his wife was obliged to pay away the greatest portion of the sum in victuals for him. This no sooner reached the ears of the merciless landlord, than, exasperated at the loss of his money, he drove the poor old gentleman from the house.—He expired in the removal. The corpse was buried at the charge of the parish; and thus was extinguished the family of Barry.

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MARGARET BEAUFORT, COUNTESS OF RICHMOND AND DERBY.

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud
The venerable Margaret see!
"Welcome, my noble son!" she cried aloud,
"To this thy kindred train and me;
"Pleased in thy lineaments we trace
"A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace."—*Gray.*

NEXT to the mausoleum of Mary Queen of Scots, in the south aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel, is a table monument of black marble and touchstone, panelled with coats of arms, and surmounted with a female effigy in robes doubled with ermine;—the whole finely wrought in gilt brass. On a fillet of the same metal, round the cornice of the table, is a Latin inscription, written by the celebrated Erasmus, which thus expresses the purposes of the tomb:—

To MARGARET of Richmond,
Mother of the Seventh Henry, and grandmother of the Eighth;
Who founded a revenue for three monks in this abbey,
Established a monastery and grammar doctors at Wymborne,
And over all England a preacher of the divine word.
She also appointed
Two expounders of the Holy Bible, one at Oxford, and one at Cambridge,
Where she moreover built two Colleges—to Christ and his disciple John.
She died on the Kalends of July, MDIX.

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To the particulars here given of this illustrious woman, a few facts are to be added. She was born at Bletshoe, in Bedfordshire, during the year 1441, and was the sole daughter and heiress of John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, who was the son of the celebrated John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. While yet in her fifteenth year, her hand was solicited in marriage by the Duke of Suffolk, for his son; and by Henry VI. for his half-brother Edmund of Hadham, Earl of Richmond. The latter nobleman was preferred, and upon an influence, according to the story of Sir Francis Bacon and Bishop Fisher, no less extraordinary than the following. In her perplexity between the two proffers, she requested the advice of an elderly gentlewoman, who sagely decided that she ought not to consult her heart upon the occasion, but refer herself in prayer to the patron of virgins, St. Nicholas, who after due suit appeared to the pious maid in his episcopal robes, and pronounced for Earl Edmund. By this match Margaret had a son, afterwards Henry VII., and within the short term of fifteen weeks after his birth, was left a widow. In the course of time, however, and without any miraculous interference, she obtained two more husbands, but had no further issue by them. Her second lord was Henry Stafford, a son of the Duke of Buckingham: he died in 1481; and her third, she married in 1485, Thomas Lord Stanley and Earl of Derby. He too died in 1504; so that she was left to follow the three to the grave in a single state.

Such was the rank and such the conditions of Margaret of Richmond: but the history of her actions is by no means so brief; for according to Stowe, a volume would hardly suffice to recapitulate and describe her virtues and great acts. Being easily prevailed upon to wave what pretensions to the crown she might be thought to possess, in favour of her son, she devoted her life to works of charity and religion, amongst which the patronage of learning usurped a distinguished share. The detail of her munificence begins with her receiving twelve distressed objects under her own roof, where they were supplied with food and raiment, blessings, which as the one dropped off, were extended to some other; so that the number relieved continued always complete. The lecturers in divinity at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were her next care: the articles of their endowment, which was in perpetuity, were dated on the 8th of September 1502; and pro-

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vided, that the professors should be chosen every second year, by the doctors and bachelors of divinity assembled together in full convocation, and that the salary of each lecturer should be twenty marks a year. The bequest to Cambridge, it may be added, was further augmented on the 5th of July, 1566, to the sum of 20*l.*; and on the 26th of August, 1605, by the rectory of Terrington, in Norfolk—a gift from James I. The most singular of her foundations was that of a preacher of the gospel for all England; the date of the articles for it were August the 6th, 1504, the patronage was vested in Cambridge, the salary fixed at 10*l.* a-year, and the conditions, at least six sermons annually in the dioceses of London, Ely, and Lincoln. The duties of this institution, however, have been since materially abridged by a royal dispensation of somewhat a degenerate temper, which exempts the incumbent from all but one sermon, to be delivered before the University at the commencement of Easter term. As these generous works grew in number, so they swelled in importance; in honour of the spot where her parents were interred, and to secure a constant tribute of prayer for the repose of their souls, she now attached a perpetual chantry to the parish church of Wimburne, in Dorsetshire, with the provision that grammar should be taught free in it to all who should demand, while the world endured, by a priest whose stipend was rated at ten pounds a-year.

The erection and endowment of Christ's College, Cambridge, followed in 1505. Originally this was an institution for a master, twelve fellows, and forty-seven scholars, built upon the site of a small hotel, called *God's House,* which had been appropriated to four fellows by Henry VI. The funds attached for its support were considerable, and comprised, amongst other lands and rents, the manors of Malton, Melred, and Beach, in Cambridgeshire; the manors of Ditesworth, Kegworth, Hathern, and Walton, in Leicestershire; the abbey of Creke, in Norfolk; the manor of Roydon, in Essex; and the impropriation of Manibere, in Wales. To the ample revenue thus derived, it may not be misplaced to state, that several additions were afterwards made. Of these the first was by Edward VI., who gave another fellowship, from a scruple that the master and twelve fellows might be supposed

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to constitute a profane allusion to our Saviour and his twelve apostles. During the same reign, the crown exchanged the rents of Bromwell Abbey for the manor of Roydon above mentioned; and three more scholarships were created by the monarch, upon benefactions bequeathed for the purpose, by Bishop Fisher, Sir Walter Mildmay, Richard Bunting, and others. At the present day, the endowments of Christ's College, Oxford, are for fifteen fellows and fifty-six scholars.

Margaret commenced the construction of St. John's College in 1508, and chose her situation upon a spot formerly covered by Nigel, second Bishop of Ely, with an hospital for canons regular, but converted into a priory by Hugh de Balsham, also a bishop. The constitution of this establishment was originally for a master and fifty fellows, and scholars, whose maintenance was provided for by a deed, settling on them the issues and profits of the foundress's estate and lands in the counties of Devon, Somerset, and Northampton, at that time amounting to 400*l.* a-year; also by the revenues of the old priory, then valued at 80*l.* 1*s.* 10*d.* a-year; and by a licence of mortmain for 50*l.* a-year. The charter of the foundation was dated on the 9th April, 1511; and the college, after costing between 4000*l.* and 5000*l.* in building, was opened on the 29th July, 1516. This was a magnificent institution; but it suffered considerable losses after the death of the countess, when her grandson, the king, Henry VIII., sued for and recovered the estates as heir at law. By this proceeding the income of the college was reduced to the proceeds from part of an estate at Fordham, in Cambridgeshire, and the revenues of the former priory. Bishop Fisher, however, shortly afterwards procured for it the hospital of Ospring, in Kent; and other benefactors, of whom the most liberal were Archbishops Morton and Williams, in the course of time so far compensated for those deprivations, that the former splendour of the funds was more than restored. By consequence, St. John's College is now one of the wealthiest in the University, and consists of fifty-nine fellows and one hundred and fifteen scholars.

But even here Margaret's bounty was not exhausted; for observing with exemplary compassion, during an occasional visit to

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her property in the neighbourhood, the great distance between the parsonage-house and church of Torrington, in Devonshire, she transferred to the incumbent and his successors her own manor-house and the land around it, which immediately adjoined the church. She also built and endowed an alms-house for poor women, near Westminster Abbey; and established a fund, by the conditions of which a long table is spread every Saturday in the south cross of the abbey, at which her charity is partaken of by forty poor women, who receive individually two-pence, a pound and a half of beef, and a fourpenny-loaf of bread.

The private life of Margaret of Beaufort was disciplined with a rigidity that fully supported the character of her public actions. Her every care was for the good of others; and she may thus be instanced as a favourite pattern of that ascetic devotion, which the Catholic church delighted to inculcate in the days of its enthusiastic prosperity. It was her habit to rise at five o'clock in the morning, and occupy herself in prayer and meditation until ten, at which hour she descended from her closet to dinner. After this refreshment she resumed her devotions until noon, and spent the rest of the day in reading and acts of charity. It was a constant rule with her to relieve every poor person who claimed her aid, and tend upon every sick one who solicited her ministration. In this latter capacity she performed the most servile offices, and accustomed herself to the most distressing scenes—always watching her patients even to the last agony, in order, as she said, that she might learn how to die; and following them all to the grave, that she might attest her humility, and prepare for that equality,—to which death levels us all. Bishop Fisher, who was her confessor, wrote her eulogy, in which he describes her as possessing a tenacious memory, a piercing wit, and great sagacity. Her temper was firm and equal, even in the vicissitudes of fortune; and her strongest passion, a lively tenderness for her son, whose persecution, coronation, and death she witnessed with feelings of the most consoling sympathy.

Margaret was also an author:—she had a knowledge of Latin; and translated from the French "*A Mirror of God for the Sinful Soul*," which was printed in 4to., with cuts on vellum, by Richard Pynson; and also the fourth book of "*Dr. Jerson's Imi-*

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tation of Christ." By the command of Henry VII., she drew up "*Orders for Great Estates of Ladies and Noble-women, for their Precedence, Attires, and Wearing of Barbes at Funerals, over the chin, and under the same.*" Her name also appears to two other publications of black-letter value, the first of which is, "*Waltere Hylton's Scala Perfectionis, Englished, and printed by command of Margarete, Countesse of Richmond and Derby, in William Caxton's hous, by Wynkyn de Worde, Anno Salutis* 1504:" and the second, "*An Exposition of the Seven Penitential Psalms; compyled by the Right Reverend Fader in God, John Fisher, D.D. &c. Bishop of Rochester, at Exhortation and Stourying of the most excellent Princess Margarete, &c. Imprented, &c. 7th August,* 1510." Her library is represented to have been both numerous and highly valuable, at a period when printing was in its first infancy, and but a few of the nobility had attained even the accomplishment of penmanship.

Thus exemplary in virtue and conspicuous in learning, Margaret continued to deserve the admiration of her contemporaries, until the austerity of her religious habits brought on a decline, which snatched her from the service of her fellow-creatures at the age of 68. She expired at Westminster on the 29th June, 1509, just three months after the accession of her grandson the profligate Henry VIII., to the throne, and was buried directly under the spot now covered by her tomb.

Of the life and actions of Margaret Beaufort it is difficult to speak in the ordinary terms of commendation, or to think with the common emotions of gratitude: her generosity was so princely, her works so extraordinary for her sex, and her virtues so purely benevolent, that but few can now be expected to emulate, what all must be proud to admire. Most readers will consider the period of her death extremely fortunate, and rejoice to feel, that she was spared the horror of witnessing her own flesh and blood make an impious boast and glory in profaning those shrines, and spoliating those endowments, which it was her chief pride to ornament and enrich:—nor can that heart enjoy many throbs of generous passion, which contemplates, without indignation, the animosity, ungrateful and immoral, by which those very men, who at this day owe both their eminence and their liveli-

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hood to her bounty, revile the religion that nourished her charity, and oppress every individual who best honours her memory by suffering for her principles. The possession of worldly good is an ordeal through which few pass without detraction; but where so little is to be lost in deed, and so much is to be gained in character, every friend to national improvement will lament, that Protestantism should so obdurately disallow the many debts that are due to its Catholic mother.

In conclusion it should not be suppressed, that one solitary action in the life of Margaret Beaufort has been considered by some authors a slur upon the virtues of her general character. The reflection has been most inconsiderately hazarded, and is mentioned here for the sake of impartiality and correction. About the year 1496 she was anxious to promote her stepson, James Stanley, to the Bishopric of Ely; and the better to qualify him for the duties of this calling, endeavoured, by the offer of a large pension, to obtain Erasmus for his tutor. The latter, however, refused the task with some vanity, asserting that he would not be so hindered from prosecuting his studies, for all the wealth in the world; and with this answer the idea was abandoned. Upon the face of such a project as this, no ordinary reader can perceive any cause of blame; yet from it some awkward wits have affected to reproach Margaret with a culpable attempt to force an ignorant relative upon learned and responsible dignity. But it is needless to show that the conclusion contradicts the incident; for it is the grossest of perversions to assert, that to design a young man for the church, and engage the first scholar of the age to instruct him, has any thing in it either illaudable or profane.

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BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

THESE names were so linked together by friendship during life, and have been so harmoniously associated in fame, that although the former of them alone is entitled to notice in these pages, by an interment in Westminster Abbey, it were a graceless scrupulosity to sever them under any circumstances. As their works were a common labour for the entertainment of posterity, so should their commemoration ever continue, as it has been hitherto preserved—one and inseparable. There follow, therefore, a distinct memoir of each, and a review of their joint productions; and should the notice be deemed too brief for their merits, the fact can only be justified upon the plea, that we really are possessed of a most meagre account of both authors.

Francis Beaumont, descended from a family appropriately respectable and talented, is conjectured to have been born during either of the years 1585 or '86, at Grace Dieu, in Leicestershire. His grandfather was a Master of the Rolls, his father a Judge in the Court of Common Pleas, and his mother, Anne Pierrepoint, belonged to that family in Nottinghamshire, from which the late Dukedom of Kingston traced its ancestry. He is said by some, to have studied at the University of Cambridge, and by others, at Oxford, though the name of the college has not been discovered:—but it is certain that he was a member of the Inner Temple. Whether he attained any, or what proficiency in legal knowledge, are points not now to be ascertained; but if we may decide by probabilities, the profession with him, as with many others of the same lively imagination, was but nominal, and at an early period exchanged for more congenial pursuits. He became acquainted with Fletcher before he had completed his twentieth year; and from the voluminousness of his productions, and the prematurity of his death, cannot be supposed to have had much

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leisure for any other occupations. He married the daughter and heiress of Henry Isley, in Kent, and was suddenly snatched away from life before he had reached his thirtieth year, and buried in Westminster Abbey, immediately under the spot where the monument to Dryden now stands. He had two daughters, of whom it is only known that one of them, Frances, was supported, so late as the year 1700, upon a pension of 100*l.* a year from the noble House of Ormond.

John Fletcher was born in 1576; and educated at Oxford. His father, the Rev. Dr. Fletcher, was promoted to the bench of bishops by Queen Elizabeth, and enjoyed first the see of Bristol, and afterwards that of London. Of Fletcher the younger, we are informed, that at College he was distinguished not only for the promptitude, but the profundity of his attainments; and that in maturer age, he was courted for the vivacity of his conversation, and greatly prized for the ready fineness of his wit. He was not known as an author before his intimacy with Beaumont, and produced nothing material after the extinction of their friendship. It has also been remarked, that he was born about ten years before Beaumont, and lived just ten after him—for he fell a victim to the ravages of the great plague in 1625.

Another coincidence observed upon between these eminent partners in literary celebrity is, that out of fifty-seven dramas to which their names are affixed, only two are independent productions, and those one by each, namely, the "Faithful Shepherdess," a pastoral, by Fletcher; and the "Masque of Gray's Inn Gentlemen," by Beaumont. In their fifty-seven pieces are to be found every variety of character, and every display of passion; laughter and tears are moved with equal mastery, and we hate and love obedient to the scene. The characters are prominent, and the plots are sufficiently interesting, but not the most artfully conducted, and rather striking in a few situations, than attractively sustained throughout the whole story. In comedy the dialogue is lively and seasoned, and in tragedy so bold and poetical as to have provoked a comparison with the matchless passages of Shakspeare. Throughout works produced in such numbers, and with such rapidity, many faults are to be expected, and many blemishes will be found. Of these the most striking are an extravagance of repartee and metaphysical conceit; and, the least

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pardonable because the most avoidable, a gross and frequent indulgence of obscenity. The period at which the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher were most popularly estimated, was the licentious reign of Charles II., when they were by some vain judges held superior even to Shakspeare. That era, however, is past; and they are now only presented to the public, after considerable prunings, and in consequence of a deficiency in stage effect, with considerable additions.

From such a magnitude of matter, the task of culling examples of beauty or instancing faults, is one by far too lengthy and burdened for the limits of these pages. It must, therefore, suffice to present the reader with a catalogue of the pieces, in which the nature of each, and the date of its publication, will be distinguished. Their labours began with 'The Woman Hater,' a comedy published in 4to. in 1607, which was followed in order by 'The Knight of the Burning Pestle,' a comedy, in 1613; 'Cupid's Revenge,' a tragedy, in 1615; 'The Scornful Lady,' a comedy, in 1616; 'The King and no King,' a tragi-comedy, in 1619; 'The Maid's Tragedy,' an exquisite production, in the same year; 'Thierry and Theodoret,' a tragedy, in 1621; 'Philaster,' a tragi-comedy, in 1622, and frequently revived; 'The two noble Kinsmen,' a tragi-comedy, in 1634; 'The Elder Brother,' a comedy, in 1637; 'Monsieur Thomas,' a comedy, in 1638; 'Wit without money,' a comedy, in 1639; 'Rule a Wife and have a Wife,' still a favourite comedy, in 1640; and 'The Night-Walker, a comedy, in 1640. For seven years from this date nothing was printed with their names; but in 1647 there appeared together, in folio, no less than thirty-four plays, of which the titles and styles are as follow:—'The Mad Lover,' a tragi-comedy; 'The Spanish Curate,' a comedy; 'The Little French Lawyer,' a comedy; 'The Custom of the Country,' a comedy; 'The noble Gentleman,' a tragi-comedy; 'The Captain,' a comedy; 'The Beggar's Bush,' a comedy; 'The Coxcomb,' a comedy; 'The False One,' a tragedy; The Chances,' an excellent comedy; 'The Loyal Subject,' a tragedy; 'The Laws of Candy,' a tragi-comedy; 'The Lover's Progress,' a tragi-comedy; 'The Island Princess,' a tragi-comedy; 'The Humourous Lieutenant,' a tragi-comedy, long highly popular; 'The Nice Valour,' a tragi-comedy; 'The Maid in the Mill,' a comedy; 'The Phro-

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phetess,' a tragedy; Bonduca, a tragedy, still ranked among the acting plays of the day; 'The Sea Voyage,' a tragi-comedy; 'The Double Marriage,' a tragi-comedy; 'The Pilgrim,' a comedy; 'The Knight of Malta,' a tragedy; 'The Woman's Prize,' a comedy; 'Love's Cure,' a comedy; 'The Honest Man's Fortune,' a comedy; 'The Queen of Corinth,' a tragi-comedy; 'Women Pleased,' a comedy; 'A Wife for a Month,' a tragi-comedy; 'Wit at several Weapons,' a comedy; 'Valentinian,' a tragedy; 'The Fair Maid of the Inn,' a tragi-comedy; 'Love's Pilgrimage, a tragi-comedy, and 'Four Plays in One.' All these were printed and acted; but they wrote two other comedies never printed, which were entitled, 'The Faithful Friend;' and the 'Right Woman.' Fletcher's name also appears, in conjunction with Ben Jonson, Massinger, and others, to two comedies; and Beaumont is believed to have produced a piece by himself, which he called, 'The History of Mador, King of Britain.

Of the distinctive powers of these joint authors, or the specific share which each of them took in the composition of their dramas, our only sources of information are traditional conjecture, and the preliminary matter to the edition of their works published in 1778. From these it would appear that wit was the characteristic of Fletcher, and judgment of Beaumont: that the talents of the former were the more luxuriant, and those of the latter the more mature. By consequence, Fletcher chiefly projected the story, while Beaumont contrived the developement of the play;—the one amplified, and the other corrected. According to this estimate, Fletcher must have written the larger portion of what has appeared under their names, and besides the honour of a more inventive genius, becomes entitled, from a longer life, to the praise of having co-operated with other dramatists. If we may credit an account given by Winstanley, the manner in which they proceeded with their labours, was agreeable and gentlemanlike in the extreme; for he represents them as meeting at a tavern, and there digesting and choosing their respective scenes for composition over a bottle of wine:—a division of employment in which Beaumont is represented as always preferring the more serious and lofty parts. It would seem too, that Fletcher believed in the general opinion which awarded to Beaumont the possession of mental superiority, as notwithstanding his seniority in years, he always

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acquiesced in the precedence which the name of his colleague still bears on the title pages of their works. A further confirmation of the propriety of this judgment, is derived from the fact, that Ben Jonson, who is well known to have estimated his own talents at their full value, was yet glad upon every occasion to avail himself of the critical aid of Beaumont, and formally submitted many of his works to his correction. The best editions of Beaumont and Fletcher's works are those edited by Theobald, Sympson, and Seward, in 10 vols. 8vo. 1751; by Colman, in 1778; and in our own time by Gifford.

And now to conclude as we began, with the legitimate subject of this work:—Beaumont, independent of the reputation earned by his dramatic composition, is entitled to a very respectable place among the poets of his age by some miscellaneous productions, which have always borne an engaging character. Many of his subjects, and the manner in which they are treated, are happily original; his amatory addresses are distinguished by great richness of feeling, and liveliness of imagination; and his versification is particularly marked by correctness and modulation. These compositions were first printed in 8vo. 1653, and principally comprise, the 'Hermaphrodite,' a very imaginative piece; an 'Epistle to Ben Jonson;' and 'Verses to his friend Master John Fletcher,' &c. &c. They are now generally given at the end of the plays. Besides these he left several pieces in manuscript, which were possessed by his daughter Frances, but unfortunately lost, like the conclusion of Spenser's Fairy Queen, in a shipwreck during a voyage to Ireland. Beaumont had a brother, Sir John, also a poet, whose works are not to be confounded with those of the dramatist. He is the author of 'Bosworth Field,' an heroic poem, which presents a very favourable view of the style of writing at that day: he also wrote several minor pieces in a pleasing vein; translated largely from Horace, Virgil, Juvenal, and Persius; and may justly be commended as a scholar of taste, and a writer of pure English. He was created a baronet by Charles I., and died aged forty-six, in the year 1628.

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APHARA BEHN.

"The stage how loosely does Astrea tread,
Who fairly puts her characters to bed."

Such are the lines by which Pope, in his character of women, describes the subject of this memoir—to which, however, it is to be added, that a part only of her numerous pretensions are alluded to in the couplet; and, though, in this limited application, the implied satire must be admitted correct, still something of a more favourable opinion ought to have been in fairness expressed of an authoress, who was the first of her sex amongst us, that succeeded to any extent in the graces of original composition. The period of Aphara Behn's birth is unknown; the place of it was Canterbury, where her family, which was named Jonson, had a reputable descent. This poverty of information and facts, it may be as well to observe here, pervades every account we possess of the subsequent periods of her life. While a girl, her father, through the interest of Lord Willoughby, was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Surinam, in the West Indies, during the reign of Charles I. He unfortunately died on his passage out; but his family, who embarked with him, reached the settlement in safety, and resided on it for some time with considerable satisfaction. Aphara in particular was delighted with the country: she has left a very pleasing description of it, still in print; and afterwards presented a very acceptable account of its statistics to the Government. The following picture of the situation of her family upon their landing, is in her own words. "As soon as we came into the country, the best house in it was presented to us, called St. John's Hill. It stood on a vast rock of white marble, at the foot of which the river ran a great depth down—the little waves dashing, and foaming over the

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foot of the rock, made the softest purlings in the world. The opposite bank was adorned with a quantity of different flowers, eternally blowing, every day and every hour anew, fenced behind with lofty trees of a thousand rare forms and colours. The prospect was the most ravishing that sands can create. On the edge of this white rock, towards the river, was a walk or grove of orange and lemon trees, about half the length of the Mall in St. James's Park, whose flowery and fruit-bearing branches met at the top, and intercepted the fierce rays of the sun. A cool air, that came from the river at the hottest hours of the day, made it not only a delightful retreat, but refreshing the blossoms, made them ever fragrant and blooming. The boasted gardens of Italy cannot excel this grove, which art and nature combined to adorn. It was wonderful to see trees, equal in size to the English oak, take root in a solid rock, with afterwards but a scanty covering of earth."

Here, too, Aphara found another memorable charm, in her acquaintance with the celebrated African Prince, Oronooko, whose interesting adventures she recited in the novel bearing his name; but whose story is now best known to the reader, by the dramatic adaptation of Southerne, who in the preface to his tragedy, takes occasion to pay many high compliments to the original writer of the tale.

To many of the incidents related in the book, she represents herself as having been a witness, and it was well known that she took an honourable delight in consoling the misfortunes of the chieftain as far as her resources permitted. That she contemplated the singular virtues of his character with admiration, and watched the tenderness of his passion for his Clemene (Southerne's Imoinda) with a warm sympathy, she herself admitted; and the world thereupon construed her feelings into an indulgence of culpable indelicacy. It is but justice, however, to add, that the charge in all probability took its complexion from the levities of her after-life, and that no stronger grounds than surmise have been specified for its support. The youthful zeal with which she tended upon the unfortunate couple, and her kindness in teaching the wife many of the little ingenuities of polite education, naturally excited a reciprocity of interest. By turns she listened with avidity to their description of the romantic habits of their uninstructed countrymen; or recounted to them with ardour the

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great achievements of antiquity, or the striking characteristics of modern society. To this extent the intimacy was preserved with a certain degree of esteem and enthusiasm, which it were cynical to make reprehensible, when the youth of the one party, and the simplicity of the other, are remembered. Thus Oronooko called Aphara his *great mistress*, and an inexperienced girl of talent exulted in the compliment. If we are at all to credit the fervour with which the prince is represented to have been devoted to his wife, it is not very likely that he could have been seduced into infidelity by the paler charms of European beauty; and when we recollect that Aphara was still under the care of her family, it must appear far from probable, that she could have been so easily permitted to disgrace herself.

Upon our cession of Surinam to the Dutch, she returned to England, and settling in London, soon after gave her hand in marriage to Mr. Behn, a merchant of Dutch extraction, in the city. For what length of time this state lasted, or at what period she lost her husband, are points now only to be conjectured. The next event of any particular interest we know of in her life, was her appointment by the ministry of Charles II., to reside at Antwerp, in the capacity of a political spy. As amatory intrigues were the means by which she was to obtain the desired information in this trust, it cannot be denied that her character for levity must have been pretty generally published, before any office of the description could have been proposed for her acceptance. The manner in which she acquitted herself, both in politics and love, seems to have been deep and successful enough; for she discovered the memorable project for sailing up the Thames, concerted by De Ruyter, and Cornelius de Witt, in 1666, and sent timely notice of it to the Government at home. Correctly as events proved this intelligence to have been founded, yet the English ministers were weak enough to receive it with incredulity, and Aphara abandoned all connection with state views in offence, and surrendered herself up undivided to the gentler cares of gallantry.

Of her adventures in this career she has left a sufficiently entertaining account in her letters. From these it may be gathered, that her principal admirer, and the one from whom she obtained her knowledge of the plan upon the Thames, was one Vander Al-

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bert, a man respectably connected in the states of Holland. Of the amours by which she maintained her influence over him, the account is by no means engaging enough to require any minute detail: the progress of their intercourse may be presumed to have varied in few particulars from suits of the sort; but the circumstances under which it terminated, have an interest which induce another feeling. After some time, spent in the undisturbed assurance of his affections, she was warned of his inconstancy, by the history of a lady whom he had married after a long and ardent courtship, but deserted almost immediately upon the consummation of their nuptials. With this injured woman Aphara became acquainted, and was so moved by a conviction of her sufferings, her virtues, and her beauty, that she had the generosity to determine upon sacrificing her lover, and restoring the wife to his arms. The scheme adopted for accomplishing this object, was soon resolved on, and easily put into practice. An interview was fixed upon between the lovers—it was to be secret, and take place in the dark; Catalina, the forsaken bride, was thus substituted for Mrs. Behn, and the meetings were several times repeated without a discovery of the deception.

Little good, however, was gained, when the truth became known; for Albert was more incensed than ever against his unfortunate lady, and though Aphara refused to see him, he still persevered in the old course of unmanly neglect. After exhausting his resources of solicitation in order to re-ingratiate himself with his mistress, he at last followed the example she had shown him, and projected a stratagem of revenge, far less honourable than the one played upon him, and perhaps too, by the fortune of such things, on that very account more adverse in its consequence. There was a reduced old gentlewoman, whom Aphara had taken to live with her out of compassion, and with whom she not unfrequently shared her bed. Over the scruples of this accommodating companion, a handsome present sufficed to prevail, and she consented, upon an appointed night, to surrender her privilege to Albert. Now it happened on the evening settled for the execution of this enterprise, that Aphara supped from home in company with the son and daughters of her landlord. On their return, some sudden impulse of frolic seized upon the party, and they agreed that the young man should proceed to lay him-

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self in bed by the old lady's side, and be there surprised, with lights, by Mrs. Behn and his sisters. A denouement of humourous morality ensued, and the two men were found lying together, not less to their own astonishment, than that of all the rest present. What remains to be told, is neither so pleasant nor so justifiable; the matron was discarded; Albert excused himself upon the ungovernableness of his passion, and so far triumphed in his presumption, that an arrangement was entered into, by the terms of which Aphara was to return to England, and be there followed by him; after which, as a recompense for his fidelity and his disappointment, he was promised her hand at the altar. What provision was to be made in that case for the wife, whose neglect had already been so properly commiserated, we are not informed; and happily no cause for it was destined to occur, for the sudden death of Albert in a fever, at Amsterdam, while preparing for the voyage, saved both parties from the remorse of the difficulty.

Meanwhile, Aphara, embarking at Dunkirk, was critically preserved from a catastrophe equally tragical. The ship in which she sailed foundered on the coast of Kent, and the passengers were with difficulty saved by boats from the shore. Thus once more restored, poor and profligate, to the pleasures of London, she spent the remainder of her life in a lascivious career of intrigues, which was even conspicuous in an age so corruptly distinguished as the reign of Charles II. What she failed to acquire by the subserviency of love, she endeavoured to obtain by the resources of literature; and thus the multiplicity of her productions are to be ascribed to the necessity she laboured under of writing for her support. Courted by wits and authors for her conversational talents, and solicited by lords and gallants for her personal charms, it is not surprising that her reputation should have risen to a considerable height; and that numerous testimonies of her excellence and popularity are to be found in the works of several of the most memorable writers of her time. The woman who boasts the addresses of such nobles as Dorset and Rochester, may surely be supposed to have possessed no ordinary beauty, while the authoress who could secure the elegant praise of Dryden and Southerne, must certainly be admitted to have been highly endowed.

This, therefore, may be the most proper place to give some ac-

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count of the productions by which the name of Aphara Behn is entitled to a rank in English literature. No considerable labour of criticism is required to do justice to the task; for the interest of this article, and the modern reputability of the authoress, will be answered by little more than an enumeration of the nature and titles of her works. She is chiefly to be known then, for a paraphrase of the celebrated letters between a nobleman and his sister-in-law, (Lord Gray and the Lady Henrietta Berkeley); for a couple of volumes published in twelves, and consisting of minor histories and novels; for three volumes of miscellaneous poetry composed by the Earl of Rochester, Sir George Etherege, Henry Crisp, and herself. The first of these latter volumes appeared in 1684, the second in 1685, and the third in 1688; the contents of the whole are principally composed of songs, and pieces light and short, as those effusions usually are. The most bulky portion of her works consists of her plays, seventeen in number, which have been long dead to the stage, and are most remarkable for a display of passion, even to licentiousness, such as few would expect from her sex, and no second age ever tolerated in this country. The majority were successful, but a further detraction from their merit is to be noticed, in the arrant plagiarisms with which they abound; for not only whole plots but particular passages of energy, wherever they suit her wants, are freely taken from other writers. These liberties some eulogists have been at the pains of trying to excuse, by representing that she borrowed less from any stinted resources of her own imagination, than from the urgency with which, in general, she was necessitated to produce; but even this, when taken for truth, in no respect lessens the wrong done, and only goes to show, that one who might have essayed better, was too remiss for the trial.

The following list of titles distinguishes styles and order of publication:—'The Amorous Prince, or Curious Husband,' a comedy, founded on the story of the 'Curious Impertinent' in Don Quixote, acted at the Duke's Theatre, and printed in 4to. 1671. 'The Forced Marriage, or Jealous Bridegroom,' acted at the Duke's Theatre, and printed in 4to. 1671. 'Abdelaza, or the Moor's Revenge,' a tragedy; taken from 'Marlowe's Lust's Dominion,' acted at the Duke's Theatre, and printed in 1671. 'The Dutch Lover,' a comedy, founded on a Spanish novel, called 'Don Jenise,' by Cove-

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ras, acted at the Duke's Theatre, and printed in 4to. 1673. 'The Rover, or the Spanish Cavalier,' a comedy, in two parts, the first printed in 4to. 1677, and the second in the same size, 1681: it was acted at the Duke's Theatre, and is in a great degree borrowed from Killigrew's 'Don Thomaso.' 'The Town Fop,' or Sir Timothy Tawdry,' a comedy, after the 'Miseries of Enforced Marriage,' by George Wilkins, acted at the Duke's Theatre, and printed in 4to. 1677. 'Sir Patient Fancy,' a comedy, taken from Moliere's 'Malade Imaginaire,' acted at the Duke's Theatre, and printed in 4to. 1678. 'The Feigned Courtezan, or a Night's Intrigue,' a comedy, very appropriately dedicated to Nell Gwynn, the favourite mistress of Charles II. and considered the best of the series; it was acted at the Duke's Theatre, and printed in 4to. 1679. 'The Roundheads, or the Good Old Cause,' a comedy, adapted from John Tatum's 'Rump, or Mirror of the Times;' acted at the Duke's Theatre, and printed with a dedication to the Duke of Grafton, in 4to. 1682. 'The City Heiress, or Sir Timothy Treatall,' a comedy, taken from Middleton's 'Mad World,' and Massinger's 'Guardians'; it was acted with applause at the Duke's Theatre, and printed with a dedication to the Earl of Arundell, in 4to. 1682. 'The False Count, or a New Way to play an Old Game,' a comedy, taken from Moliere's 'Precienses Ridicules;' acted at the Duke's Theatre, and printed in 4to. 1682. 'The Young King, or the Mistake,' a tragi-comedy, taken from the story of Alcmenes and Menalippa, in Calprenede's Cleopatra, and dedicated to a friend under the name of Philaster; acted at the Duke's Theatre, and printed in 4to. 1683. 'The Lucky Chance, or the Alderman's Bargain,' a comedy, dedicated to the Earl of Rochester, and very unfavourably received; acted by the King's company, and printed in 4to. 1687. 'The Emperor of the Moon,' a farce, originally from the Italian, but thus translated from a French version, entitled 'Harlequin, Empéreur dans le monde de la Lune;' acted at the Queen's Theatre, and printed with a dedication to the Marquis of Worcester, in 4to. 1687. The catalogue closes with the 'Widow Ranter,' a tragi-comedy; and the 'Younger Brother, or Amorous Jilt,' a comedy; both posthumous publications, edited in the year 1790.

To the particulars already given, nothing more is known of the life or actions of Aphara Behn beyond the belief, that the letters to

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Lycidas, inserted in her Memoirs, were addressed to no fictitious character, in which case her passion must have been as hapless as it was strong. Her last illness was protracted and painful, and terminated in death on the 16th April, 1689; as the date of her birth is not preserved, so the extent of her age cannot be calculated. She was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, and the spot was marked by a plain stone of black marble, on which appeared this doggerel truism and bombast, by way of epitaph:

> Here lies a proof that wit can never be
> Defence enough against mortality!
> Great Poetess!—Oh! thy stupendous lays
> The world admires, and the Muses praise.

The complimentary testimony borne by Dryden and Southerne to the talents of Aphara Behn, has been already mentioned; but she has received other tributes from her literary cotemporaries, which, if not as high in authority, are yet higher in amount. Of these, Charles Cotton may be mentioned first, and after him Langbaine, who writes, in false prophecy, that her name must long be cherished among the lovers of the drama. Gildon, her publisher, who lived in habits of great intimacy with her, is far more particular and encomiastic. He describes her as strong of mind, and so commanding her faculties, that she used to write in the midst of company, and at the same time share in the conversation. Though in her temper choleric, yet friendly, and incapable of wilful injury; witty, yet good-natured; honourable in her actions, and in sentiment frank; and though gayer than allowed by the strict, yet always tender of the rules of modesty.

Exhibiting this character to the world, who can avoid regretting that her private life should be marked with incidents, and her writings with passages, which neutralize and disfigure a paragon.

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THOMAS BETTERTON.

Thomas Betterton, actor and author, and the Roscius of his age, was the son of an under-cook in the household of Charles I. and born in Tothill-street, Westminster, during the year 1635. Early instructed in the rudiments of polite letters, he evinced such a passion for reading, that his parents determined to educate him for one of the liberal professions; but being reduced in fortune by the wreck of their master's royalty, they were necessitated to content the literary ambition of young Thomas with an apprenticeship to a bookseller. This man's name was Rhodes; he kept his shop at Charing-cross, and by publishing for Sir William Davenant, obtained something of a dramatic connexion, and the place of wardrobe-keeper at the theatre in Blackfriars. To this subsidiary employment of the bookseller, Betterton owed his first acquaintance with the stage; but we are possessed of no particulars which show either the rise or the developement of his histrionic attempts; though we are told, that while yet a boy, he was encouraged by the praises of Sir William Davenant.

When the spirit of the times changed with the government of the unfortunate Charles, the glory which encircled the stage during the reigns of Elizabeth and James, set into a long night of inactivity and persecution. At the outset of the battle between the royalists and presbyterians, almost all the actors who were not disabled by the infirmities of age, followed the buoyant impulse of their profession; and highly to their honour, took up arms with the monarch, in whose service they had so often exercised the arts of war in its least afflicting guise. Of those who survived the slaughter of that terrible period, the fortune was decided by the fate of the contest. The morose insanity of Puritanism shut up the play-houses, and ascetically denounced all scenic representations as so many deadly sins. One attempt, in-

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deed, to preserve the drama, was made during the winter of 1648, at the Cock-pit in Drury Lane; but the performer was soon interrupted by the preacher, and the company marched off to jail by a file of soldiers. Some few actors also contrived to hang together under the connivance of the commanding officer at Whitehall; and now and again an entertainment to divert the public was tolerated at the Red Bull in St. John's Street, Smithfield; but with these raw exceptions, the natural wit of the cause was persecuted into an ague of fears, and languished in the last hectics of dissolution.

Auspiciously, however, for the lovers of the drama, those signs in the times which facilitated the restoration of royalty, also served to inspire hopes for the resuscitation of the Comic Muse; so that when General Monk assembled his army in Scotland, and began to march for London, the retainers of the theatre ventured to group themselves together; and in the year 1659, Rhodes, the bookseller already mentioned, revived the playhouse in its proper state at the Cock-pit in Drury Lane. Foremost in the list of his performers ranked his apprentices Betterton and Kynaston, who were soon after invited to place themselves under a more promising management, when the Crown patents for acting were once more regularly issued, and the performers formally sworn in as the King's servants. Two companies were thus established; the one styled the King's, which removed from the Red Bull to the Tennis Court, near Clare-market; and the other distinguished as the Duke of York's, which from the Cock-pit fixed itself in a new house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, during the year 1662. Killigrew, the notorious caterer for the follies and vices of his sovereign, had the former licence, and Sir William Davenant, by virtue of an old promise, the latter: Betterton's talents in these changes became the Knight's property.

The performances in Lincoln's Inn Fields recommenced with Davenant's comedy, in two parts, of the 'Siege of Rhodes,' in which Betterton acquitted himself with so much talent and effect, that he grew rapidly in public favour, and was even personally noticed by the King. Such was the progress of his reputation, that he was soon after thought worthy of being selected by Charles as the fittest person to visit Paris, and after a judicious view of the French stage, model such improvements on our own boards

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as the taste of the reign seemed to require. In 1670 he married Mrs. Saunderson, whom he had long known as a sister actress, and with whom, until death cut short his feelings of regard, he lived with tender fidelity and equal affections. In the following year, just before a new theatre, built upon a plan of greater magnificence, in Dorset Gardens, Salisbury Court, was finished, Davenant died, and Betterton succeeded to a share in the management. But notwithstanding the splendour of this house, and his own excellence, the rivalship of the King's company, in the poverty of dramatic taste at that period, seriously affected the interests of the Duke's company; and it was determined, for the sake of novelty, to introduce, for the first time, music, singing, and dancing, into the pieces. This was the origin of our operas and spectacles. For these, the theatre in Dorset Gardens now obtained a considerable share of success, which was chiefly merited by the exertions of Betterton, whose skill in scenic adaptations is praised as far superior to the knowledge of his time. The support thus ingeniously attracted, was soon after encreased by an unforeseen calamity. Killigrew's house, which had been removed from Clare-market to Drury-lane, was burnt down in January, 1672, and the undivided run of fashion turned to the rival speculations. This state of things lasted until 1674, when a new establishment, built by Sir Christopher Wren, opened in Old Drury, with a prologue and epilogue by Dryden, and the career of opposition was urged on with renewed ardour between the two companies. Still the Duke's theatre maintained its advantage, and continued most frequented, although warmly reproached for abandoning the sense and beauty of the legitimate drama, for the tinsel of show, and the vanity of sound. This course could not be kept on without heavy expenses; and the consequence was, that both parties became sick of emulation, and were rather severely forced to agree that the town could not support two houses. Negociations for a junction, therefore, ensued, and after some ratting among the performers, in which, however, Betterton's side were still the gainers, the Duke's company merged into the King's, and all performances were confined to Drury Lane.

This event took place in 1684, and it was now that Betterton started up to the climax of his fame, and fairly trod the stage supreme in excellence. In this place, therefore, it may be most

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appropriate to say a few words upon the nature of his powers. His principal energy seems to have been in tragedy, and his chief veneration, like his successors Garrick and Kemble, for Shakspeare, from whom his favourite characters were Hamlet, Othello, Brutus, and Hotspur. This walk, it is to be observed, embraced all that is striking in the range of personification, from the most philosophic dignity to the most fiery passion. In his style the grave and forcible preponderated; his voice was more for terror than sweetness; and his person, suited to his voice, was rather athletic than delicate in its proportions, while his aspect was studious and penetrating. This portraiture is drawn from Cibber in his Apology, who, on this subject, adds a most laudatory passage.—"I never heard a line," he writes, "in tragedy from Betterton, wherein my judgment, my ears, and my imagination were not fully satisfied." With such eminent claims for patronage, it was but natural that Betterton should be highly favoured by a Crown, which seldom held its dignity above its pleasures, and occasionally relaxed its cares from the more important matters of state, to the minor interests of the stage. Accordingly, as a consequence of this estimation, we find, that in the year 1675, when a rage for acting plays seized the court, and the pastoral of 'Calisto, or the Chaste Nymph,' written by John Crown, was ordered to be performed by the young nobility, at the instance of Queen Catherine, Betterton was honoured with the superintendence of the rehearsals, and required to tutor the gentlemen, while his wife taught the ladies, among whom were the princesses Mary and Anne, who subsequently succeeded to the sceptre. It was to a remembrance of this instruction, that the latter, when Queen, was prompted to bestow a pension of 100*l.* a year on Mrs. Betterton, at a time when the sufferings of old age and a long state of bad health were aggravated by the recent loss of her husband.

Although great advantages were not unreasonably expected to result from the coalition of the two houses, yet much disappointment and considerable losses seem to have attended the measure. These were, in a great degree, attributed to the introduction of Rich, a man originally a lawyer, but better known as the father of a harlequin, into the management, who by purchasing the shares of a larger portion of the patentees, engrossed a weightier extent of power into his own hands than any one person had lately held; and what was worse, exercised it in a very oppres-

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sive manner. For pantomime and decorative pieces, his aptitude was peculiarly happy; but capacity failed him for the direction of a theatre, stocked as Drury Lane then was, with an able body of experienced and talented actors. Added to this is the more serious fact, that during the whole course of his career, he had the art of drawing into his own purse the principal amount of the receipts; and disbursing both slowly and reluctantly their well-earned dues to the company. Betterton remonstrated against these proceedings, but was abruptly silenced, and, as a punishment for his interference, had his principal parts allotted to young and inefficient performers. For all these reasons, Rich soon became so obnoxious, that an association was formed among the actors, with Betterton at their head, to emancipate themselves from his authority. By the interest of the Earl of Dorset, their petition was laid before King William, and the complaint was considered serious enough to occasion a reference to the law officers of the crown, for the purpose of determining whether any and what relief could be afforded. The opinion returned upon the case by the lawyers affirmed, that there was nothing in the patents of Charles II. which precluded the King from granting a fresh licence; and in consequence, the proper authority was accorded to Betterton and a select number of the malcontent actors, to perform in a separate establishment.

Of the steps which were taken to effect this deliverance, certainly the most influential were adopted by Betterton; his friends were numerous, his patronage among the great was extensive, his popularity was undivided, and, exclusive of the indignation he may be supposed to have felt at the conduct of Rich, he had other powerful motives for exertion. In any change that ensued, his rank in the profession, he flattered himself, must obtain for him a commanding interest, highly propitious to the advancement of his personal fortune. The latter was at that period a consideration of much importance to him, for he had but recently adventured, and lost the sum of all his savings, amounting to between 2000*l.* and 3000*l.* in a mercantile speculation to the East Indies. Nor were his expectations at all deceived; the new patent ran in his name, and the late ill treatment of the actors was taken up with so much cordiality by the public, that a subscription was soon raised to build them a house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which opened on the 30th of April, 1695, under the most flattering circum-

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stances of prosperity. On this occasion Congreve produced his comedy of 'Love for Love,' which was repeated to crowded audiences until the conclusion of the season; and the success thus established was preserved with no fluctuations of moment for the two next campaigns. In the third year, however, popular favour began to decline, and the two companies began once more to feel nearly alike, that the town could not afford to give them both fortunes. Still the contest was desperately prosecuted, until a fresh enemy started up on a sudden against their common interests, and for a time inflicted a severer blow upon the popularity of the drama, than it had for years received. This was the memorable attack of Jeremy Collier, who in 1697 published a book against the profligate lives of the actors, and the licentiousness of their performances; and excited, by the force of his statements, and the religious energy of his appeal, a powerful impression upon the public mind. He was answered under various forms with all the fertility of language and the brilliancy of wit; Congreve, Vanbrugh and Dennis entered the lists against him;—but all was in vain. Truth and facts were on his side; and as there could be no denial of the indecencies of the stage, so was there no mitigation of the odium which began to set in against it from all quarters. A series of prosecutions against several of the actors for uttering profane and indecent words, were the consequences of this moral clamour; and among those who were found guilty, Betterton and Mrs. Bracegirdle were actually fined. In connexion with this controversy it only remains to be added, that as much good was produced by it as was desirable: some reformation had certainly long been wanted; it was now forced into effect; and a polite refinement, which was the only desideratum of the British Theatre, dated its cultivation from this period.

As soon as tranquillity was in some degree restored, a vigorous effort was made to improve the management, and increase the splendour of the stage. With this view, Congreve and Sir John Vanbrugh combined their interest, and a subscription was set on foot for the purpose of erecting a house in the Haymarket, which should do honour to the nation. In this speculation, Betterton declined to participate: he had now been upwards of forty years on the stage; he began to feel his powers stealing coldly away from him, and was only influenced by a desire for relaxation

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and repose. In this disposition, he was easily induced, in 1704, to resign his license to Vanbrugh, and renounce all responsibility in the new house. This, in the result, proved no unfortunate decision; for although the Haymarket began its career with every presumption of a triumphant course, yet the termination of the first season proved the undertaking to be a failure. The edifice was a sumptuous construction of architecture, injudiciously planned for every purpose of convenience; so that after several expensive alterations, the proprietors were content to part with their patent at a loss.

But though Betterton had retired from the heavier fatigues of his profession, he was not suffered to live dead to the stage. Still mindful of the greatness of his talents, and sensible of the narrowness of his circumstances, the public, as a mark of their esteem, gave him two benefits during the season of 1709. Upon the first of these occasions, though upwards of 70 years of age, he played the youthful part of Valentine, in 'Love for Love,' and upon the second, Hamlet, with a warmth and energy which obtained the honour of being made the subject of a paper in the Tatler. The strong feelings of partiality with which he continued to be regarded, are to be gathered from the many flattering circumstances that marked these performances. Rowe produced a poetical address; Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Bracegirdle, who had both quitted the stage some years before, came forward again to support their old leader, and the receipts of the last night amounted to 500*l.* a sum enormous and unprecedented in those days. Such was the popularity attached to the Theatre in consequence of these representations, that during the course of the ensuing spring, M'Swiney, the manager, prevailed upon him to accept of another benefit; and the 'Maid's Tragedy,' the part of Melantius by Betterton, was announced for the 25th of April, 1710. That performance cost the veteran his life. During the preceding week, a fit of the gout, to which he had long been a martyr, seized upon his legs, and he was impatient enough, in order to avoid a public disappointment, to reduce the swelling by violent fomentations, which, at the appointed night, enabled him to walk the stage in a slipper. He enacted the character with a briskness which drew down universal applause; but the gouty humour, retreating into his system, flew upwards through the

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stomach to the head, and put a sudden termination to his life, on the 28th of the same month. On the 2d of May, he was publicly interred with every mark of condolence and regret, in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey; and Steele, in honour of his memory, devoted the 167th number of the Tatler to a pathetic record of the event. It was in this moment of distress, that Queen Anne settled the annuity of 100*l.* upon Mrs. Betterton, which has been already spoken of; but the gratuity availed little either for consolation or support. Her grief for a husband, with whom she had lived in untroubled affection for upwards of forty years, unsettled her reason, and she died a maniac in less than half a year.

Betterton was also an author: he wrote some pieces, and altered others, which though favourably received when enforced by the talents of his acting, have long sunk into neglect, and are now chiefly to be commended for the improvements in stage effect which he introduced into his scenes. These productions are eight in number, namely:—'The Roman Virgin, or Unjust Judge,' published in 4to. 1679; 'The Revenge, or a Match in Newgate,' a comedy, in 4to. 1680: 'The Prophetess, or the History of Dioclesian,' an opera, in 4to. 1690; 'King Henry IV. and the Humours of Sir John Falstaff,' a tragi-comedy, in 4to. 1700; 'The Amorous Widow, or the Wanton Wife,' a comedy, in 4to. 1706; 'Sequel of Henry IV. a dramatic novel, in 8vo. 1719; 'The Bondman, or Love and Liberty,' a tragi-comedy, in 8vo. 1719; and 'The Woman made Justice,' a comedy, which was never printed. As an actor, Betterton must be admitted to have been not only the greatest of his own time, but also one of the greatest our stage has ever formed. As a man, his private character was decent, elevated, and beloved. He had many friends, and many patrons; the former embraced all the literary men of the day, and the latter included the most popular of the nobility. One instance of the generosity of his nature deserves to be preserved in every account of his life. The friend with whom he adventured his little property in the Indies, died soon after the loss, and left an orphan daughter, whom Betterton adopted, and ever after treated as his own child.

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ADMIRAL BLAKE.

THERE is no name in the valorous annals of the British navy which stands second to that of Robert Blake; he not only resuscitated the maritime spirit of England from an unnatural condition of neglect and enervation, but excited it to a glory which no subsequent achievements have eclipsed. His father, Humphrey Blake, had been a Spanish merchant of considerable trade, from the profits of which he purchased an estate near Bridgewater, in Somersetshire, upon which the subject of this memoir was born, in the month of August, 1599. He was the oldest of several children, and received the first elements of education at the Grammar-school of Bridgewater, and afterwards studied at St. Alban's Hall, and Wadham College, Oxford, with the character of a sedulous youth passionately attached to the boisterous sports of the field. He took a degree of B. A. in 1617, and after a course of seven years reading, retired, as tradition reports, in consequence of academical disappointments, to his father's roof. The death of the latter gentleman soon after left him in the possession of a handsome competence, and he lived for some time in comparative privacy. The connexions of his family were strongly linked with the Presbyterians, a sect to whom Blake was still more recommended by anatural gravity of temperament, and with whom he soon communicated so freely, that upon the occasion of a general election in 1640, he was by their interest returned to the House of Commons as one of the members for his native borough. This distinction, however, was not one of long endurance: reiterated disputes with the Crown produced an almost immediate dissolution of the Session, and at the next return, which was that of the Long Parliament, Blake lost his seat. But the excitement of this memorable body in a short time gave birth to incidents more con-

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genial to his mind; the civil war burst forth, and he took up arms in favour of the popular side.

The first command of any consequence with which he was now entrusted, was at the defence of Bristol, by Colonel Fiennes, who was besieged by the Royalists, under Prince Rupert, in 1643. Here the obstinacy of Blake's valour was such, that he held out a fort, with some bloodshed, after the town had agreed to surrender;—an act, for which nothing but the greatest entreaties availed to save him from the summary punishment of military execution. He afterwards assisted in surprising Taunton, an important hold to which he was appointed with the rank of governor, and from which he repulsed General Goring, though at the head of a much superior force. For this conduct, and his pertinacious retention of Lymme, he received a public acknowledgment, and particular reward from the Parliament. Persisting in arms with undiminished reputation, he reduced Dunster Castle, in 1646; and thus effected one of the last successes which stamped the final triumph of his party. Of the melancholy events that followed the caption of the Royal person, Blake was only a spectator. He enjoys the reputation of having disapproved of the King's trial, and condemned the illegality of his death; but as the republican order into which the affairs of the state thereupon resolved themselves, was by no means discordant to his principles, he continued his services to the new Government without scruple or reluctance.

The cause of Charles II. had been utterly overthrown at Worcester, and the last combinations of struggling loyalty dispersed by the vigorous hand of Cromwell, when the English Commonwealth resolved to destroy at sea the fugitives from that cause, which it had already extinguished on land. For this purpose taxes were levied to an unprecedented amount, and a fleet furnished out, which was alike respectable in numbers and equipment. For the command of this force, obdurate bravery and generous spirit pointed Blake out as the fittest officer; and it may be almost a sufficient summary of his talents to state, that although he had been hitherto accustomed to military operations alone, and was now past his 50th year, yet he soon raised the naval service of his country to a higher pitch of glory than it had reached at any former period. His first instructions in this new capacity were to proceed to Kinsale and destroy the

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Royalist fleet, commanded by the Princes Rupert and Maurice, in that harbour. They contrived to escape from him, however, and fled to Lisbon, whither he sailed in pursuit. Being refused permission to close with them in the Tagus, again he tacked about to sea, and revenged himself upon the Portuguese government, by making several rich prizes. With these, and a French man-of-war, mounting 40 guns, he returned back to England, and was hailed at Plymouth with every demonstration of popular regard. The Parliament, equally gratified with his career, addressed him with a vote of thanks for his vigilance and valour, and as a more substantial encouragement to future exertions, made him one of the Wardens of the Cinque Ports. Immediately after this, he again put to sea, and wrested Guernsey and the Scilly Islands from the Royalists—a service of moment, for which he was promptly elected a member of the Council of State.

Ere long, a wider theatre of convulsions presented fuller scope to the greatness of his talents. The year 1652 is memorable in the history of the Commonwealth, for a diplomatic correspondence with the Dutch, which, from overtures of the most amicable nature, was rapidly converted into a war of the bitterest hostility. The first design of the English republicans was to cement a confederacy with the States of Holland, positively inseparable and probably invincible. The politics of the latter power, however, were then impressively moulded by some of those aristocratic principles, which ultimately gained a permanent ascendancy through the influence of the House of Orange; and although the men at the head of affairs were too prudent to commit themselves by any idle symptoms of abhorrence, still the populace, that first organ of opposition to governments, and that body ever promptest to pity, openly proclaimed their feeling for the desolate misfortune of Charles II. and scouted the British emissaries through every town. Disagreements immediately ensued between the leading characters of the two countries, which were gradually inflamed by trifles, until they burst forth in unrestricted violence, and a war took place, as earnestly deprecated by the Dutch, as it was imperiously dictated by the ardent spirits of the English Parliament.

Upon the first prospect of a contest, Blake was nominated sole

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admiral of the fleet assembled in the Downs, for the protection of the British trade, and at the head of this force soon reduced disputes to actions. On the 19th of May, he came in sight of the Dutch admiral, Van Tromp, in the Dover Roads, and fired two shots, without ball, as signals that he expected the customary honours to be paid to his flag. Van Tromp noticed the challenge by discharging two more shots in mock defiance from the contrary side. Blake fired a third and a fourth gun, and was answered by the Dutchman with a full broadside, which shattered the windows of the cabin where he was drinking with his officers. Upon this he rose hastily from his seat, curled his whiskers, and exclaiming that he took it very ill of Van Tromp to break his windows, ordered his men to retort in kind. A spirited fight followed: the strength of the Dutch amounted to forty sail, while the English mustered only sixteen ships; yet were there no traces of inferiority to be discovered. At the onset, the main fire and force of the enemy were directed against Blake's vessel; but he was gallantly supported by the rest of the fleet, until a reinforcement of eight sail arrived from the Downs, under Captain Bourne. Though still coping with a much stronger force, the English maintained an effectual superiority with bravery; the engagement endured for five hours, and night separated the two fleets. The Dutch sought shelter behind the Goodwin Sands, and then retired to their own coast; while the English continued at sea with the honours of having taken one ship and sunk another during the contest. Blake then flew to the north, and fell upon the herring-busses, which were protected by twelve men-of-war. The latter he either captured or dispersed, and obliged the fishing-smacks to pay every tenth herring in their nets, as an acknowledgment that the sovereignty of those seas belonged to the English Commonwealth.

On the 28th of the October following, Blake came in contact with a fresh fleet under the orders of De Ruyter and De Witte, off the North Foreland, on the coast of Kent, and succeeded in bringing on a general action at about three in the afternoon of the same day. He divided his force into three squadrons, giving the one to Vice-admiral Penn, the other to Rear-admiral Bourne, and retaining the third for his own command. The strength of both sides was nearly equal, and the Dutch were soon compelled

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to screen themselves behind the sands; but observing some of the English vessels stranded in the pursuit, and a partial confusion occasioned in the rear by an unexpected signal to haul off, De Witte again ventured forward, and made show for a second fight. The offer was promptly accepted by Bourne, and resolutely contested by the other ships. The Dutch received orders to board, and the first vessel that made the attempt was sunk by a single broadside; two others soon after shared the same fate, a fourth blew up, their Rear-admiral was taken prisoner, and De Witte was forced to push for his own coast in a most shattered condition. The English gave him chase into the very harbour, and after sailing about the Downs in easy victory, returned unmolested to their ports.

The winter now set in, and Blake was necessitated to reduce his strength: some ships were detained at home for repairs; and others stationed apart in small squadrons; so that he retained possession of the Downs with only thirty-seven sail of the line. News of this altered state was quickly carried over into Holland, and the States were fortunate enough to be able to put Van Tromp out to sea, at the head of seventy-six ships of war, in the middle of November. On the morning of the 29th, the Dutch came in sight of the English, who lay at their anchors in the Downs; and Blake, incapable of a thought of flight, resolved to give battle, notwithstanding the double force opposed to him. A sudden storm sprung up, and suspended hostilities for that day; but on the 30th, the fleets found themselves still in sight, though removed a little more to the westward. This change gave Blake the advantage of the wind, with which he commenced the contest at eleven o'clock. Nothing could surpass the energy displayed on both sides; admirals, officers and men, fought side by side, and the only distinction recognised in their fury was the rank of foremost valour: that was equal; but nothing could compensate for the great difference of numbers; and the English soon felt their disadvantage in this respect most heavily. Blake, in the Triumph, was surrounded at one time by twenty ships: he narrowly escaped capture, and was severely wounded; his captain, secretary, and a hundred men, fell dead before him; not one of the crew remained unhurt; and at last, the damage was so dreadful, that his vessel became unmanageable. In this distress,

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the Garland and Bonaventure were taken; two more ships were burned, and two sunk; and at last, darkness came on opportunely, and under that protection the English were enabled to retire into the Thames. Van Tromp, elated with this achievement, fixed a broom on his main-top-mast head, and sailed down the Channel in bravado, as if he had swept all his enemies from off the sea.

Signal the defeat certainly [illegible] yet the defence was so intrepid, that the conquered were received in London not only without reproaches, but with every respectful demonstration of that sympathy which their gallant sufferings eminently entitled them to. The only care apparently entertained by the nation was to make sufficient preparations for wiping off the disgrace in the coming year; and so vigorous were the exertions urged on by the government, that a noble fleet of eighty sail was fitted out for sea in the beginning of February 1653. Monk was ordered express from Scotland to share the command with Blake; and at day-break on the 18th instant, the two warriors descried Van Tromp and De Ruyter convoying three hundred merchantmen with seventy-six men of war, off the Isle of Portland. The combat that now ensued was not only the most furious that had been as yet fought between these great rival powers, but one of a gigantic obstinacy, such as no other modern nations can boastingly refer to. The condition of the English navy had never before been so admirable; the ships were built to an unusual size, and effected ruin like so many floating fortresses; the sailors were trained with the greatest skill, and exercised in bravery; and the admirals were qualified for victory by a peculiar temperament of heroism. For three days a running fight was fiercely maintained along the Channel, until the Dutch gained the sounds of Calais, where they deemed it prudent to anchor for safety. Blake's triumph was now decisive; he took and sunk eleven sail of the line, and made prizes of thirty of the merchant vessels; while of his own force, though many ships were heavily injured, but one was lost, and that by sinking. The sacrifice of men on both sides was immense; the Dutch counted 2000 killed, and 1500 taken prisoners; and the English had nearly 1600 slain. But the misfortunes sustained by the States of Holland in this engagement were inconsiderable when compared to

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those which the vigilance of the victorious Blake now inflicted on them. He cut off their whole commerce from the Channel; infested them by means of privateers, even in the Baltic; swept their fisheries from the North, and before the end of the year obtained possession of no less than 1600 vessels of one description or another. How melancholy is the recollection, that all this immolation of blood and ruin of wealth and happiness was suffered for no other consideration, than the empty honour of not lowering a flag, and not discharging a harmless cannon!

The history of the year 1653, was signalized by Cromwell's usurpation of the sovereignty of England. In the violent measures by which this event was accomplished, Blake had no participation; but when the new authority was established, he issued a declaration conjointly with his brother admirals, stating, that no changes in the government should prevent them from faithfully performing their duty to the country. The sternness of his principles, and an evident partiality to republicanism, induced a belief that he by no means derived satisfaction from the Protectorship. His character was too blunt and honest to admit of any insight into those schemes and manœuvres by which such revolutions are either happily accomplished, or successfully defeated; so that, in point of fact, he was left without any alternative but submission. Cromwell treated him with considerable respect; and, as the infirmity of his health compelled him to forsake the sea for some time, appointed him one of the commissioners of the admiralty. It was about this period that he was again voted into parliament for Bridgewater; but there is nothing of interest recorded with his name in a capacity, for which the general tenor of his life supplied no means of distinction.

In 1654, however, his health was sufficiently re-established to admit of his resuming more active occupations, and upon the equipment of an expedition to punish the piratical states in the Mediterranean, for the injuries they had inflicted upon the commerce of England, Cromwell, was in all probability, well pleased to invest him with the command of the fleet. Sailing, therefore, direct for Algiers, he received a ready compromise; but upon advancing to Tunis, was opposed with a defiance. "Here," exclaimed the Dey, in reply to his demands, "are our castles of Goletta and Porto Ferino: we fear you not; do your worst."

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Blake took him at his word; and immediately bringing his squadron within musket-shot of the fort, opened so brisk a cannonade, that he soon reduced the fortification to an inoffensive condition. He then manned his boats, rowed gallantly into the harbour, and with a trifling loss, burnt nine ships of the first rate. The rapidity of these measures quickly assured the barbarian of his mistake; he made an humble submission, and signed a peace with the English upon the most advantageous terms. The celebrity of Blake's name was now sufficient to bring the state of Tripoli and the Knights of Malta to acquiesce in his proposals without contradiction; and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the Republic of Venice, influenced by similar feelings, sent forward magnificent embassies to the Protector. All Italy was paralized with terror at his exploits; and to add the pompous description of a former biographer, even the Pope himself trembled in the Vatican.

In 1656, Cromwell made an unprovoked attack upon the West Indies: a mighty equipment was manned, and the command entrusted to Admiral Penn and General Venables. But although great expectations were raised, the expedition failed in every quarter except Jamaica, and the Protector was obliged to carry on the war, without having gained the advantages for which he took up arms. Blake, with whom upon this occasion was associated Montague, afterwards Earl of Sandwich, instantly received the command of a fleet of forty sail, and was instructed to distress the commerce, and destroy the marine of Spain. Proceeding to the Mediterranean, he blocked up Cadiz for several months, and detached a squadron under Commodore Stayner, to surprise the Plate fleet upon its return from the West. This duty was ably performed, and Montague returned to England with the prizes, while Blake remained at his post, languishing under the last pains of exhausted nature. Receiving intelligence, however, that a second Plate fleet had put into the harbour of Santa Cruz, in the Island of Teneriffe, he resolved to strike another blow for the good and honour of his country, before he expired. Accordingly in April 1657, he appeared once again before an armament, consisting of six galleons and ten war ships. No vessels could be more advantageously stationed, or more securely protected; yet Blake did not hesitate to resolve on an attack, though the action was highly condemned for rashness—a species of censure which may also be applied to many of

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those exploits which have raised the navy of Britain to a superiority over all the world. The harbour of Santa Cruz was at this period in an admirable state of defence. In the centre stood a castle, well furnished with cannon, from which seven forts extended at either side, with a line of communication ably manned by musqueters. Close under these fortifications the shipping was disposed in a semicircular form, with the additional security of a boom thrown across the entrance. Blake divided his force, amounting to twenty-five sail, into two squadrons, the one of which, under Commodore Stayner, was directed to steer boldly into the bay, while the other was engaged in silencing the castle and forts. The wind blew fresh on shore, and facilitated an approach; the boom was broken, the enemy beaten from every position, and the fleet captured to a vessel. The labour of bringing it off, however, was found impracticable; it was therefore set on fire, and every vestige of property was destroyed along the shore. The action, and its desperate consequences, had no sooner ceased, than the wind veered a few points, and Blake was enabled by a second stroke of fortune to withdraw at his ease, without the loss of a ship.

The glory of this enterprize, so hazardous and so triumphant, was no sooner conveyed to England, than the parliament voted a unanimous resolution of thanks to their noble commander, and a sum of 500*l.* to buy him a ring in commemoration of his last victory. But the present never reached his hand; the weight of his years overpowered him with a dropsy, the length of his residence at sea superadded a scurvy, and life was all but consumed within him, when he allowed himself to be conducted home. During the passage he expressed but one wish—that he might die in England; and consequently reiterated but one enquiry, and that was—land. He survived to gain a sight of his native shores, but expired in Plymouth Sound, on the 17th of August, 1657. His obsequies were performed with a magnificence extraordinary for the age: the body lay in state for several days at Greenwich, and was removed by water to Westminster. A sumptuous procession, in mourning, profusely enriched with banners, pendants, and escutcheons, covered the river in boats clothed with velvet. Foremost with the state barge, containing the corpse, appeared Cromwell's privy council; they were followed by the lord mayor and aldermen of London; the com-

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missioners of the admiralty; the officers of the army, and every man of rank and quality in the metropolis. Arrived at Westminster Bridge, the remains were borne into the Abbey, through a long file of troops, and deposited beneath a vault sunk for the purpose in Henry VII.'s chapel. From this spot, however, the coffin was irreverently disinterred after the Restoration, and meanly replaced in the adjoining yard of St. Margaret's church.

But the fame of Admiral Blake has nobly survived an indignity which only reflects dishonour on those who could suffer such an act to be perpetrated. The character of his life and actions is of that exalted nature, which no reader can contemplate without admiration, and no writer commemorate without the highest awards of panegyrism. Lord Clarendon, Hume, and Dr. Johnson, have each of them composed his character, and with equal praises. Without drawing a compliment from any other sources, we are assured by them alone, that Blake was truly a great man. While opposed to the royalists during the civil war, he won their esteem, and was always generous to the vanquished. He shared his purse at all times with his friends and sailors to such an extreme of disinterestedness, that notwithstanding all his valuable employments and rich prizes, he was worth no more than a bare 500*l.* at his death. In action intrepid, and in judgment cool almost beyond example, he seemed born to triumph in temerity, and overcome dangers which no other man would have dared to face. Enthusiasm in his profession, and a phrenzy for glory, were the sole occupation and delight of his existence. As he left no wealth save the honour of his services for his country, so he enjoys no monument but the fame of his achievements. He was the first who brought a ship at sea to contemn a castle on shore, and taught the sailor to fight in fire as well as in water. He was also the first to deviate from the old rules of prudence, by which ships and seamen were withdrawn as far as possible from danger: he taught his men, by experience, how much of what is generally deemed formidable may be defied by resolution; and presented the most perfect example of that bold spirit of courage, which has since been so valiantly emulated, and now constitutes the proudest boast of the service and the country he so eminently adorned.

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JOHN BLOW, Mus. Doc.

Music, though often styled a science, seems only to deserve distinction as an art; in this view, however, it will certainly rank first and the most liberal of all arts. Every science must prove mathematically fixed and just, but the relations of harmony are inconsistent, and its commonest chords disproportionate and false. Again, however pertinaciously the rules of musical composition may have been laid down by professional writers, still they have most of them been successfully violated; and it appears to be quite as absurd to restrict poetry to metre, as to attempt to limit the composition of music to the doctrine of books. Both music and poetry are superior emanations of intense feeling and vivid passion; and as the labours of nature under such impressions can never be squared according to dictation, so no expression of their effects can be incontrovertibly prescribed. On the contrary, so long as our sympathy is powerfully excited by the display, the means by which the charm is wrought must always remain valued and respectable. These observations are introduced here, because the truth of them will be found to have been exemplified by the subject of this sketch,—a man, who though somewhat extravagant in the consequences to which his thirst for novelty led him, is yet memorable for a striking departure from the written grammar of music.

The better to understand the grounds upon which his name has become celebrated, and at the same time, to form a proper introduction to the musical biography of these pages, it may not be uninteresting to say a few words upon the history of the art in England. The earliest notices we have of the cultivation of music in the British islands are grateful and generous in the extreme. The harp indigenous to Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, in the

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remotest ages of antiquity, superseded the pipe and tabor in England, at the period of her first intimacy with the sister countries, and was immediately advanced to signal honours. Records are still in existence, which prove that Henry III. allowed forty marks and a pipe of wine a year to his harper, and further gave another pipe to the harper's wife. Edward I. took his harper in state with him to the Holy Land; and we are assured, that when the prince was wounded by a poisoned dart at the siege of Ptolemais, his faithful minstrel was the first to rush upon the assassin, and level him in death. The passion of the heroic Richard for the *joyeuse science*, and the devotion of Blondel to his sovereign, are popularly known; but the partiality of John of Gaunt for music has not been so faithfully preserved. That formidable warrior associated the musicians of his time together in a chartered corporation, and gave them the privilege of electing a governor with the style of King of the Minstrels. The grant was confirmed and continued by several monarchs, and under this eminent patronage his musical majesty was authorised to arrest offenders, summon juries, hear plaints, and award punishments.

This seems to have been the summit of the honours of minstrelsy. The harp soon after gradually gave place to the viol, which originally adopted for its portability, was afterwards retained as more suitable to the confinement of chamber concerts, and thus fretted away a puny sound and fainter harmony from only six strings. But circumstances still more fatal marked the degeneracy of the art: as the minstrels became more numerous they grew less respectable; the immunities granted to the talents of their predecessors were grossly abused by them; and in a short time they became notoriously the most profligate of men, and were scouted from every modest society. To such a shameless pitch was this licentiousness carried, that even the cultivation of music, as an accomplishment, became disreputable; the organ was confined to the church, but in almost all other respects, the art lay dormant in England.

The depreciation of musical talent that now ensued was extreme, and the effect produced upon the dignity of the state was palpably lamentable. Hollingshed tells us, that at a feast given in 1530, by Cardinal Wolsey to his royal master, the greatest effort of harmony produced for entertainment, was a concert of

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fifes and drums. Nor was there any considerable improvement attained during the reign of Elizabeth; for according to Hentzner, she was regaled at her state dinners by twelve trumpets, two kettle-drums, and a supplemental accompaniment of fifes, cornets, and side drums. The restoration of Charles II., however, produced a more favourable era, by introducing from the Continent a passion for that most perfect of instruments, the violin, which was then cultivated with the most felicitous consequences in Italy. From this period we may date the revival of harmony as a legitimate art in England; concerted pieces became popular; music was introduced between the acts at our theatres, operas succeeded, and we made our first decided effort to maintain a rank among the nations of Europe for gifted singers and talented composers.

John Blow, one of the most venerable of the professors thus called into reputation, was born at North Cottingham, in Nottinghamshire, during the year 1648. His masters were worthy of his talents, and the precocity of his attainments did honour to their instructions. He was first initiated in the study of music by Kingeston, domestic organist to Oliver Cromwell, and afterwards taught by Dr. Christopher Gibbons. At the Restoration, the choir of the Chapel Royal was one of those liberal institutions peculiar to monarchy, which was immediately replaced upon its ancient footing; and Blow's voice procured him the advantages of being chosen into the first set of scholars who were educated upon the foundation. While yet in the humble capacity of a mere singing boy, and in all probability not more than fifteen or sixteen years old, he gave the earliest proof of his talents, by the composition of some anthems, which were greatly commended at the period of their appearance, and afterwards deemed worthy of preservation in the edition of *Clifford's Services and Anthems*, which was printed in 1664.

Few instances of premature intellect smoothed an easier road to success, than did these juvenile productions by Blow; so that, however unprecedented the exercise of his genius may have been deemed, the rapidity with which he was now enabled to ascend the various grades of professional ambition, must also be admitted to have been commensurately fortuitous. For, in point of fact, the summary of his life offers scarcely any passages of interest be-

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yond a plain enumeration of the different posts of honour and emolument to which he was advanced. Those appointments took place according to the following dates and order. In 1673, he was made a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal; in 1674, upon the demise of Humphrey, was appointed master of the children belonging to the chapel; in 1685, nominated to the band of private music to James II.; and in 1687, created almoner and master of the choristers in the cathedral church of St. Paul,—a situation which he resigned during the year 1693, in favour of his scholar, Jeremiah Clarke. The interest of Archbishop Sandcroft next procured him the honour of a special degree for Doctor of Music, without requiring him to go through the form of an exercise at either University. In 1695, he succeeded to the seat of Organist at Westminster Abbey, left vacant by the death of Purcell; and in 1699, was selected to be composer to the chapel of William and Mary, at a salary first of 40*l.* and afterwards of 73*l.* a-year. In this latter situation, his labours were relieved during the year 1705, by the appointment of Weldon, as deputy; when the conditions imposed upon the joint office were, the production of a new anthem by each composer in the first month of his waiting.

The only publication of his own music which Blow gave to the world, was the Amphion Anglicus, a volume of songs put forth in 1700. To this act he was, in all probability, stimulated by the great success which attended the sale of the Orpheus Britannicus, in which Purcell formally presented to his admirers the dramatic and miscellaneous songs by which he had established the popularity of his name. This imitation of a synonymous title afforded many a ground for condemning Blow as guilty of an act of unbecoming rivalship, and even positive envy. He excused himself, however, from the imputation by asserting, and probably not without truth, that the publication was wrested from him by the importunity of his friends; and the representation derives corroboration from the fact of his edition being prefaced by no less than sixteen copies of verse, all equally encomiastic on the author, and eulogistic of his works. Be this as it may, no great consequence was effected either by the merits of the volume, or its recommendatory burthen; the Amphion Anglicus received but little praise from the public at the time of its appearance, and has

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not since then been fortunate enough to attract any thing like the same measure of praise from posterity.

Dr. Blow expired at a mellow age, on the 1st of October, 1708, and was honourably buried in the north aisle of Westminster Abbey, where the contiguity of his grave is commemorated by a marble tablet, enriched with cherubs and flowers. Upon the surface, now scarcely legible, may be traced a canon in four parts, and an inscription in English, which recapitulates all his appointments, and, as a final honour, states that he was the master of the famous Purcell.

Dr. Blow's compositions consist of choral services and ballads: throughout all his effusions, in either style, many beauties, but more deformities, are to be detected; and although his reputation has long rested chiefly upon the merits of the former, still the latter, by the few who may now have the curiosity to search his works, must be admitted to stand as the more engaging and least faulty. Of his church music no publication was made during his life-time. Three of his services, and ten of his anthems have been printed by Dr. Boyce; some twenty or thirty more are to be found in the collections of Dr. Tudway and Dr. Aldrich; and a far greater number are supposed to lie dormant in the choir books of our cathedrals. In these compositions, the most prominent feature is elaborateness—an aspiration after crude harmony, and a confused modulation, particularly in his symphonies and accompaniments, such as no rule or license can justify, and no modern ear endure. Hence he has been characterized as the lawless composer, and the most wanton of contrapuntists. That these offences are liberally redeemed by various passages of meritorious expression, is no more than a just inference from the high reputation the man has so long enjoyed. He will accordingly be found often bold, striking, grand, and occasionally pathetic; his greatest fault is inequality, and it must be repeated, that few ears can patiently relish a strict repetition of any of his pieces in the severe score to which he adapted them.

Blow's ballads are of a more engaging description: the same affectation of counterpoint, and nearly as frequent a study of discord, will be noticed throughout them, as well as his religious productions; but more of smoothness and nature occurs in the songs. They are not only superior to any thing else he has attempted,

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but fully equal to any of the efforts of his contemporaries in the same class of compositions. For instance, the pastoral '*Since the Spring comes on*,' enjoys the distinction of having formed the basis of the most popular songs at Vauxhall for almost a century, and may be still rehearsed with nearly as much pleasure as the generality of occasional melodies. '*Fill me a bowl*,' and still more, '*Go, perjured man*,' will also be found to possess merit which entitle them to equal commendation; while '*Sabina has a thousand charms*,' '*Orithea's bright eyes*,' and '*Philander, do not think of arms*,' are remarkable for the felicity with which the characteristics of the Scots and Irish airs are ingrafted upon the less ornamental gravity of the English style,—a combination of expressions which Blow was the first to essay, and perhaps, of all who copied the imitation, the best to accomplish. One statement more, and that obviously deducible from these remarks, may now suffice for any interest still attached to his name:—ease was his greatest merit, but elegance was an attainment beyond his reach.

In conclusion, it is only an act of impartiality to allude to the notices with which Dr. Blow has been honoured by writers in his own profession:—they are numerous and highly panegyrical, and stand confirmed by authorities of no less repute than Boyce and Burney. Nor was his popularity exclusively confined to his own country; Cardinal Howard introduced his music at Rome, and he is, perhaps, the only English Protestant who has enjoyed the favour of having a canon of his composing performed under the sublime roof of St. Peter's. Adventitious circumstances concurred in a striking manner to render his name memorable: his talents were admirably precocious; he was early advanced to the highest offices within the bounds of his profession; his career was long and prosperous; and the eminence of such pupils as Purcell, Croft, and Clarke, powerfully contributed to preserve his distinctions long fresh with uninjured honour. As a man, Dr. Blow was personable, pure in morals, grave in deportment, and kind in disposition. As a musician, he was confident in the exercise of his talents, and somewhat vain in his estimation of their greatness.

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BARTON BOOTH.

DIRECTLY to the right of the entrance into the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, is a neat monument, erected by his widow, to the fame of Barton Booth, a tragedian and scholar of impressive merit. The design comprises a well-executed bust, placed between two cherubs, of which the one, a chubby urchin, stands in the act of crowning the brows of the deceased with laurel, while the other poutingly inclines over a scroll, on which are modestly recounted the ordinary circumstances of parentage, qualifications, &c. &c.

Barton Booth, the popular successor to the dramatic characters and fame of Betterton, was descended from an estated family anciently located in Lancashire, in which county he was born during the year 1681. His father, John Booth, was nearly related to the Earl of Warrington, and, though not over affluent in his circumstances, is entitled to particular praise for the piety with which he unsparingly devoted both his care and his fortune to the education of his children. Barton, the third son, was originally intended for a liberal profession, and with that view entered Westminster School at the tender age of nine years. There his tuition was first superintended by the celebrated Dr. Busby, and afterwards by his worthy successor Dr. Knipe, under both of whom he had the pleasing honour of being pointedly distinguished. His capacity was originally quick and sprightly; a predilection for poetry and recitation seized possession of his mind almost as soon as he could read with fluency; and it was his earliest delight to learn the favourite passages in the Latin authors by heart, and recite them to his admiring school-fellows. This habit was made indulgently grateful by natural qualities—a voice round and melodious, an appropriate energy of diction, and a grace of action

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strikingly superior to his years. Thus his talents were unavoidably noticed, and very properly encouraged by the masters; and we find him taking a prominent share in the Latin plays, which it is still the custom to make the Westminster students represent once in the year. Booth's performance of Pamphilus in the Andria of Terence on one of those occasions, has been fondly commemorated by all his biographers;—a part in which his delivery was so musical, and his deportment so judicious, that the audience were surprised into a vehemence of applause, which aroused the first aspiration of theatrical fame in his bosom.

According to the common representation, it was his father's wish to educate him for the church; but so intensely did this new passion root itself in his affections, that as the time approached when his removal to College must take place, he became seriously occupied with the thoughts of giving free vent to the vivacious impulse of his character, and soon resolved rather to run any risk than forsake the stage for the pulpit. Thus prompted to enthusiasm, he began to associate with the London actors, amongst whom he soon fell upon one Ashbury, then manager of the Dublin Theatre, who was glad enough to flatter the expectations of a handsome fellow of seventeen, full of talents, and perfect in elocution. Between parties so well predisposed to coincide, an agreement was readily made, by the terms of which young Booth stole away from Westminster, and joined the Irish company in June 1698. His first appearance was in the part of Oronooko, on the Dublin stage, and the essay was decidedly successful. He became a marked favourite with the audience, and continued to improve himself for three seasons, when he turned his thoughts to his native country, and determined to advance the fortune of his abilities in London. With this view his first care was to obtain a reconciliation with his family, and to provide himself with an influential introduction to the dramatic leaders in town. Both these wishes were happily realised: his family not only forgave him, but assented to his prosecuting the profession of an actor, and Lord Fitzharding, who happened to be in Ireland at the time, gave him a letter of recommendation to Betterton, and facilitated the conclusion of an engagement by several acts of good-natured attention.

This step was taken in 1701, a year marked with every cir-

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cumstance of auspiciousness: Betterton now declining into the autumn of his fame, had just weathered the storm excited by the reformer Collier, and evinced an inclination to lighten the fatigues of his protracted career. He not only received the new candidate with pleasure, but even took him under his special patronage, and generously afforded him all the assistance in his power. Thus happily confirmed, Booth presented himself before a London audience in the part of Maximus, in "Valentinian," and the favour of his reception surpassed his most sanguine expectations. Corresponding applause attended his succeeding efforts, and upon the production of Rowe's tragedy of the "Ambitious Stepmother," he was entrusted with the part of Artaban, a character in which the felicity of his conception, strengthened by the talents he displayed about the same time in Pyrrhus, in the "Distressed Mother," procured him a smooth admission to the rank of second actor on the boards. Having thus established his pretensions in the principal concern of life, he enlarged the happiness of his prospects by the secondary interests of marriage, and, in 1704, sued a wife in the person of a daughter of Sir William Barkham, a Norfolk baronet. Within the term of another year, Betterton, upon resigning his patent to Sir John Vanbrugh and Congreve, relinquished all regular engagement with the theatres, and by consequence Booth was left without an active rival in his course.

The charges of management and failures of theatrical property after this event, presented but few opportunities for personal distinction; and there is nothing of peculiar interest to be related of Booth for an interval of some years. The splendid house opened in the Haymarket, upon the abandonment of the small theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, was disposed of by the proprietors in less than a year, and after the death of Betterton, fell into such a condition of distress, that an agreement was ratified, with the consent of all parties, before the Lord Chamberlain, by which this concern was restricted, in 1708, to the use of Italian Operas, while Drury-lane was appropriated to English plays. The company at the latter establishment was eminently benefited by this division of interests; the corps was unusually effective, including Booth, Wilks, Dogget, Cibber, &c. and for some time all its affairs proceeded in an even state of satisfaction and popularity. This aspect of things, however, was not long preserved;

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Rich once more succeeded in getting the management exclusively into his own hands, and either forgetful or fearless of the consequences which had resulted from the wantonness of his administration upon a former occasion, relapsed into those measures of oppression which had occasioned the formidable revolt of the actors under Betterton, in 1692. Another association was therefore formed to resist his tyranny, and after some treaty, the consent of the Lord Chamberlain was for a second time obtained, permitting the aggrieved members to arrange themselves together at the Opera House, and there perform the legitimate drama. Rich made several remonstrances against the proceeding, and was punished by an arbitrary suspension of his license; the theatre in Drury-lane was shut up, and the unfortunate retainers in its interest were left to address vain appeals to the Queen's mercy during the lapse of two successive seasons. At length a lawyer, named Collier, obtained a fresh license at court; and because Rich very naturally retained possession of his premises, though forbidden to turn them to any account, attacked the house in the night time, at the head of a hired rabble, and ejected the manager by armed force. This outrage put a period to the obnoxious proprietorship; but however censurable, or even culpable, the conduct of the man may have been, he was certainly checked by the Government in a most unjustifiable manner, and ruined in direct violation of the commonest principles of honesty and law.

While these altercations were at their height, Booth was left a widower without issue, and soon after essayed to console himself by an amour with Mrs. Mountford, which proved as unsatisfactory, as it was indefensible. One honourable circumstance, however, marked the abrupt close of the intimacy, and, upon his part at least, in some degree redeemed the immorality; for, discovering the lady in an intrigue with another, he replaced into her hands her fortune, amounting to 8000*l.*, which she had fondly presented to him upon their first intercourse, and never visited her more.

Many sufferings and great manœuvres took place; but a theatrical peace was at length agreed upon and a compact made, by which the public were ultimately secured in a good company, and the company itself enabled to reap a fruitful harvest in fame and money. By this prudent arrangement the offended actors

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returned to Drury Lane, invested with the sole license for performing the legitimate drama; while the Haymarket, under the direction of Collier, was restricted to the representation of Italian Operas. The terms of this regulation were no sooner put into force, than the affairs of Drury Lane began to flourish with unprecedented rapidity; Wilks, Dogget, and Cibber superintended the property with an industry and talent which raised the house far beyond its former popularity, and converted it into a source of independence to all the patentees during their lives.

Booth stood at the head of the company, and in a prominent degree contributed to the prosperity of the establishment; his talents were now in their mellow prime, and his enthusiasm unmoistened: above all he enacted without a rival; and by consequence this was the period of his public life at which he made the finest developement of his powers, and entitled himself to that commemoration from his contemporaries, which ranks him among the principal ornaments of the stage. The celebrity of this elevation was in a striking manner advanced by the production of Addison's long-laboured tragedy of Cato. Few plays have ever appeared under circumstances of more fortunate excitement, and no actor seems to have turned the tide of popular favour to a better account than Booth now did. Two political factions agitated the empire: the Whigs had long been exclaiming that the cause of liberty was endangered by the machinations of the Tories, and therefore applauded every line as an echo of their principles; while the Tories reverberated peal for peal in order to show that the fear was groundless, and the imputation despised. Through this contending emulation, the play was repeated for thirty-five successive nights, and Booth in the character of Cato, triumphed over the tumult as the direct object of the common applause. But his reward was more substantial; for upon the fall of the curtain, Lord Bolingbroke, who headed the Tories, called him into the boxes, and presented him with fifty guineas, as a slight acknowledgment *for his honest opposition to a perpetual dictator, and his dying so bravely in the cause of liberty.* This unusual compliment produced another present to the same amount, from the managers, who were happy to ascribe the extraordinary success of the piece to the great merit of their own actor—a eulogy which will not appear so extravagant, when it is added, that according to

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dramatic writers, no performer has since then either equalled or surpassed the excellence of Booth's delineation of the character. His praises and his profits were both extraordinary; but they did not end here. Lord Bolingbroke, who at the time was one of the principal Secretaries of State, continued to be so pleased with the actor and the man, that he obtained the Queen's authority for recalling the outstanding patents; upon which he issued a new one to the former managers, but with the single addition of Booth's name to their number.

Being now firmly placed at the head of his profession, and at the head of the theatre, he once more turned his thoughts on matrimony, and in the year 1719 united his worldly interests with Hester Santlow, an actress, who has been commended for many favourable qualities. Of an affectionate disposition, engaging manners, and commanding talents, she had the good fortune to be enabled to gain, and the prudence to succeed in retaining, a very handsome portion of wealth, so that the connexion proved by no means unacceptable to a man like Booth, who though just in his dealings and honourable in his debts, yet appears to have always wanted either art or inclination for the saving of money. After this event, his life, public and domestic, endured with equal enjoyments for a lapse of eight years; and with the exception of a temporary suspension of the patent, in consequence of a dispute between Sir Richard Steele, who had been admittted into the management upon the death of Queen Anne, and the Duke of Newcastle, who filled the office of Lord Chamberlain, in 1720, there is no matter for recital save an even tenour of prosperity. In the year 1727, however, he was seized with a fever, which continued with unintermitted violence for six-and-forty days; and though the skill of his physicians and the strength of his constitution overcame the attack, yet his health from that time to the day of his death was never re-established.

The infirmities thus entailed upon him, so constantly enforced a suspension of his professional exertions, that henceforward we only find him appearing on the stage for seven nights. These were upon the occasion of the great run obtained by the 'Double Falsehood,' which Theobald impudently asserted to be the production of Shakspeare, and in which Booth was prevailed upon to take a part from the fifth to the twelfth representation. Steele

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died in 1729, and three years after the Drury Lane patent expired, but the surviving managers succeeded in gaining a renewal of it for twenty-one years. Soon after this acquisition Wilks died, and Booth, finding his indisposition becoming still more distressing, was obliged to think of retiring also. With this intention he looked about him for a purchaser of his interest, and soon after concluded a bargain with a Mr. Highmore, by the terms of which he sold one half of his share, and all his right as manager, for 2500*l*. Some mention may be here allowed of the only remaining partner in the most successful, as well as talented, administration that had as yet conducted the affairs of this ancient theatre. This was Cibber, who was so discontented with the strangers now associated with him, that he immediately forsook the office of responsibility, and after the affairs of a season or two, sold his property in the patent for three thousand guineas. Booth continued to linger on with infirmities gradually accumulating, until at last his energies were exhausted, and he expired on the 10th of May 1733. He had no children: to his wife, who survived him for forty years, he bequeathed the whole of his property in an honourable will, the contents of which express an affectionate regret that his means are so inferior to his esteem, and that the sum of all he has to leave, is by two-thirds less than the fortune he received with her in marriage.

Of the accounts extant which describe the dramatic powers of Booth, those of Cibber and Aaron Hill are the best and most particular. From them it appears that he was the last of the solemn school of actors who were displaced immediately after his death by Garrick, and among whom the chief points of excellence were dignity of deportment, rotundity of declamation, and a classical distinction of the cadences and melody of versification. His genius lay wholly in tragedy, in which, though he had too fine a taste for nature to neglect the expression of the passions, yet he always preferred the poetical sentimentality which constitutes the chief merit of Cato, and the similar productions of Rowe, to the deeper agonies of the more ancient dramatists. From the same feelings, he moved better as the monarch than the rebel struggling to supplant him; described the injured husband more faithfully than the seductive lover; and in every portraiture of passion was rather vehement than tender. In Shakspeare, his

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favourite part was Othello, which must certainly be taken as some qualification of this character, for the Moor has many bursts of strong passion, and is both elevated by vivid imagery and moving in pathetic grief. For this cast of acting Booth was farther adapted by the supplementary qualifications of a good figure, a gentlemanly address, and the education of a scholar. In this latter capacity he appeared in a respectable light, though a constitutional indolence prevented him from making any considerable exertions: he translated some odes of Horace, wrote several songs and such light pieces of poetry, which were popularly esteemed, and composed a mask for the stage, which was entitled the 'Death of Dido,' and was performed with no mean success during the year 1716. Booth's private character has been praised for many virtues; his disposition was powerfully affectionate, and his integrity highly estimable. In the society of his friends he was all gaiety, laughter, and wit; but in the company of strangers somewhat proud in his bearing and abrupt in his address,—a trait which those who deem it faulty may excuse on the score of his gentlemanly education, for professional distinction was a subject upon which his modesty never permitted him to presume. So greatly was he caressed, that, according to Chetwood, in his "History of the Stage," there was not a man in the kingdom had more sets of horses at his command than Booth, although he never kept an equipage; and so fondly was his company courted, that when the court resided at Windsor, the coach and six of some nobleman or other was sure to be in waiting for him every night at the theatre, and forthwith hurry him off to a convivial supper.

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WILLIAM BOYCE, Mus. Doc.

William Boyce, Doctor in Music, and one of the most conspicuous ornaments of the harmonic school of England, was born in London, on the 7th of April, 1710. His father was Keeper of the Joiners' Hall, in Upper Thames Street, and in that house the young musician first saw light. The father's interest with the members of the Joiners' Company, procured for the son the corporate honours of an education at St. Paul's school, at about the same period that an excellent voice introduced him among the choristers of the Cathedral, where he received the first instructions connected with his future profession from Charles King, the Bachelor in Music.

Losing his soprano voice at the usual age, he was apprenticed to Dr. Greene, a man in every respect well worthy of such a pupil, although almost all the writers of Boyce's life have been careful to say, that this master was extremely jealous of his commanding abilities. Such a statement was a most ungenerous contradiction of facts, for almost in the same breath, it was necessary to record a signal proof of the most opposite feelings; inasmuch as at his death, Greene bequeathed all his manuscripts to his scholar, and particularly entrusted to him the scores for that fine edition of anthems which he had been long preparing, and which now constitutes the proudest monument of the fame and talents of Dr. Boyce. The truth is, that the imputation was thrown out without the addition of any proofs, and is now only repeated here to be refuted. Sufficient authority exists for the more honourable assertion, that Greene entertained a cordial affection for his pupil, and that the pupil returned the distinction with the most sincere feelings of respect. Indeed, Boyce appears to have been gifted with an amiable temper and gentle habits, such as no Christian could observe without regard.

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During his celibacy, he lived with his father under circumstances of exemplary tenderness, combining all the virtues of filial piety with the more equal endearments of private friendship, and was distinguished throughout life for every sociable amenity.

Before the expiration of his apprenticeship, Boyce had the misfortune to have his hearing fail him, and the defect was soon aggravated into a state of total deafness. This accident in ordinary students, would have damped every aspiration of success, but in him it only created new ardour for his profession. The privation of that sense by which all musical impressions must be originally received, would appear fatal to the attainment of any excellence in the art: but in his case the eye was taught to act the part of the ear; and such was the powerful effect of habit, and the victorious force of genius, that he made the study purely intellectual. Henceforward he obtained those ideas upon principle which others derive from sound; and had the ability to convert the acquisition to the noblest profit. Euler, the celebrated mathematician, was blind, and many of the ancient bards were also deprived of sight from the cradle; but there is no second instance preserved of a man, who usurped a perfect possession of an audible theory, while labouring under a thorough absence of every auditory sensation. Such were the circumstances under which in 1734, Boyce became one of five competitors for the post of organist at St. Michael's Church, Cornhill. He lost the election, but succeeded during the same year in gaining a similar place at the King's Chapel, in Oxford, where he continued to preside until Kelway, who had been preferred to him at St. Michael's, removed to the church of St. Martin in the Fields, and he was voted into the vacant seat without difficulty. This, too, was the period at which he set 'David's Lamentation over Saul and Jonathan,' for the Apollo Society, and was appointed composer to the Chapel Royal.

It was in the year 1743, that Boyce produced his '*Serenata of Solomon*,' a classical composition, remarkable for original expression and polished sweetness. It was long and deservedly rehearsed with applause, and can only now be heard with delight by every friend of English music. His next publication consisted of *Twelve Sonatas or Trios*, for two violins and a bass, which were caught up with an avidity, and held popular to an extent, une-

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equalled in this country by any similar performances, those of Corelli alone excepted. Although only designed for chamber music, yet they occupied a constant place at public concerts, were introduced to the theatres, played at all the public gardens, and retained in the highest favour for many years. The success of these sonatas led to a requisition for the exercise of his talents in a very different style; and he was invited to compose the music for 'The Chaplet,' a drama by Mendez, which was performed with general satisfaction at the theatre in Drury Lane, and ranked as a stock piece for seasons after. This entertainment was soon followed by the 'Shepherd's Lottery,' a dramatic pastoral, the music by Boyce, and applauded like the former, as containing some of the sweetest and most characteristic melodies by which the opera of the English stage has been distinguished. Exertions such as these, and the composition of occasional songs for Vauxhall and Ranelagh, circulated his reputation throughout the country: he enjoyed the first rank in his profession, and was honoured with all the preferment by which superiority can be rewarded.

In 1749, the Duke of Newcastle, then prime minister of England, was installed Chancellor of the Universisy of Cambridge: Mason wrote an ode to celebrate the festivity, and Boyce was required to set it to music. His Grace, who enjoyed the compliment of being reputed Boyce's patron, upon grounds which have never been stated, now employed his influence to reward the performance by a degree of Doctor in Music. The dignity was promptly conferred; and promotions of greater value took place as occasions offered. In 1757, at the recommendation of the Duke of Devonshire, he was nominated to discharge his deceased tutor's functions as master of the King's band; during the next year he obtained the seat of organist at the Chapel Royal, vacated by the death of Travers; and in a short time after, succeeded Weldon as composer to his Majesty. Thus were three lucrative avocations, which before his time had been awarded to distinct musicians, now united in the person of one professor. This distinction was properly appreciated, and led to a multiplication of appointments. He was made conductor of the annual music performed at St. Paul's, for the benefit of the Sons of the Clergy; —an honorary situation, which he continued to fill throughout the remainder of his life with his usual ability, and which he has

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made memorable by the composition of an admirable instrumental anthem, to this year repeated upon every celebration of the festivity. He was next created director of the performances given at the triennial assemblage of the choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester Cathedrals; and added to the interest of their meetings, by producing for them many pieces. His merits were now universally celebrated, and he confirmed, at every opportunity, the justness of that popularity which proclaimed him a master of harmony of the first capacity.

It has been already stated, that when Boyce married, he ceased to live with his father: upon that occasion he took a residence in Chancery Lane, and again, about 1752, removed to Kensington Gore. From the date of this last year, the gout, to which he was constitutionally subject, made repeated attacks upon his health, and caused him many acute sufferings. As his years advanced, the implacability of the disorder burst forth with increased virulence, and at length put a period to his existence in the month of his nativity, February, 1779. His body was interred with becoming solemnity in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, where his grave may be recognized by a stone with the following memorial:—

WILLIAM BOYCE, Mus. Doc.
Organist, Composer,
and
Master of the Band of Music,
to their Majesties
George II. and III.
Died February the 7th, 1779,
Aged 69.
Happy in his compositions,
much happier
in a constant flow of harmony:
through every scene of life,
Relative or Domestic,
The Husband, Father, Friend!

Dr. Boyce is a musician who holds a very high reputation among his talented countrymen, and seems to have eminently deserved every tribute which has been paid to his memory. The

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labours by which he acquired this rank are various and equally signal; but however excellent in his own music, the most standard of his publications is a splendid collection of church anthems, selected with considerable taste, and corrected with deep judgment:—they are printed in three volumes, folio. Next to this in size and merit, may be placed his 'Lyra Britannica,' a series of miscellaneous songs, remarkable for pure melody and sonorous modulation. His other published works have been already noticed in this sketch; but it is still to be observed that he offered to public notice only a portion of his compositions, and left behind him a collection of manuscripts very numerous and highly valuable. During the course of his career the nation was surfeited by mannerisms upon the style of Handel; Boyce however was one of the few composers who neither pirated from that great author, nor meanly emulated his peculiarities. He attained, by consequence, a character distinct and sterling;—one founded not only upon a mature study of the energies of our own old masters, but also tempered by the best models of foreign genius, and neither corrupted by extraneous adaptations, nor enervated by figurative extravagance. His rank, exclusively his own, has been placed by Dr. Burney intermediate between the suavity of Arne, and the gravity of Handel; and although its merits are generally esteemed, yet it has not been unreasonably maintained that they surpass the degree of his popularity.

The virtues of Dr. Boyce's private character have been alluded to before: he appears to have been generally respected by the great and powerful, beloved by his friends, and admired by rivals. He is further entitled to praise as a modest author. At the coronation of George III. he was required to set an anthem to music in honour of the solemnity, and the words proposed to him for the purpose were, '*Zadoc the Priest,*' &c. This was a task, however, which he begged to decline, and stated in excuse for his reluctance, that Handel had already composed the theme in a manner which must make it extreme presumption in any other professor to attempt the same subject. An apology so laudable was properly appreciated, and Handel's anthem was honourably performed, instead of a new composition.

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WILLIAM BUCHAN, M. D.

WILLIAM BUCHAN, Doctor in Medicine, was honoured with an interment in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, in consideration of his merits as a man and his talents as a physician; and is farther entitled to a brief commemoration in these pages, as the author of the most popular work on the subject of his profession, which, up to this date, has been produced in the country. Descended from a family which boasted the honour of having suffered persecution for the sake of their religion, he was born in the year 1729, at the romantic village of Ancram, in Roxburghshire, in Scotland, and was sent, at the proper age, to a grammar school at Jedburg. There his advancement was so gratifying, and his fondness for books so manifest, that his father, a respectable man, enjoying a small entailed property of his own, the produce of which he augmented by cultivating an adjoining farm, resolved to educate so promising a scholar for a liberal profession. Young Buchan was accordingly sent to the University of Edinburgh with the view of studying for the church, but he had no sooner matriculated, than he forsook the mystical severity of Calvin's theology for the more sensible attractions of mathematical study; and such was the promptitude with which he comprehended the theorems of science, that in a short time he was able to act in the capacity of preceptor.

It was by this means that he formed an acquaintance with the medical scholars of the university, and from their conversation was induced to direct an inquiry into the nature of their pursuits. The city of Edinburgh was, at that period, springing into the healthy reputation for excellence in the study of physic, which was soon after improved to so creditable a pitch of superiority; the professors were men of learning and research, pro-

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fessing the principles of Boerhaave; and Buchan soon became satisfied, that a better prospect of fame and emolument was held out by following their example, than could be expected from any preferment which the kirk of Scotland could bestow. To medicine, therefore, and its collateral studies he finally devoted his mind.

A series of nine years now passed away in preparatory occupations; and after taking his Doctor's degree in the Royal College, for which he read an inaugural discourse on the management and diseases of children, he at last settled as a practitioner in the town of Sheffield, in Yorkshire. There his practice soon became respectable, and his talents so palpable, that after a competition with no less than ten candidates, he was elected physician to that branch of the large Foundling Hospital, which was established by Parliament at Ackworth. In this charge he confirmed his character for decided ability: in the course of two years, he reduced the deaths from six to one in fifteen, and introduced many judicious regulations, by which the previous burthens of the establishment were materially reduced. The House of Commons, however, was not satisfied with the advantages derived from the institution; it discontinued all support, and the hospital fell to decay.

Returning, therefore, to Edinburgh, Buchan married a lady of the name of Peters, with whom he received a small fortune, and upon the strength of her connexions began to practise in this city. A vacancy soon after this event presented itself in one of the chairs attached to the physical professors, and he became a candidate for its honours. A pernicious system of suffering professorships to descend almost hereditarily in particular families then obtained ground in the College; Buchan attempted to break through the custom, but failed of success. The memory of this disappointment, however, was soon lost in the ardour of another pursuit; for he now conceived the plan of a work which should lay open the principles of medical knowledge to the public, and render its prescriptions intelligible to the wants of every reader. The result of his reflections upon this subject was the production of the 'Domestic Medicine,' a book which made its first appearance at Edinburgh, in the year 1770, with a dedication to Sir John Pringle, President of the Royal Society, who was distantly related to the author.

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He has given a history of this volume in a style so characteristic, and with an anecdote so curious, that it can hardly be deemed uninteresting to copy his own words:—

"For some time after his birth, Master Neddy was reckoned a promising boy. When I first saw him, he was about eighteen years of age; but to judge by his look, one would have supposed him to have been eighty! His face was long, pale, and deeply furrowed with wrinkles; his eyes were sunk in their sockets; his teeth quite decayed; his nose and chin almost touched each other; his breast was narrow and prominent, and his body twisted; his legs were like spindles; his hands and fingers approached nearly to the form of a bird's claws; in short, his whole figure exhibited the truly pitiable appearance of a very old man sinking under the weight of years into the grave.

"It was at Midsummer I paid my first visit; I then found him wrapped up in clothing sufficient for the rigours of a Lapland winter, and so closely muffled, that one could hardly see the tip of his nose. He wore several pairs of stockings; his gloves were double and reached his elbows, and, to complete the absurdity of his dress, he was tightly laced in stays. Though armed in this manner at all points, he seldom peeped out of doors, except in the dog-days, and then ventured no farther than the church, which was only forty paces from his father's house. I believe this was the most distant excursion he ever made; and the extraordinary attempt was always accompanied with peculiar care, and many additional preservatives from cold. The eye of his parents might be truly said to watch over him not only by day, but by night also, as he slept in the same bed with them; having never been permitted to lie alone, lest he should throw the clothes off, or feel the want of any immediate assistance. It did not once occur to his father or mother, that all the inconveniences which they so much dreaded could not be half so injurious as the relaxing atmosphere of a warm bed, surrounded by close curtains, and impregnated with the noxious effluvia from their lungs and bodies. His food and drink were of the weakest quality; they were always administered warm, and by weight and measure. When I recommended a more nourishing diet, and a little generous wine, I was told that the strongest thing Master Neddy had ever taken was *chicken water*; and that they durst not venture on wine or animal-food, for fear of a fever. Thus was the poor lad reduced almost to a skeleton, through the silly apprehension of a disease of which he was not susceptible. Nature was in him too weak to spread a hectic flush even for a moment over his

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countenance, which had acquired the colour of a parboiled chicken; all his vital powers were languid, and even his speech resembled the squeaking of a bird more than the voice of a man. When I spoke of exercise, I was told he took a walk every fine day in the hall, and that was deemed sufficient for one of his delicate constitution. I mentioned a horse: the mother was frightened at the very name of so dangerous an animal. On telling her, that I owed the firmness and vigour of my own constitution to riding every day, she began to think there might be something specific in it; and she therefore consented to the purchase of a poney. But, tame as the creature was, it did not quiet the mother's alarms. Master Neddy, though placed upon the poney's back, was not entrusted with the reins: these were given in charge to a maid-servant, who led the horse round the orchard, while the cautious rider fastened both hands on the pommel of the saddle; and the father walking on one side, and the mother on the other, held him fast by the legs, lest he might be brought to the ground by any sudden start of his high-mettled racer. The exhibition was too ridiculous not to excite the laughter of the neighbours, which soon put an end to Master Neddy's equestrian exercise. The timidity of a youth thus brought up is more easily conceived than described: fearful of every thing, he would run from the most inoffensive animal, as if he had been pursued by a lion or a tiger. Improper food, tight or oppressive clothing, and want of fresh air and exercise, have, in their turn, proved destructive to thousands. This young man fell a victim to them all; and it would have been a miracle, indeed, had he survived their combined influence. He died without a groan, or any mark of disease, except premature old age, the machine being fairly worn out before he completed his 21st year. His death proved fatal to both his parents, for their lives were closely *bound up in that of the lad.*

"The father had perceived his own error, but not before it was too late. On reading my *Inaugural Dissertation*, which was then published in Latin, he sent for me, and begged I would endeavour to save his son. The youth, alas! was far beyond the reach of my most zealous efforts: I could only witness the certainty of his fate. Medicine was of as little use to him as consolation to his afflicted parents. The bitterness of their grief was increased by self-reproach; and Friendship exerted her soothing voice in vain. The father on his death-bed conjured me to translate my Dissertation into English, as he thought it might be of infinite service to mankind. My compliance with this request gave rise to the 'Domestic Medicine,' of which that essay on the means of preserving the lives of children constitutes the first, and, in my opinion, the best chapter."

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If that test of literary excellence which Dryden laid down for his plays in rhyme, namely, the praise and satisfaction of those for whom the author writes, is to be received as a standard, Buchan's Domestic Medicine must be regarded as a publication of decided merit. Its success was extraordinary: it ran through no less than twenty editions during his lifetime, and made the fortune of Smellie the printer, in whose hands the copyright of it was vested. Like all other works which have been composed for the purpose of communicating the secrets of a profession to the uninitiated, its reception was opposed by the men whose influence it tended to undermine; and as Blackstone's Commentaries have never been quoted as an authority amongst lawyers, so Buchan's Medicine has systematically been condemned by the faculty. The verdict of an interested party is therefore to be investigated with suspicious prudence: and perhaps it may be enough to conclude, that such a book was wanted because it was purchased; and that it was of value, because it remains to this day as popular as it ever has been. Nor was its reception less flattering abroad than it had proved at home: it was translated into all the civilized languages of Europe; and even made a classical authority in the German schools, through the medium of a Latin version. Upon its appearance in Russia, the late Empress Catherine honoured the author with a fine gold medallion, and complimentary epistle, in which she expressed her conviction of the utility of his exertions for the welfare of his species, and thanked him for the pleasure she had received from his book.

But the reputation which now encircled itself round the name of Buchan was in a great degree robbed of its enjoyments by the jealousy of his professional brethren. His practice declined, and even the number of his acquaintances decreased, so that, when in 1775, Ferguson, the celebrated itinerant lecturer on Natural Philosophy, bequeathed him a valuable collection of instruments, he did not hesitate to imitate the labours of his departed friend. Thus, with the assistance of his son, who conducted the experimental department, he delivered a course of lectures at Edinburgh during the usual season, for three successive years, and was attended by crowded auditories, among whom were counted the most talented inhabitants of the city. With the novelty of this undertaking, however, its popularity subsided: he at length

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found it prudent to dispose of the apparatus, and resolved to push the fortune of his profession in the metropolis of London.

At this great goal for talents of every description he was received under the most encouraging circumstances, and soon found himself established in valuable practice. Men of greater perseverance would have extended such advantages to the accumulation of ample wealth; but Buchan was a man moderate in his worldly ambition, and he, ere long, contented himself with receiving patients at his residence in Percy-street, Rathbone-place. The time thus withdrawn from profitable business was not lost to the public; for almost immediately after his arrival, he marked with a discriminating spirit the terrible consequences attending on the impostures of empiricism in the metropolis, and as a consequence of his reflections produced a treatise on the Venereal Disease. This subject he pursued with the same familiar arrangement which had already made the Domestic Medicine so attractive: it was rewarded with a respectable circulation, and followed at subsequent periods by a second 'Essay on the treatment of Children; and an 'Advice to Mothers.' This was a return in age to the happy themes of youth; but though characterized by many sensible remarks, these last publications were diffusely put together, and rather unfavourably treated. One other work from his hands remains to be noticed. In those years of distress, which at the close of the last century, were significantly described as the great dearth, he was consulted by the Government upon the best means of bettering the condition of the poor, and gave the world a pamphlet upon the subject, which received the thanks of the Board of Agriculture, and was distinguished by many wholesome instructions.

The decline of Buchan's life was spent with ease and respectability, at lodgings in Paternoster-row. An agreeable companion, he delighted in society; and as his information was various, and his memory unusually retentive, he seldom failed to impart both instruction and pleasure. His disposition was generous to a fault, and his eagerness to patronize rising merit, conspicuous. The primitive bent of his mind to mathematics generated a partiality for astronomy, which he retained to his death; and he was constantly in the habit of visiting Dr. Maskelyne, the Astronomer Royal, and used to pass many a starry night

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in observing the planetary system. He is also entitled to the praise of having confirmed Mr. Lowndes in his first experiments on the subject of medical electricity, and having suggested to him many improvements in a pursuit, which has been subsequently prosecuted to the most important results.

In closing this memoir it should not be suppressed, that Buchan was a man who professed nothing more than he practised, and as a physician, observed all he prescribed. His constitution was naturally good; and by these means he never suffered from a day's illness, until he was attacked by the disorder which terminated his life. That was the dropsy, under which he lingered for some months, and then placidly expired on the 25th of February 1805. His grave is distinguished by a plain bust and marble tablet, which simply announces that he was the

AUTHOR OF THE DOMESTIC MEDICINE.

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FIRST VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, K.G.

In a recess from the North side of the chantry of Henry VII.'s Chapel, stands one of the largest and most costly monuments, by which the proud spirit of wealth has been able to preserve a record of the greatness of its former possessors within these beautiful walls. Its purport, as may be gathered from several inscriptions, too panegyrical and uninteresting to recompense the labour of being copied, is to signalize the memory of George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, whose effigy, in armour, is here introduced lying in state by the side of his Duchess, Catherine, daughter and sole heiress of Francis, Earl of Rutland. Above his head are marble statues of his children kneeling in prayer; and at his feet, Neptune, with his trident reversed, and Mars, with his head crushed. Four figures, pensively inclined, relieve the corners of the tomb, which is of fine workmanship in gilt brass, and must always be regarded as a highly finished specimen of that style in sepulchral architecture, for which the antiquity of England is celebrated.

The sumptuousness of these posthumous honours have in the present instance risen with an imposing accordance to the lofty fortunes of their subject—a man, who is remarkable in the history of his country, as having been one of the most powerful favourites ever exalted by the capricious influence of the Crown; and farther memorable, as having pushed the fortunes of such a State to their extreme. He was consequently the greatest and the last of the race by which the English court was enervated; and however exciting the example of his career, yet all emulation of his life becomes extinguished in the moral of his death, and we shun the paths by which he rose, to avoid the tragedy in which he fell. Born on the 28th of August 1592, at Brooksby in Leicestershire, he was the third son of Sir George

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Villiers, knight, and Mary, daughter of Anthony Beaumont, esquire, of Cole Orton, in the same county. Up to his tenth year he was bred at home, under the care of his parents, and then sent to school at Billisden. Three years after this his father died; and the partiality of his mother,* with whom a good person and a lively temper made him an especial favourite, recalled him to her house at Godby, where she thenceforward superintended, in person, the completion of his education. Under such a director his attainments naturally became rather ornamental than solid; and his progress in music, dancing, and fencing, was much more sedulously cultivated than in literature or science. Innate qualifications adapted him to excellence in such light pursuits, and accordingly his forwardness excited the approbation of his masters, and fulfilled every hope of maternal fondness. At the age of eighteen he was sent into France, whence, after spending three years in travelling, he returned home polished by every fashionable attribute, and resided with his mother for another twelvemonth. At her recommendation he then began to think of marrying; and with a view of thus establishing himself in society, was actually paying his addresses to a daughter of Sir Roger Ashton, Master of the Robes to James I., when a casual introduction to Sir John Graham encouraged him to drop all such pursuits, and push his fortune at court.

This step, so exactly concurring with his humour and habits, once taken, was prosecuted with ardour, and in the result confirmed by unexpected prosperity. His introduction to the facile monarch, took place in a comedy, during one of the royal progresses to Althorpe, and at that favourable juncture, when the crimes of Somerset left a vacancy in the predilections of the royal bosom, which a slight attention to the graceful person and gay addresses of young Villiers easily supplied. Hasty in every project, and minute in all his cares, James even condescended to make such arrangements for the advancement of the new minion, as should obviate the jealousy of the elder nobility, and disarm the prejudice of public odium. Sir John Graham received instructions to

* This lady lived to witness the greatest honours her son obtained, and died a widow, April 19, 1632. She was created Countess of Buckingham in 1618, and is commemorated with her husband, by a fine monument of polished marble standing in the middle of the chapel of Nicholas.

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promote young Villiers *as the Queen's protegé*; and he was accordingly first sworn in his majesty's servant, made cup-bearer at large early in 1613, and during the course of the summer of the same year, admitted cup-bearer in ordinary.

Upon the generality of men, the favours of fortune descend like those thick drops, which fall from the clouds at intervals during a sultry day, but on Villiers they came full and frequent as the rain showers of spring. Thus, on St. George's Day 1615, he was knighted, made a gentleman of the bed-chamber, and enriched with a pension of 1000*l.* a year, out of the Court of Wards. Again, on the new year's day following, he was appointed Master of the Horse; and in July 1616, installed a Knight of the Garter. On the 22d of the ensuing month, he was created Baron of Whaddon, in the county of Bucks, and Viscount Villiers; and on the 5th of January 1617, advanced to the Earldom of Buckingham, and sworn in a member of the Privy Council. By this time he was constantly the companion of his sovereign's private enjoyments, and an indispensable attendant upon his person at all public duties: few courtiers surpassed him in the value and variety of his appointments, and no one rivalled him in the confidence of the monarch. But this was not half the measure of his dignities or emoluments: he attended James on his journey to the north during the summer, and was sworn in a Privy Counsellor of Scotland, in honour of the occasion. On the 1st of January, in the next year, he was created Marquis of Buckingham, nominated Lord High Admiral of England, made Chief Justice in Eyre of the parks and forests south of the river Trent, Master of the King's Bench Office, Steward of Westminster, and Constable of Windsor Castle.

He now stood forth, erect in all the grace and consequence which a doting royalty could impart, and no sooner did he find himself steadily fixed upon the pinnacle, than he gave loose to all the impulses of a character, which was as overbearing as his fortune. In every instance the sole almoner of James's captious bounty, he deemed it as prudent as he found it easy to confirm the strength of his interest and popularity, by making a sterling provision for the numerous members and retainers of his own family.*

* The greatness of Buckingham's patronage may be inferred from the following facts:—He left his elder brother, John, Viscount Purbeck, and his

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This influence secured, he obtained still greater respect for his ardour infriendship, and the implacability of his resentment. Arrogant to his superiors, insolent to his equals, and contemptuous to his inferiors, he was alike hated and feared; and even ruled the king, and heir-apparent, by a strange admixture of flattery and dictation.

Such were the circumstances under which, to enable Prince Charles to pay his court to the Infanta of Spain, he in 1625, devised and executed the project of that secret journey to Madrid, which constitutes an historical incident too popular to require, in this place, any detailed account of the absurdity with which it was conducted, or the mortification in which it terminated. The failure of the enterprize was mainly occasioned by Buckingham's wild conduct; for although the Prince was welcomed with singular instances of splendour and attention, the Duke's familiarity with him offended the propriety of the Spanish court; while the haughtiness of his bearing exasperated the grandees. He was even wanton enough to insult their prime minister, the Duke Olivarez, to his teeth, and at last, finding himself thoroughly despised and openly hated, teazed the Prince into a resolution to return home, and break through every bond of the contract. Thus what began in mystery ended in shame; and although the infatuated king had raised him to a dukedom during his absence, and rewarded him, upon his return home, with the posts of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and Steward of Hampton Court; yet was he inconsistent enough to concur with the opposition in Parliament, misrepresent the treatment the Prince had received, inflame the nation against the Spaniards, and for once in his life advocate those measures, which were not unjustly conceived to be indispen-

younger, Christopher, an Earl; he made one half brother, Edward, President of the Province of Munster, in Ireland, and obtained a Baronetcy for another, who seems to have been the only moderate member of the family, inasmuch as he always persisted in residing on his estate, and eschewing the court. He also obtained a Countess's patent for his mother, married his only sister to the Earl of Denbigh, and provided her with three appointments under the Queen. In fine, it was affirmed at his death, that of all his relations, within any near degree, every man was well placed and every woman well matched; and farther, that he left every servant in his household, and every officer under his various authorities, possessed of good fortunes and reputable characters:—a boast of blessings, such as the admirers of far better men have seldom been able to instance.

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sable from the welfare of the country. This conduct involved the most complicated baseness; it was ingratitude to the court to which he owed all he possessed; it was only adopted to divert the torrent of indignation, which he was certain must roll against him, should the Earl of Bristol, who was then ambassador at Madrid, return home, and expose the true history of the journey; and altogether was a gross imposture, artfully disguised in falsehoods, and yet palpably disfigured with contradictions.

To what ends this conduct might have led it is now vain to conjecture. James I. died in 1625, and no change took place in the tenour of Buckingham's prosperity, for he succeeded in being even a more ascendant minion with the son than he had ever been with the father;* and power and favour continued in his hands to the same arbitrary extent as ever. The young King immediately forwarded him to Paris, there to receive the Princess Henrietta Maria of France as his intended queen, and escort her to England. Nothing could exceed the pomp of this embassy, nor the splendour in which Buckingham appeared at the head of it: the gallantry of his retinue exceeded all the bravery of the French Court, and he overacted in his own person all the vanities for which that nation has ever been ridiculous. But even on this occasion the inherent presumption of his character involved him in danger and disrepute; for, struck with the charms of the Queen of France, he ventured to urge a criminal overture to her, with an openness and importunity that provoked the most indignant cen-

* The following autograph from the Prince, exhibits Buckingham's character in the amplitude of courtiership, as the father's prime counsellor, and the confidant of the son's amours.

Stenie,

I HAVE nothing now to wryte to you, but to give you thankes bothe for the good councell ye gave me, and for the event of it. The king gave me a good sharp potion, but you took away the working of it, by the well relished comfits ye sent after it. I have met with the partie that must not be named, once alreddie; and the cullor of wryting this letter shall make me meete with her on Saturday, although it is written the day being Thursday. So assuring you that the business goes safelie onn, I rest

Your constant loving friend,

CHARLES.

I hope ye will not shew the King this letter, but put it in the safe custodie of Mister Vulcan.

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sures. Yet so daring was his passion, that after attending on his new mistress a part of the road to England, he returned back to Paris in private, and visited the Queen, who dismissed him with a reproof, savouring of kindness, though expressing anger. But his motions were watched, and upon the prospect of a second embassy, provisions were made for his reception, by which his rashness, had he persevered, must have paid the forfeit of assassination. Of this design he received just notice enough to decline the hazard, and was forced to succumb with a braggart asseveration, that he *would still see and confer with the lady, in spite of all the power of France.*

Returned to England with a safety but little merited, he took no pains to obliterate the baffled infamy of this conduct: on the contrary he was reckless enough to strain every means within his reach in order to make the French court acknowledge the influence of his resentment. He received every refugee from the justice or displeasure of the King of France, not only with promptitude and kindness, but upheld them by attentions and bounty; he spared no cost to spirit up a hatred against the French among the people, and omitted no argument to prevail upon Charles to distress his father-in-law by assisting the Hugonots. In the extravagance of his animosity, he was even so base as to persecute the young queen, whom he was accustomed to treat with unpardonable insolence; and it has been asserted, that while he lived, she had but little interest with her husband, and could seldom venture to interpose with effect in political matters.

No fortune can be supposed to have swollen with the precocious magnitude which signalized the career of Buckingham, without having excited the enmity of numerous rivals; and no greatness could have been so imperiously abused as his was, without implanting the most violent feelings of popular antipathy. However long too the re-action of these consequences might have been deferred, they were sure to break out with redoubled rancour upon the first opportunity. Accordingly, the crisis of his fevered state at last approached; he was unable to overcome it; and the tide of prosperity now receded from him with unexampled force and velocity. The parliament assembled in August 1626, and he was formally arraigned; but the King suspended the blow by a dissolution of its authority. The coronation took place on the 2d of February following, and he officiated at the ceremony

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under every appearance of favour and confidence, with the rank of Lord High Steward. Still the resolution of his accusers remained unshaken, and both Houses of the new Parliament, which met four days after, exhibited fresh articles of impeachment against him. The King sent down a message to the Lords, asserting of his own knowledge that the Duke was innocent; Buckingham also put in an exculpatory answer, couched in great obsequiousness and humility; but no satisfaction whatever was produced by the one mediation or the other; and Charles, impatient of the pertinacity of the proceedings, again dissolved the Parliament, rather than abandon his favourite to its anger.

Meanwhile, the populace cried out against him with singular bitterness. He was upbraided as having corrupted the King, and betrayed their liberties; accusations, which he retorted with an acrimony even more intemperate; thus adding fresh passion to his incensed opponents, and heaping deeper cares upon the confusion of his friends.

The sittings of the Parliament had no sooner ceased, than Buckingham triumphed in other intrigues; and a war was declared against France. The greatest efforts were immediately made to obtain those supplies by indirect resources, which the legislative body had directly refused. Of all who had been forward in the late measures against the Duke, many were either imprisoned or displaced; money was then exacted in every quarter upon the idlest pretences, and by the most extraordinary processes; murmurs and complaints resounded in each direction, arrests were doubled, and the nation trembled to its very centre with grievance and expostulation. But neither menaces nor punishment could overpower the stubborn spirit of the people: the treasury was still in the greatest poverty, and, as a last resort, Buckingham prevailed upon the King to grant a warrant for pawning the crown plate and jewels in Holland. A sum of 58,400*l.* was raised by this unworthy method, and active hostilities forthwith commenced.

Invested with the double authority of Admiral and General-in-Chief, Buckingham set sail for Rochelle, with 100 ships and 7,000 men; and though it must be admitted, that he seems to have entered upon his command with sufficient zeal for success, and greediness of distinction, he was overcome in every exertion, and utterly defeated. He disagreed with the officers, failed in every attack, saw the fort relieved

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without the ability to intercept the supplies; and was at last compelled to embark his troops with a most inglorious precipitation, just as the enemy were preparing to arm their boats and fire the fleet. The injury sustained by the English upon this occasion was very heavy; they lost four colonels, thirty-two colours, and two thousand men. At home the universal opinion was, that the expedition was ill advised, worse conducted, and in the issue, the most unqualified disaster which the credit of the nation had sustained for years. The Duke was received at Court with great sympathy, and unabated affection; but the condemnations past upon his misconduct in every direction were numerous and heavy in the extreme; and though he appeared indifferent to the outcry, it was clear to every one who observed the times, that his ruin was impending, and that even the safety of the monarch was endangered by his infatuation.

Great exertions were resorted to in order to appease this tumult of discontent; but instead of subsiding with time, it was only aggravated by delays. The sailors blockaded Whitehall for their pay, rumours of plots and assassinations were audibly whispered about, and at last, the only resource in the emergency of affairs was to summon a Parliament. The members were promptly returned to their seats in 1628, but they lightened the embarrassment of the Court in no great degree; for although they granted some of those supplies which were so strangely demanded, they drew up a remonstrance of grievances, and voted Buckingham's excessive power the cause of every evil. A noble spirit was abroad amongst the people; the House of Commons was stocked with talented patriots who did honour to the age, and would have graced any scene in history; and it became finally clear, that unless the liberties of the nation were guaranteed, a civil war must ensue. Thus after many delays and great evasion, the famous Petition of Rights was assented to by the King. Signal was the acclamation and joy with which this boon was received: five subsidies were readily conceded; and Buckingham endeavoured to glide into public confidence amidst the general conciliation; but the enmity he had excited was implacable. An elaborate remonstrance was voted against him by the Commons, and the session was prorogued under circumstances of reciprocal dissatisfaction.

This was a heavy disappointment, but it was not sufficient

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to overcome the ardour of Buckingham's temperament: he now sought to retrieve the honour of the country and his own popularity, by a successful enterprize in war, and Charles concurred with him in making vigorous preparations for an effective blow. A second expedition against Rochelle was determined on; he was again preferred to the chief command, and repaired, high in hopes, to hurry on the equipment of the fleet at Portsmouth. There, however, his mortal career was awfully arrested, by a lieutenant in the navy, named Felton, who stabbed him to the heart in the street. He drew the dagger from his breast, exclaiming "The villain has killed me!" and expired. This event occurred on Saturday the 28th of August 1628, and it was much to the credit of the nation, that though the man had been deservedly unpopular, yet the tragical circumstances of his death were reviewed with considerable sympathy. His bowels were interred at Portsmouth, where an affectionate memorial of his name was erected by his sister, the Countess of Denbigh. His body was brought to London, and laid out in state at York House, whence it was conveyed with great pomp to Westminster Abbey, and consigned to a vault under the existing monument.

This sketch of the life of the first Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, is sufficient to prove that his talents were by no means of the first quality, and that his pretensions were eminently personal—he had a courteous address, gallant bearing, high spirit, prompt elocution, extravagant liberality, a reckless courage, passions the most inflammatory, and insatiable ambition. He was well fitted to acquire and conciliate applause and promotion, but ill gifted to retain them, and though minutely versed in every art and intrigue by which the fortune of a courtier may be advanced, was yet destitute of all strength and prudence to prosper with the acquisition. The only command in which he ever figured was at the head of the disastrous expedition against the Island of Rhé; and if upon that occasion he evinced much bravery as a soldier, he betrayed utter incapacity as a general. As the minion of an unpopular crown severer charges weigh upon his memory; for, if not the sole adviser, he was at least a main stay, and most forward retainer, of those arbitrary principles which distracted the latter years of his life-time; and it can hardly be doubted that the pernicious ex-

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ample of his domineering movements, must have powerfully tended to confirm the unhappy Charles in the prescription of those measures, which ultimately cost him his head.

The life of Buckingham, however, is not without a few redeeming passages, which it would be unfair to suppress after so full a detail of unfavourable incidents. Thus when in 1626 he carried the crown plate and jewels to pawn in Holland, he had the generosity to add his own stock to the heap. Upon the same journey he also had the taste to become the purchaser of a curious set of Arabic manuscripts, which had been collected by Erpenius, and were at the time put up for sale in Antwerp by his widow. The style of this bargain was characteristic of the man, for he gave for the papers 500*l.* more than their weight in silver. They were presented to the University of Cambridge, over which, it should have been mentioned in the course of the foregoing pages, that his Grace had the honour of presiding with the authority of Chancellor. He was an extensive collector of scarce coins and masterly pictures, and possessed the finest assortment of both which the country boasted during his life-time. In this pursuit he naturally became the patron of such men as Hurnforst and Lanière; and it is pleasant to add, that he treated them with a liberality truly classical. It is even recorded, that not content with rewarding them honourably for those works he ordered himself, he occasionally made up the deficiencies which the stinginess of King James denied to their labours, and thus parted with sums of 500*l.* and 300*l.* Such acts should not be suffered to pass without their reward; and it is grateful to add, that Hurnforst painted a piece, still hanging on the queen's staircase at Hampton Court, in which Buckingham, in the character of Mercury, appears presenting the Arts and Sciences to their Majesties, who are introduced seated on a cloud.

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SECOND VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, K. G.

GEORGE VILLIERS, Duke of Buckingham, was born on the 30th of January, 1627, at Wallingford House, in the parish of St. Martin in the Fields, London, and was therefore only a year old when his father, the subject of the preceding sketch, expired under the dagger of Felton. Inheriting at this tender age a patrimony of high titles and ample fortune, he also emulated in process of time that parental prosperity just sketched, and usurped with an effect nearly similar, the confidence of his sovereign and a prominent rank in the history of his country. A nobleman at once learned and witty, he proved both the ornament and disgrace, the pride and envy, of a more talented court; and though his end was less violent than his father's had been, yet, as his fall from place and popularity was fully confirmed, his death may be considered the more unhappy.

The first Duke of Buckingham had not long reposed beneath the honours of the tomb, when his lady embraced the catholic faith, and entered upon a marriage with Randolph M'Donald, Earl and Marquis of Antrim. This connexion so much offended Charles I. that for some years he refused to see her, and even withdrew her children from her care. The daughter was placed in the family of the Lord Chamberlain Herbert, and the sons, George and Francis, were distinguished by receiving the first rudiments of polite education in company with the young princes.

After completing a course of study at the University of Cambridge, they were sent to travel under the tutorship of a Mr. Aylesbury, and with him visited the principal cities of France and Italy. Upon their return home, the civil war was at its height, and the King resided with a divided Court at Oxford. Thither the brothers repaired with their homage to the distressed monarch,

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and after entering Christ-Church College, took up arms under Prince Rupert—a decided step, which was no sooner known in London, than the Parliament passed a vote by which the family estates were declared forfeits, and seized as public property. Matters, however, had not as yet been urged to that extremity between the contending parties, but that an opportunity was found to extenuate the young Duke's conduct upon a plea of nonage. The obnoxious vote being thus rescinded, he again passed over to the Continent, and remained for some time inactive and secure.

By degrees the cause of Charles grew more desperate, and Buckingham felt himself emboldened by a becoming spirit, to make some influential exertions in behalf of a family, from which his own had received all its dignity and fortune, and in favour of a man, to whom he stood indebted for acts of parental interest: he therefore came to England in the course of the year 1648. Upon his arrival, he found the King a prisoner in the Isle of Wight, and the Earl of Holland in arms for his cause in Surrey. Buckingham immediately formed a junction with the latter, and held a command during the unsuccessful recounter at Nonsuch, where his behaviour, though highly gallant, was eclipsed by the heroism of his brother, Lord Francis. This young nobleman, after displaying the most passionate valour, had his horse shot from under him towards the close of the fight, and was obliged to struggle from the fields to the main road on foot, and through overpowering numbers. Finding himself still closely pressed, he clapped his back to an oak tree, and awhile defended himself with eminent dexterity against several horsemen. He was too proud to cry for quarter, and they were too savage to offer it; and at last he fell with nine desperate wounds on the face and forehead. While this scene of honourable death passed in one direction, the duke escaped by another, and arrived unhurt at Neots, whither he was followed with alacrity, and completely surrounded. In this predicament he mounted on horseback, cut his way through the guards, and, after a dangerous flight, reached Prince Charles in the Downs. The whole party then hastened into Holland, and the earthly hopes of English royalty and its dependants seemed finally extinguished. Charles the Ist. was beheaded, Buckingham's estates were again forfeited, and he was reduced to the necessity of converting his father's pictures into a means of support.

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At length, the crafty presbyterians who guided the perfidious politics of the Scotch parliament, bethought themselves of compounding their mercenary guilt to the late monarch, by tendering the crown to his son. Charles was well inclined to accept the offer, and Buckingham, of all the English lords in his train, alone exhorted him to risk his person on the issue. The indignities which the adventurous young monarch received from those fanatical creatures are well known, and it is only necessary to observe here, how the good nature of Buckingham so far conciliated their rigidity, that he was the only follower allowed to attend upon the humiliated sovereign, and divert his sufferings by the pointed resources of gaiety and wit. In the bold descent upon England, and at the battle of Worcester, he performed more important acts, but was separated from his master, and like the rest of the dispirited royalists, obliged to retire in privacy beyond the Channel. There he became a volunteer in the service of the French King, and divided his time between the duties of his profession, and short visits to Charles's little court in Flanders, where his attachment was recompensed with the informal honours of the Garter.

Meantime the English Parliament had awarded the best of his lands to the victorious Fairfax, a general whose political honesty and religious rectitude obtained a well-merited share of esteem from all parties; and whose fame was greatly increased by the generosity which he evinced in treating with many of the late proprietors of forfeited estates. This character, and the exigency of his affairs, encouraged Buckingham, in 1657, to pay a secret visit to England, and make an effort towards retrieving, in some degree, the apparent desperation of his fortune. Arrived in Yorkshire, he prospered so rapidly in his views, that before the year elapsed, he was married, at the family seat, Nun Appleby, to the only daughter and sole heiress of Fairfax. The ceremony was performed with considerable splendour: Cowley wrote the epithalamium; and the Duke received back upon the occasion, the greater portion of his rents, with the assurance of far greater wealth upon the death of his father-in-law. A year of domestic happiness and easy life now succeeded: in 1658, however, Cromwell began to suspect danger from his liberty, and he was unceremoniously committed to the Tower, notwithstanding the unconcealed displea-

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sure of old Fairfax. In this state he continued to languish until death snatched the Protector from the charge of public affairs: he was then liberated upon parole, but obliged to confine his movements to the town of Windsor. The Restoration happily supervened, and he was securely replaced in rank and fortune.

There were few subjects in the kingdom who met this prosperity in the tide of affairs with the same flourishing circumstances, as did his Grace of Buckingham. Possessed of a clear income of 20,000*l.* a-year, he was enabled to add lustre to the dignities that awaited him, while others found it difficult to support their honours with reputation. That fertile wit, and those happy airs by which, amidst dangers and in exile, he had lightened the cares of his sovereign, were now doubly welcome in his bettered estate; and Charles received him with the equality of a friend rather than the ease of a favourite. He was forthwith made a Lord of the Bedchamber, appointed Master of the Horse, admitted to the Privy Council, and nominated Lord Lieutenant of Yorkshire.

Being thus installed an attendant upon his sovereign for all public duties, and a free companion in every private pleasure, his condition presented at each hand the richest harvest of honourable distinction. But, unfortunately for his credit in this career, his character was most reckless, and he was therefore utterly indisposed to any part which demanded the interest of perseverance, or the ordeal of virtue. Thus he flung himself, without reserve or remorse, upon that torrent of extravagance and licentiousness, which shamed the age, and snatched a readier meed of vulgar estimation, by rivalling the most profligate in lust, and exceeding the most prodigal in waste. Of any course of being so scandalously pernicious a mere outline suffices—it can only be stated here, that its turpitude was in a light degree softened by the amenities of polite study, and some praises from literary men. Of these, however, it is to be observed that the most flattering were bought by largess, and that the most substantial were rather compliments to what the writer was capable of, than to any thing which he had the patience to produce.

The resources of nature are equal to her wants, but the passionate cravings of society are never to be supplied. To this simple truth Buckingham was, in due time, forced to open his eyes; and when his fortune was shredded into fractions, he sought

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to remedy the deficiency by the emoluments of political preferment. About the year 1665, he applied for the post of Lord President of the North, was refused the trust, and being thus reduced to galling straits, he fell into the intrigues and factions which then distracted the Government. Associating with one Dr. Heydon, a notorious character, he dispersed a set of fellows, in the garb of sailors, to beg about the country, and complain at every door that they were wronged of their pay, while the people groaned under a weight of unprecedented taxation, in order to support a corrupt ministry of spendthrift favourites. The seeds of discontent being thus disseminated, a plot was formed for attacking the Tower, and seizing upon the jewel office. Every ramification was fitted for explosion, when some letters of Heydon to the Duke were accidentally intercepted, and the treason discovered to the King. So well was the desperation of Buckingham's character understood, that an immediate warrant for his arrest was held indispensable; and he confirmed the propriety of the measure, by forcibly defending his house against the officers. In the confusion excited by this unexpected step, he found means to escape; but he was forthwith struck off from all his appointments, and required by a public proclamation to surrender his person, on a given day, or abide the pains of outlawry.

This storm, however, did not long lie over his head: he ventured before the King with an humble confession of his guilt, protesting his sorrow, and declaring he had meditated no personal violence, with so much passion, that he was not only forgiven on the spot, but soon after gifted with every mark of former confidence. In less than a year he was restored to his seat at the Privy Council, and his post in the Bedchamber, and thus again bade fair for distinction and fortune. But a spirit for intrigue was always predominant in his character; and as the principles of administration became now better understood, and the countenance of the sovereign was not of itself sufficient to advance an aspirant to place, or retain him in it, Buckingham turned the influence of his address to the ruin of men, whom he could never hope to emulate. Thus his machinations greatly contributed to the fall of Lord Clarendon, and the recall of the Duke of Ormond from the Lord-lieutenancy of Ireland; and, by consequence, he was leagued with many as a powerful agitator, though it can hardly be said

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that he was honourably trusted by any party. Although hated by almost all who knew him, he yet retained a strong interest with his careless sovereign, and therefore frequently ingratiated himself into valuable appointments, and was necessarily seized upon as an instrument in numberless combinations for power. This was the manner in which he became associated with the Earl of Shaftesbury, and obtained a prominent place in that nobleman's cabal ministry of 1688—an historical incident of pernicious character too faithfully remembered by every reader to be minutely recounted in these pages. Of the share which Buckingham had in its principles and acts some mention may be desirable, and the following is an abstract.

He stands, then, more than suspected of having been the King's adviser in the harsh schemes for getting rid of the Queen, which were undoubtedly listened to, if not entertained, about the year 1670; and was charged during the same year with an embassy to the Court of France. No man could be received with greater splendour; he was loaded with caresses, and overpowered with favours, and at his departure received a present of a sword and belt set with jewels to the value of 40,000 livres. But the grace of his entertainment abroad was almost immediately overcast by the infamy of his conduct at home. That licensed desperado, Colonel Blood, made a furious attempt upon the life of the Duke of Ormond, and Buckingham was openly accused of having countenanced the outrage. Foul beyond example as this representation was, yet he neither cared to disprove or resent it, and dashed on with effrontery, confident of the partiality of his sovereign, and secure in the strength of his colleagues. In 1672 he was sent over to Holland, in conjunction with the Earl of Arlington, to negotiate a general peace, and had several conferences, at different places, with the States, the Prince of Orange, and the King of France. But the terms proposed to the Dutch were degrading in the extreme, and the war continued.

The violent measures pursued by the cabal, soon caused the original party to be broken up; Shaftesbury was dismissed from the Chancery; but with peculiar versatility he forthwith made his peace with the opposition, and was recognised as their leader. Buckingham was endeavouring to follow this example, when he was arrested in the passage, and impeached by the House of Commons.

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He desired to be heard at the bar; but whether from a sense of guilt or a prepossession of misfortune, though he spoke at some length, he expressed himself with a confusion and ambiguity which excited great surprise, and of course gave no satisfaction. He was at last peremptorily interrogated; and as his answers were still evasive, and he was mean enough to try and cast the responsibility of every charge upon the Earl of Arlington, a motion was put and carried for his removal. The King was by no means inclined to bend to this storm; but the Parliament was pertinacious, and he was dismissed.

This event took place in 1674, and at this date, therefore, a period was fixed for that entertainment of wit and humour by which the Duke of Buckingham had so long and ingeniously maintained an ascendancy over Charles II. Losing the emoluments of place, his affairs relapsed into their old state of urgency and need, and he was forced to sell Wallingford House. After this sacrifice he followed the Earl of Shaftesbury into the city, took up a residence on Dowgate Hill, and surrendered himself to all the broils of interested opposition. In consequence of a parliamentary cavil, he was sent to the Tower in 1677, but he soon made a submission, and was released. The last transaction of his political career was in base accordance with the rest of his life, for he was in the pay of Lewis XIV. during the year 1678.

At length the death of Charles II. snatched the only remaining prop from the long tottering fabric of Buckingham's fortune. About the same period his own health suffered a severe attack, and as he had no prospects of grace from his new sovereign, he withdrew to his manor of Helmsley, in Yorkshire, and spent the remainder of his days in the diversions of a country life, and the hospitality of broken circumstances. It was in all probability only to prove the diversity of his parts that he published, from this retirement, a short treatise on '*The Reasonableness of Men's believing in Religion*,' and afterwards an '*Essay on the Demonstrations of the Deity*,'—for however sincerely they may have been dictated by the conviction of a reformed mind, they operated in no degree on the general levity of his actions. They are characterised neither by merit in style nor originality in matter, and are only known to the cursory reader by their titles, which, as emanating from such a pen, are considered literary curiosities. Such was the

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condition in which a cold caught at a fox chace threw Buckingham into an ague, which snapped the thread of his existence, after an illness of three days. For the first two days he did not suppose himself in any danger, but on the third his faculties became completely absorbed. He retained sufficient consciousness, however, to listen with apparent attention to a clergyman of the church of England, who read the prayers of the dying, and administered the sacrament to him. His body was conveyed to London, and interred in the vault under his father's monument in Westminster Abbey.

Thus perished on the 16th of April, 1688, the second George Villiers Duke of Buckingham, a man whose character is interwoven with a lamentable perspicuity in the memoir of his career; and whose example supplies its own antidote in the moral of his ruin. Endowed with evident talents, he was yet deranged by passions, and perverted by vices: he might have been famous, but at best he was only notorious, and at last insignificant. His memory has been transfixed by every shaft of censure, and the only compliment ever paid to him, rested on the vivacity of his parts. Thus we are assured, and not without grounds, that his generosity was profusion; his wit, malevolence; his very talents, caprice; and his gallantry, destitute of the common excuse of sensuality, a mere appetite for novel pleasure. By many he has been adjudged inferior to his father; but he was no more than a fashionable scion of the same stock, and only wanted application and perseverance to have been as conspicuous in the senate and the cabinet, as in the drawing-room. His love of enjoyment was so immoderate, and his ardour in the pursuit of it so ungovernable, that every system of life at all solid or praiseworthy found in them insurmountable bars. Thus, though originally possessed of a fortune which might have made him an object of adoration, he laboured out an existence of scorn and contempt: as he lived a profligate, he expired a beggar, and as he had conciliated no friend, he never found a mourner.

As an author, however, Buckingham stands in a light decidedly respectable: his poems, which are not numerous, are perfect counterparts of character: negligent, witty, and libidinous, they have all the blemishes, and many of the beauties, alike peculiar to their style and the age in which he wrote. But it is as a dramatist that his literary reputation has been fixedly established. His

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comedy of 'The Rehearsal,' was the first composition of the kind in our language, and although the plays it professed to ridicule are forgotten, and the taste it censured has long been exploded, it still remains an original master-piece of humour and artifice. It was published in 4to. during the year 1672, and has never since been out of print; thus its success was prodigious, and its popularity unvaried. His name also appears to three other plays: 'The Chances,' which is nothing more than an avowed alteration from the comedy written under the same title by Beaumont and Fletcher; 'The Battle of Sedgemoor,' a farce, and 'The Restoration,' a comedy. A complete edition of his works, comprising essays, poems, and plays, was collected by T. Evans, of the Strand, in 2 vols. 8vo. 1775: they have all of them been republished. One benefit, of equal taste and utility, conferred by Buckingham on his country, was the manufacture of crystal glass, an art which he introduced from Venice. In connection with the habits of observation which led him to appreciate that improvement, it is also to be observed, that he was an experimenter in alchemy, and was weak enough, during the derangement of his fortune, to hope for wealth from the observance of its secrets.

Buckingham died without issue, and his titles, consequently, became extinct with his person. Like his father, he was an unfaithful husband, but with this difference, that whereas the former was always attentive and affectionate to his duchess, the latter was brutally neglectful of his lady. As in politics, so in love, he had many intrigues, of which the most notorious was one with the Countess of Salisbury, a wanton, who had the hardihood to hold his horse while he killed her husband in a duel.

Buckingham satirised Dryden in the Rehearsal, and Dryden retaliated in Absalom and Achitophel. The character thus drawn, though faithful, is yet too long and too coarse for insertion here. The following lines, therefore, must suffice:—

> A man so various, that he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
> Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
> Was every thing by fits, and nothing long;
> But in the course of one revolving moon
> Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.

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SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, K. G.

Great Sheffield's Muse the long procession heads,
And throws a lustre o'er the pomp she leads;
First gives the palm she fired him to obtain,
Crowns his gay brow, and shows him how to reign.

LORD HARCOURT.

In a recess to the eastern extremity of Henry VIIth's chapel, stands a striking monument to John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who married Catherine, a natural daughter of James II. This lady survived him, and it is to her affection we owe the present record of his grace's deserts. It is the work of Scheemakers, and though not to be extolled as a model of the purest chiselling or expression, is yet decidedly effective both in design and execution. On an elevated altarpiece, surmounted by a pyramid, and profusely relieved with emblematical ornaments, is a recumbent figure of the duke in the attire of a Roman warrior, modelled with great freedom and nature; and at his feet appears a weeping lady, whose attitude is pourtrayed with a delicacy not far removed from all that is beautiful in the art. There is one prominent absurdity, however, in the design, which cannot fail to be remarked with censure. Though he had several children born to him, he died childless. To represent this misfortune, the artist has crowned the design with a figure of Time in full march, carrying off with him medallions of the little family. Now the only inference to be drawn from this act of making away with the portraits, is that the memory of the infants is not to endure,—a direct contravention of the ends for which all monumental tri-

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butes are obviously made. There are two Latin inscriptions upon the tomb; the one on the altar is a particular enumeration of the different titles borne by the deceased, and the various offices of trust and emolument, civil as well as military, discharged by him. The other, engraved in letters of gold, is to this curious purport:

* I lived doubtful, not dissolute;
I die unresolved, not unresigned;
Ignorance and error are incident to human nature.
In God,
Omnipotent and most benevolent, I confide;
Being of Beings have mercy on me!

On the altar-piece itself are two more lines:—

For my king often, for my country ever.

Catherine Duchess of Buckingham in sorrow erected this, MDCCXXII.

John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, has many claims upon the grateful notice of biography. A good soldier, and an honest statesman, he ranks conspicuous amongst the nobility of eventful period, during which brave men and clever abounded. As generous as rich, his integrity was remarkable in a rank where the virtue is seldom estimated, and in an age during which it was most flagrantly disregarded. He is moreover entitled by other distinctions to honourable record; a scholar and a poet, he was the patron of Dryden, and the friend of Pope. To the honour of the former, he erected the monument still standing in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey; and to the care of the latter, he,

* Dubius sed non Improbus vixi,
Incertus morior, non perturbatus;
Humanum est nescire et errare.
Deo confido
Omnipotenti benevolentissimo!
Ens Entium miserere mei.

Pro Rege sæpe, pro Republicâ semper.

Catherina Buckinghamiæ Ducissa mœrens extrui curavit, anno MDCCXXII.

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at his death, entrusted the publication of his manuscripts. Literary exercises were a fashion amongst the nobility of his age; the Earls of Rochester, Roscommon, and Dorset, were his rivals; and perhaps the character of his attainments may be estimated with the greatest certainty, by the fact, that as he cultivated the intimacy of men of letters with respect, and preserved it with fidelity, so they have left behind them a more flattering summary of his talents and performances, than any of his contemporary nobles were so fortunate as to obtain.

Sheffield was the son of Edmund, Earl of Mulgrave, and born in the year 1649. He lost his father at a tender age, and made his first progress in learning at home, where it is interesting to observe, that the earliest efforts of his youth strongly evinced a superiority of mind. Becoming dissatisfied at the age of twelve with the line of study enforced upon him, he dismissed his tutor, and set about finishing his education upon a plan of his own. The proficiency he acquired in polite literature, is otherwise surprising, as he was an officer in the navy, and upon active service, when only in his seventeenth year. This was on the expedition against the Dutch, commanded by the Duke of Albemarle and Prince Rupert, and he had the honour of sailing in the same vessel with those illustrious generals. Some obstacles prevented the advance of the fleet with that despatch which was at first intended, and Sheffield returned on land, without having had an opportunity to distinguish himself. His zeal, however, was recompensed by the command of a body of independent cavalry, raised for the express purpose of protecting the coast against the casualty of an invasion. Such was his repute at this period that he was summoned to take a seat in Parliament; but, in consequence of the objections urged against his minority, the service was ultimately dispensed with, and he went to the Dutch war of 1672, as a volunteer. His behaviour on this occasion was reported in terms of such high praise by the gallant Earl of Ossory, under whose authority he sailed, that, as a token of the confidence placed in his abilities, he was appointed Captain of the Royal Catherine, at that time the best second-rate vessel in the navy.

The next assistance we find him rendering to his country is by raising a regiment of infantry at his own expense, with which,

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pursuant to the directions of Prince Rupert, he proceeded to the relief of Marshal Schomberg. Being honoured with the command of a second regiment, styled the Old Holland, his conduct again received the approbation of his general. Meantime he was complimented with the order of the garter, and the post of a Lord of the Bedchamber; and by all this influence was enabled to have the honour of recommending Dryden to the laureate. Passing into France, to perfect his knowledge in the science of war, he served under Turenne: but his stay was of short duration; for becoming a competitor with the Duke of Monmouth for the captaincy of a troop of horse guards, the latter succeeded to the post, and Sheffield returned to England in pique. He now attached himself to the Duke of York, and was considered the most zealous of that party in representing the dangers to be dreaded from the presumption of Monmouth. This rivalship may be held confirmed by the fact, that upon the subsequent disgrace of Monmouth, Sheffield was named his successor in the Lieutenancy of Yorkshire, and the rank of military governor of Hull.

The activity necessarily required for these various functions, and the labours that led to them, may be supposed to have left him but little leisure or inclination for a cultivation of letters. The contrary, however, is the fact; for amidst the gaiety of the court, and even under the cares of warfare, he paid constant suit to the Muses. The first poem of any note which he is known to have produced is "The Vision," written in 1680, during a voyage to relieve Tangiers from an attack of the Moors, who threatened to wrest the place from our hands.* The expedition

* Connected with this expedition is a monument in the south aisle of Westminster Abbey, on which a copy of the inscription will sufficiently, for the interest of these pages, describe the purport:—

"Sacred to the immortal memory of Sir PALMES FAIRBORNE, Knight, Governor of Tangier, in the execution of which command he was mortally wounded by a shot from the Moors then besieging the town, in the 46th year of his age, October the 24th, 1680."

After this is engraved an epitaph, which, as the composition of Dryden, is also given:—

Ye sacred relics, which your marble keep
Here, undisturbed by wars, in quiet sleep;

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landed without accident, and was prosecuted with prosperity. The enemy were thoroughly beaten, and it may be added, that Sheffield was more fortunate in war than in poetry, for the Vision has but little merit, and much licentiousness. A less faulty specimen of his capacity as a writer will be found in the following extract, which opens his poem entitled the "Temple of Death :"—

In those cold climates where the sun appears
Unwillingly, and hides his face in tears,
A dismal vale lies in a desert isle,
On which indulgent heaven did never smile.
There a thick grove of aged cypress trees,
Which none without an awful horror sees,
Into its withered arms deprived of leaves,
Whole flocks of ill-presaging birds receives.
Poisons are all the plants that soil will bear,
And winter is the only season there :
Millions of graves o'erspread the spacious field
And springs of blood a thousand rivers yield,

Discharge the trust which, when it was below,
Fairborne's undaunted soul did undergo,
And be the town's palladium from the foe.
Alive and dead these walls he will defend :
Great actions great examples must attend.
The Candian siege his early valour knew,
Where Turkish blood did his young hands imbrue ;
From thence returning with deserved applause,
Against the Moors his well-fleshed sword he draws ;
The same the courage, and the same the cause.
His youth and age, his life and death, combine,
As in some great and regular design,
All of a piece throughout, and all divine.
Still nearer Heaven his virtues shone more bright,
Like rising flames expanding in their height,
The martyr's glory crowned the soldier's fight.
More bravely British general ne'er fell,
Nor general's death was e'er revenged so well ;
This his pleased eyes beheld before their close,
Followed by thousand victims of his foes.
To his lamented loss, for times to come
His pious widow consecrates this tomb.

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Whose streams, oppress'd with carcases and bones,
Instead of gentle murmurs pour forth groans!
Within this vale a famous temple stands,
Old as the world itself, which it commands;
Round is its figure, and four iron gates
Divide mankind, by order of the Fates.
Thither in crowds come to one common grave,
The young, the old, the monarch, and the slave.
Old Age and Pains, those evils man deplores,
Are rigid keepers of th' eternal doors;
All clad in mournful blacks, which sadly load
The sacred walls of this obscure abode;
And tapers, of a pitchy substance made,
With clouds of smoke increase the dismal shade.

After personifying Death as the Goddess of the scene, he proceeds to address her in these earnest lines:—

Thou only comforter of minds oppressed,
The port where weary spirits are at rest,
Conductor to Elysium, take my life,
My breast I offer to the sacred knife;
So just a grace refuse not, nor despise
A willing, though a worthless, sacrifice.
Others, their frail and mortal state forgot,
Before thy altars are not to be brought
Without constraint; the noise of dying rage,
Heaps of the slain of every sex and age,
The blade, all reeking with the gore it shed,
With severed heads, and limbs confusedly spread,
The rapid flames of a perpetual fire,
The groans of wretches ready to expire;
This tragic scene in terror makes them live
Till that is forced which they should freely give.
Yielding unwillingly what heaven will have,
Their fears eclipse the glory of the grave;
Before thy face they make indecent moan,
And feel a hundred deaths in fearing one.
Thy flame becomes unhallowed in their breast,
And he a murderer who was a priest.
But against me thy strongest forces call,
And on my head let all the tempest fall;

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No mean retreat shall any weakness show,
But calmly I 'll expect the fatal blow:
My limbs not trembling, in my mind no fear,
Plaints in my mouth, nor in my eyes a tear.
Too weak the power of nature and of art,
Nothing but Death can ease a broken heart;
And that thou mayest behold my helpless state,
Learn the extremest rigour of my fate, &c.

To these passages, marked by weakness and negligence, may be added Johnson's summary of his poetical character, and then one sentence will suffice both for his praise and his censure. "He sometimes glimmers, but rarely shines; is laborious, yet feeble: to be great is seldom in his power, and at best he can only be considered as pretty at times."

A second quotation of his song called "The Venture" is made as a farther exemplification of this judgment:—

Oh, how I languish! What a strange
Unruly fierce desire!
My spirits feel a wondrous change,
My heart is all on fire.

Now, all ye wiser thoughts, away!
In vain your tale ye tell
Of patient hopes, and dull delay—
Love's foppish part farewell.

Suppose one week's delay will give
All that my wishes move,
Oh, who so long a time can live
Stretched on the rack of Love?

Her soul, perhaps, is too sublime
To like such slavish fear;
Discretion, prudence, all is crime,
If once condemned by her.

When honour does the soldier call
To some unequal fight,
Resolved to conquer, or to fall
Before his general's sight,

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Advanced the happy hero lives;
Or, if ill-fate denies,
The noble rashness Heaven forgives,
And gloriously he dies!

The succession of James the II. to the throne, naturally warmed his expectations of personal advancement, and he was not disappointed in the course of things. He was immediately created Lord Chamberlain, admitted to the Privy Council, and nominated one of the lords upon the ill-judged High Commission. A constant attendant at court, he now countenanced every change, even to attending the king at mass, and outwardly conforming to the rites of the Catholic church. Being expostulated with upon this subserviency, he asserted the independence of his belief, in a pointed answer, which, like many sallies of the sort, has been attributed to various persons. He told Bishop Burnet that he had been at some pains to confirm his belief that God had made the world, and created the men in it; but, that though he was willing to receive instruction, he could not easily be persuaded that man was *quits of the obligation, and had made God again.*

In all probability he was now led to imagine that a happy state of sun-shine and honours lay before him, but every reader knows how soon the reign of James was overcast by clouds. Sheffield had no share in the Revolution, though like many others he acquiesced in the change, when there seemed no chance of success for any different policy. This course was creditable: there is no baseness greater than that of sucking from a prince all that royalty can bestow, and then, when made great with the favour, abandoning the benefactor at the first ebb which the tide of fortune takes in receding from him. It should also be mentioned, that his integrity made him feared by the party who introduced King William, and that, when the latter prince afterwards challenged him with the suspicion entertained by the party, that if known to him, he would certainly betray their designs; he had the spirit to answer, *he certainly should have discovered every thing to the king he then served.*

From these circumstances little confidence or employment was to be hoped for by him from the new order of things. In Parliament, he supported the ministry on many important questions; and

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opposed them in others. Thus, as few doubted the honesty of his principles, his conduct at length secured the rewards of propriety: he was created Marquis of Normanby, and gifted with a pension of 3000*l.* a year. The reign of Queen Anne, however, brought the consummation of his political distinction. With the prosperity of her administration the oldest feelings of his heart accorded, and he was highly honoured by her favours. She entrusted him with the Privy Seal; reinstated him in the Lord Lieutenancy of Yorkshire; made him one of the Commissioners for arranging the Union with Scotland; and evinced her sense of the manner in which he discharged these offices, by raising him in 1703 to the dukedom, first of Normanby, and afterwards of Buckingham.

Favourites are often the greatest enemies to themselves: Buckingham grew jealous of the rapidity with which the Duke of Marlborough prospered, and threw up his appointments in a pique.

This hastiness proved the value attached to his support, for the Queen courted him back with a splendid offer of the Chancellorship; but he declined the elevation, and retired from public life. Thenceforward literature became the occupation of his life, and he enjoyed the fortune he had acquired in easy dignity. He built the palace long known by his name in St. James's Park, and amused himself with writing two tragedies, 'Julius Cæsar,' and 'Marcus Brutus,' which, though never acted, were intended for the stage. They are unworthily founded upon Shakspeare, with musical chorusses between the acts, after the ancient style—but, however conspicuous in the catalogue of works by royal and noble authors, can be read with little interest, and remembered for little praise.

Before the Queen's death he again appeared at court in his old office of Lord Chamberlain; and, after the ascent of George I. lived unemployed, in constant opposition to the ministry, until the 24th of February, 1721, on which day he quietly expired in the arms of his wife. Though thrice married, and blessed with several children, he died without an heir, and the honours of a long line of ancestry became extinct in his person.

John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, has the honour of being incorporated among the British poets, and seems well deserving of the association by the eulogies conferred upon him by many

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authors; yet his works are but few, and their merit only minor. They are divided principally into songs, light pieces, essays and satires, and are composed, almost without an exception, in a style now obsolete and uninteresting. His Essay on Satire, in which he was helped by Dryden, has been much commended, but that on Poetry deserves to be most read. This is the performance he himself valued the highest, and finished with the greatest care. It is particularly noticed in terms of approbation, both by Dryden and by Pope, and cannot be refused the praise of being constructed with much judgment, and expressed with considerable melody. There is also a volume of Memoirs by the Duke of Buckingham, which is written in a lively and perspicuous style; so much so, that many who have been disappointed with his merit as a poet, have willingly awarded him the palm of an elegant author in prose.

An edition of his poems was published after his death, with the following enthusiastic advertisement:—

To the memory of
JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.
These, his more lasting remains, the monuments of his mind, and more perfect image of himself, are here collected, by the direction of
CATHERINE, HIS DUCHESS.
Desirous that his ashes may be honoured, and his Fame and Merit committed to the test of Time, Truth, and Posterity.

An edition of his works, comprising Poems, Historical Memoirs, Speeches, Characters, Critical Observations, and Essays, was printed, in two volumes 4to. by Alderman Barber, during the year 1723. A reprint in two volumes, 8vo. took place in 1727, in which, however, some passages were sillily suppressed, because the scrupulosity of the editors deemed them dangerous, and offensive to the principles of the Revolution.

Pope wrote some lines, which are held to constitute the best of his epitaphs, for Buckingham's son Edmund—and they are printed here, because that young nobleman is also commemorated on his father's monument.

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If modest youth, with cool reflection crowned,
And every opening virtue blooming round,
Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,
Or add one patriot to a sinking State—
This weeping marble had not asked a tear,
Or sadly told how many hopes lie here.
Thy living virtue now had shone approved,
The senate heard him, and his country loved.
Yet softer honours, and less noisy fame,
Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham—
In whom, a race for courage famed, and art,
Ends in the milder merit of the heart;
And chiefs and sages, long to Britain given,
Pay the last tribute, of a saint, to Heaven!

This page leaves room for an additional extract, and the reader therefore is presented with another of his Grace's Songs, entitled the 'Recovery:'—

Sighing and languishing I lay,
A stranger grown to all delight;
Passing with tedious thoughts the day,
And with unquiet dreams the night.
For your dear sake, my only care
Was how my fatal love to hide;
For ever drooping with despair,
Neglecting all the world beside!
Till, like an angel from above,
Cornelia came to my relief;
And then I found the joys of love
Can make amends for all the grief.
Those pleasing hopes I now pursue
Might fail, if you could prove unjust;
But promises, from Heaven and you,
Who is so impious to mistrust?
Here all my doubts and troubles end,
One tender word my soul assures:
Nor am I vain—since I depend
Not on my own desert, but yours!

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CHARLES BURNEY, Mus. Doc.

In the north aisle of Westminster Abbey, and immediately under the monumental tablet to Dr. Blow, is a marble with the following inscription :—

Sacred to the Memory of
Charles Burney, Mus. Doc. F.R.S.
Who, full of years and full of virtues,
The pride of his family, and the delight of society,
The unrivalled chief, and scientific
Historian,
of his tuneful art;
Beloved, revered, and regretted,
Breathed in Chelsea College his last sigh;
Leaving to posterity a fame unblemished!
Raised on the noble basis of intellectual attainments,
High principles, and pure benevolence.
Goodness with gaiety, talents with taste,
Were of his gifted mind the blended attributes;
While the genial hilarity of his airy spirits
Animated or softened every earthly toil;
And a conscience without reproach
prepared,
In the whole tenour of his mortal life,
Through the mediation of our Lord Jesus Christ,
His soul for Heaven.

The scholar and musician thus enthusiastically commemorated was born at Shrewsbury during the year 1726. After receiving the rudiments of a literary education at the grammar school of his

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native town, he was removed to Chester, where he studied the higher branches of knowledge with considerable advantage. An early inclination for music had induced his half-brother James to give him some lessons in the art while at Shrewsbury, and, as the growth of his years ripened this propensity into a passion, he was formally placed under the care of Baker of Chester, who had served a pupilage to Dr. Blow. In 1741 he returned home to his family, and passed three unprofitable years, anxious to advance himself in his profession, but wholly deprived of any opportunity of practice. At length he had the fortune to meet with Dr. Arne, who was so well pleased at the interview, that he received the aspirant as an apprentice for three years. Thus removed to London, his talents soon attracted both notice and preferment. In 1749 he was elected organist to St. Dionis' Backchurch, in Fenchurch-street, at an annual salary of 30*l.*, and was engaged, during the same year, to preside over the organ at a series of concerts performed at the King's Arms Tavern, in Cornhill. More valuable occupation was soon after offered to his talents, and ably executed: he composed (for the theatre in Drury Lane,) the music in the dramas of 'Robin Hood,' by Moses Mendez; 'Alfred,' by Mallet; and the pantomime of 'Queen Mab,' which continued to be repeated during every season for a term of thirty years. All these were the labours of twelve months, at the close of which his health was so deeply affected, that a rapid consumption was feared by his physicians, and he was obliged to leave the metropolis for the benefit of a purer air.

Retiring therefore to Lynne Regis, in Norfolk, he was chosen organist to the parish church, with a salary of one hundred pounds a year. At this residence he continued for nine years; and in that period formed the design of compiling a general history of music. Finding his health re-established in 1760, he gladly returned to the metropolis with a large young family, and pursued the avocations of his profession with an increase of emolument and reputation. His eldest daughter, at this time about eight years old, obtained considerable notice in the musical world, by her superior performance on the harpsichord; and he maintained the popularity of his own character by the composition of several concertos which were deservedly admired. In

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the winter of 1766 he brought out, at Drury Lane, 'The Cunning Man,' a translation of Rousseau's, 'Devin du Village,' which had amused his retirement at Lynne: it was a free, playful, and engaging version, but it had no very creditable success. After a lapse of three years, he received the honour of a degree as Doctor in Music, from the University of Oxford, on which occasion he produced an exercise in the musical school, consisting of an anthem of great length, with an overture, airs, recitative, and chorusses. This performance, equally elaborate and meritorious, attracted considerable approbation, and secured the distinction of many rehearsals at the music meetings of the University, under the direction of the memorable Emanuel Bach. In the following year he travelled through France and Italy, as well with a view of improvement, as to collect materials for his yet unfinished History of Music, an object which he never once permitted to sleep in his memory, from the moment at which he first conceived the project of the work.

The result of this journey was the publication, in 1771, of his 'Musical Tour, or the present State of Music in France and Italy.' The work was well received by the public, and deemed so good a model for all compiling travellers, that Dr. Johnson professedly adopted the plan of it in his account of the Hebrides:—speaking of his own book, the lexicographer observed—"I had that clever dog Burney's Tour in my eye." In 1772, he travelled through the Netherlands, Germany, and Holland, and in the course of the next year printed the particulars of the excursion in two volumes 8vo. It was also during the course of this year that he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1776 appeared the first volume in 4to., of his 'General History of Music.' The remaining volumes were published at irregular periods, so that the four, of which it now consists, were not completed until the year 1789. For this undertaking the name of Dr. Burney is chiefly to be commemorated: alike remarkable for industry, variety, and judgment, it ranks standard in the language, and supplies the only source of critical information which the general reader can approach, upon one of the most interesting of subjects.

In 1775, at the desire of Sir John Pringle, he drew up, for the Philosophical Transactions, an account of Little Crotch, the

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infant musician, who has since been honoured with the Professorship of Music in the University of Oxford, and is considered the most learned composer of the present generation.

The grand musical festival which took place in commemoration of Handel, during the year 1785, at Westminster Abbey, was considered deserving of a particular description, and the Historian of Music was fixed upon as the most competent person to draw up an authoritative notice of a solemnity at which he acted a professional part.* A splendid volume in 4to. was accordingly produced by Dr. Burney within the year. In these pages, the profits of which he bestowed upon the Musical Fund, he displayed eminent talents in biography, and the life of Handel has been estimated as one of the best specimens of a memoir to be found in the ample circle of our language. In 1796, he published an account of the life of Metastasio, in 3 vols. 8vo.—a work which has been censured as destitute of that critical arrangement and judicious novelty which characterised his former publications. Besides the labours already mentioned, Dr. Burney is known in literature for an 'Essay towards the History of Comets,' and a 'Plan of a Public Music School.'

To the musical compositions by Dr. Burney which have been already noticed, there remain to be added a copious catalogue of Sonatas for two violins and a bass, in two parts; six cornet pieces, with an introduction and fugues for the organ; a canzonet and songs; six duetts for two German flutes; six concertos for the violin, &c. in eight parts; two sonatas for a pianoforte, violin,

* Among the many talented men associated together upon this signal occasion, was Edmund Ayrton, Mus. Doc. to whose memory, as he was interred in the cloisters of Westminster, a short space is here devoted. He was born at Rippon, in Yorkshire, and has been much commended for his compositions of Cathedral Music. He was a gentleman of the Chapel Royal, and a Vicar Choral of St. Paul's Cathedral, and Westminster Abbey. During the year 1784 he took his degree as Doctor of Music, in the University of Cambridge, composing as his exercise, a grand anthem for a full orchestra, which was highly praised, and afterwards performed with an enlarged band at the general thanksgiving celebrated in St. Paul's, for the peace of 1784. At the commemoration of Handel, he officiated as a director, and died honourably regarded in 1808.

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and violoncello, in two parts; and six lessons for the harpsichord, &c. &c.

For many years Dr. Burney resided in the house once occupied by the immortal Newton, in St. Martin's-street, Leicester-square; but during the last twenty-five years of his life, he dwelt at the chambers appropriated to the organist of Chelsea College,—a situation to which, it should have been mentioned in another place, he was honourably appointed at the special instigation of his majesty George III. Here he spent the close of his life in easy circumstances, until death terminated his career at the full age of 88 years. His remains were deposited in the burial ground belonging to the establishment; and his funeral was respectfully attended by the Governor, Deputy Governor, and chief officers of the college—by his family, and friends too many for enumeration.

Dr. Burney is chiefly to be considered for the variety of his labours, and rather to be approved as an author than a musician. His literary works are still read and quoted, but his musical compositions seem to have been finally neglected. As a scholar, he was not only soundly proficient in classical study, but conversably intimate with the polite languages of modern Europe. Personally acquainted with all the distinguished characters who flourished during his life-time, he possessed a fund of anecdote, which made his conversation as interesting at the table, as his lucubrations were engaging in the closet. In private life he appeared with corresponding excellence: exemplary as a husband, a father, and a friend, spirited and easy in his manners, he combined, according to his biographer, "all the graces, without the formality of the Chesterfield politeness, and led a life of utility to others, with honour and happiness to himself."

Dr. Burney was twice married, and had eight children, of whom four are deserving of particular record, for the superior abilities they inherited from him. It has already been observed how his eldest daughter was celebrated for extraordinary attainments in music; the second, married to Monsieur d'Arblay, is the authoress of Evelina, Cecilia, Camilla, and the Wanderer—novels too popular to need praise here. His eldest son, James, entered the navy, sailed round the world with Captain Cook;

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edited two voyages by that memorable circumnavigator; published some judicious tracts upon the best means of a national defence against invasion; and died with the rank of Rear-Admiral in 1821. His second son was the Reverend Charles Burney, LL.D., who has a monument in Westminster Abbey, and is therefore entitled to a notice more exact and lengthened in these pages.

Born on the 6th of December, 1757, during his father's residence at Lynne, Dr. Burney the divine was admitted on the foundation of the Charter-house school, in February, 1768. Removing in due course to Caius College, Cambridge, he grew remarkable for patient study and a deep familiarity with the Greek classics. At this university, however, he made no great stay, but proceeded to King's College, Aberdeen, where he took his degree of A. M. in 1781. During the ensuing year he adopted the vocation of a schoolmaster, and became assistant at an academy near Highgate. From this station he was quickly advanced to be under master at a school kept by Dr. Rose, a translator of Sallust, at Chiswick. His introduction to the latter gentleman was effected by the friendship of Dr. Dunbar, the Professor of Moral Philosophy at Aberdeen, and the acquaintance prospered so honourably, that he married Miss Rose in 1783. Her father had been one of the earliest contributors to the Monthly Review, and by this intervention Burney became a critic in the same miscellany. His first papers were on the Monostrophica of Mr. afterwards Bishop Huntingford: they attracted immediate attention, and thus he continued to write equally to the advantage of the publication, and the improvement of his own reputation.

In June, 1783, he opened a school on his own account at Fairlawn House, Hammersmith, whence, after a lapse of seven years, he removed his establishment to Greenwich, where it flourished until his death under every circumstance of respectability. After receiving the degree of LL.D. from the universities of Glasgow and Aberdeen, in 1792, he entered into holy orders during the year 1807. His first preferment in the Church took place during the year 1811, when he was nominated to the vicarage of Herne Hill, and appointed Chaplain to his Majesty. In the course of the following year, the Archbishop of Canterbury presented him to the affluent rectory of St. Paul's, Deptford, and gave him a

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mandate for the honours of Doctor of Divinity. He afterwards received a prebend in the Cathedral of Lincoln, and was also inducted to the rectory of Cliffe, in the county of Surrey. To this series of posts are to be added the avocations of Professor of Antient Literature in the Royal Academy, and Honorary Librarian to the Royal Institution.

Dr. Burney's ecclesiastical distinctions were not conferred upon him, until the vigour of his constitution was nearly worn out:—he began to feel a slow but certain decline of strength soon after his retirement to Deptford. On the morning of Christmas day, 1817, he sunk with apoplexy as he was preparing for the pulpit, and expired after a struggle of three days. He was buried at Deptford, where a monument, executed by Goblet, and inscribed by Archdeacon Thomas, was erected to his name by a subscription among the inhabitants.

In literature, Dr. Burney held a high rank as a critic and a scholar. Of the publications by which he acquired this reputation, the following are the principal.—An Appendix to Scapula's Greek Lexicon, from the manuscripts of Dr. Askew; an edition of the Choral Odes of Æschylus; Philemon's Greek Lexicon; Remarks on the Greek Verses of Milton; an Abridgment of Pearson's Exposition of the Creed; Sermons, and a small impression of Latin Epistles by Dr. Bentley, and some others. These were valuable works, but perhaps he was even more celebrated for the judgment he displayed in the collection of a library, which was purchased after his death by Parliament, and is now preserved in the British Museum: it consisted of 14,000 volumes, bound with great richness, and arranged upon the plan of beginning with the earliest copies, and carrying each author down to the last edition of his works. Among the more conspicuous treasures of this selection, were the Townly Homer, valued at so high a price as a thousand pounds; and the Codex Crippsianus of the Greek orators. Many of his classics were additionally estimable for the manuscript notes attached to them by Bentley, Markland, and H. Stephens.

Talents and erudition are doubly praiseworthy when found in connexion with gentle manners and private virtues: it is therefore most interesting to be able to add that Dr. Burney was equally admirable as a man and a scholar. Sociable and hospi-

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table, witty, and yet good-natured; he is described as one courted by those above him, loved by those beneath him, and immeasurably prized by his equals. Excellence so varied and considerable deserved many honours, and accordingly a monument was placed to the memory of Dr. Burney, as well in Westminster Abbey as in the church of St. Paul, Deptford. It stands in the north aisle, and consists of a good bust surmounting a pedestal tablet of marble by S. Gahagan, on which appears a Latin epitaph to this effect:—

* A. ☧. Ω.
To Charles Burney, LL.D. S.T.P. A.S. and R.S.S.
Professor of the Greek and Latin languages
In the Royal Academy of London,
Chaplain to George the Third, King of Britain,
Prebendary of Lincoln Cathedral,
Rector of Cliff, and the Church of St. Paul, at Deptford,
In the County of Kent,
Master of Greenwich School, during xviii years,
Who lived lx years and xxiv days,
Died on the fifth kalend of January, in the holy year CIↃ IↃ CCC XVIII.
And was buried at Deptford,
His scholars by a pecuniary subscription placed this monument.
Innate in this man
Was varied and profound erudition,
A judgment polished by the rules of critical art,

* A. ☧. Ω.
Carolo . Burnbio . LL.D. S.T.P. A.S. Et . R.S. Sodali
Græcarum . Litterarum . Et . Latinarum . Professori
In . Regia . Academia . Londinensi
Georgio . Tertio . Britanniarum . Regi . A . Sacris
Ecclesiæ . Lincolniensis . Præbendario
Cliffiæ . Et . Ecclesiæ . D . Pauli . Deptfordiensis
In Agro . Cantiano . Rectori
Scholæ . Grenovicensis . Per . xviii . Annos . Magistro
Qui . Vixit . Annos . lx . Dies . xxiv .
Decessit . Quinto . Cal . Januar . Anno . Sacro . cIↃ IↃ CCC xviii .
Et . Deptfordiæ . Sepultus . Est
Discipuli . Ejus . Hoc . Monumentum . Pecunia . Collata . Posuerunt
Inerant . In . Hoc . Viro
Plurimæ . Et . Reconditæ . Litteræ
Judicium . Artis . Criticæ . Præceptis

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And the constant exercise of a good style,
And a peculiar nicety
In solving the intricacies of metre:
In his works, written in Latin or in English,
The flow of his sentences was lucid;
And a choice of words, elegant without enervation,
Recommended his language
To a high character for genius and learning.
His mind was quick in perception,
His voice full and musical,
His eye piercing in the extreme,
But softly tempered by the sprightliness of his whole countenance
And the pleasantest graces of latent wit.
When imparting to his pupils the higher polish of education,
He exhibited a talent for instruction the most precise and exquisite,
And in forming their minds to every call of duty,
Protected the character of the Master with the greatest truth and dignity.
To the matter of these praises was added
A singular gentleness of manners and disposition
Which conciliated the kindness of all the good,

Stili. Que. Frequentissima. Exercitatione. Limatum
Et. In. Nodis. Rei. Metricæ. Solvendis
Eximia. Quædam. Sollertia
In. Libris. Quos. Latine. Aut. Anglice. Conscripsit
Lucidus. Erat. Sententiarum. Ordo
Et. Sine. Fuco. Nitor. Verborum
Sermonem. Ejus. Ad. Magnam
Et. Ingenii. Et. Doctrinæ. Opinionem. Commendabant
Motus. Animi. Ad. Excogitandum. Celeres
Vox. Plena. Et. Canora
Acies. Oculorum. Accerrima. Illa. Quidem
Sed. Hilaritate. Totius. Vultus. Suaviter. Temperata
Et. Argutiæ. Jucundissimo. Lepore. Conditæ
Quum. Juvenes. Ad. Politiorem. Humanitatem. Informaret
Accuratius. Quoddam. Et. Exquisitius. Docendi. Genus. Adhibebat
Et. In. Mentibus. Eorum. Ad. Omne. Officii. Munus. Instruendis
Personam. Magistri. Summa. Fide. Et. Dignitate. Tuebatur
Hasce. Ad. Laudes. Accesserunt
Singularis. Vitæ. Atque. Naturæ. Comitas

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And in a wonderful manner allured
The scholar to love and reverence his preceptor.
In advancing an Institution
Which afforded comfort and a refuge
To poor and aged schoolmasters,
His zeal was sedulous and ardent.
His diligence was worthy a man thoroughly learned,
In collecting a library,
Which was so rich
In manuscriptal writings
And published works,
That after the mournful death of the Possessor,
It was bought at the public cost,
And placed in the British Museum,
By order of the English Parliament.
But what shone most brightly in Burney, was
An intense affection for the Church of England,
A hope of salvation piously founded in Christ,
And a habit chaste and sincere,
Of venerating God.

Quæ. Optimi. Cujusque. Benevolentiam. Conciliabat
Et. Discipulos. Ad Amorem. Et. Reverentiam. Preceptoris. Sui
Mirifice. Alliciabat
Assiduum. Et. Vehemens. Studium. In. Promendis. Consiliis
Quæ. Ludimagistris. Indigentibus, Aut. Senio. Confectis
Solatium. Ac. Perfugium. Præbere. Possent
Et. Digna. Homine. Perfecte. Erudito. Diligentia
In. Comparanda. Bibliotheca
Quæ. Libris. Aliis. Manu. Scriptis
Aliis. E. Prelo. Emissis
Ita. Ornata. Fuit
Ut. Post. Mortem. Possessoris. Luctuosam
Emeretur. Sumtu. Publico
Et. Jussu. Anglici. Parlamenti
In. Britannico. Museo. Collocaretur
Maxime. Autem. In Burneio. Elucebant
Voluntas. In. Anglicam. Ecclesiam. Propensissima
Spes. Æternæ. Salutis. Pie. In. Christo. Posita
Et. Consuetudo. Pure. Atque. Caste
Venerandi Deum.

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RICHARD BUSBY, D.D.

Doctor Busby's monument stands against the screen of the choir, in the south aisle of Westminster Abbey: it is the work of Bird, an able artist, who executed the sculpture work of St. Paul's Cathedral, but who has been chiefly commended for this performance, which ranks as his master-piece, and is additionally entitled to attention for the elegance of the epitaph inscribed upon it. The doctor is represented in the full size of life, reclining among his books, and appears still devoted to study, though nearly worn out by its intensity: in his right hand is a pen, in his left a manuscript. The design is simple and natural, the finishing decidedly neat, and the effect consequently good. The inscription is long, and in Latin, but expressed in a purer idiom than is now to be observed in the generality of such compositions. This is the substance of it:—

* Underneath, behold
The effigy of Busby,
Such as he met the eyes of men!
But if
The image of all that was deeper seated in his mind
You farther seek,
Regard in both Universities, and at the Bar,

* En infra positam
Qualis hominum oculis observabatur
Busbeii imaginem!
Si eam
Quæ in animis altiùs insedit
Ultra desideras;
Academiæ utriusque et Fori lumina,

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In the Court, the Senate, and the Church,
Our lights, and leading men:
And, when you have contemplated
That crop of intellect, so various and exuberant,
Then, how great was he that sowed it, determine.
The man he certainly was
Who most acutely discovered,
Most ably exercised,
And happily improved,
That talent imbued in individuals by nature.
He it was
Who so moulded and nourished
The spirit of our youth by instruction,
That they acted in wisdom, and spake with elegance;
And developed manhood
While only reared as boys.
In all who advanced into public life
Impressed by his discipline,
The Crown and Church of England
Have acquired so many bulwarks—
All faithful, and many strenuous.

Aulæ, Senatûs, atque Ecclesiæ
Principes viros contemplare:
Cumque satam ab illo ingeniorum messem
Tam variam tamque uberem lustraveris,
Quantus is esset, qui severit, cogita.
Is certe erat
Qui insitam cuique à naturâ indolem,
Et acutè perspexit,
Et exercuit commode,
Et feliciter promovit.
Is erat
Qui adolescentium animos
Ita docendo finxit alûitque
Ut tam sapere discerent quam fari,
Dumque pueri instituebantur
Sensim succrescerent viri.
Quotquot illius disciplinâ penitus imbuti
In publicum prodiere
Tot adepta est Monarchia,
Tot Ecclesia Anglicana
Propugnatores
Fidos omnes, plerosque strenuos.

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In short,
Whatever be the fame of
WESTMINSTER SCHOOL,
And whatever advantages have resulted to society from it,
To Busby are they all to be ascribed,
Both now and hereafter ever.
A subject so valuable to his country
Flourished, under the pleasure of Heaven, for many years, and with many blessings.
By turns,
In every promotion of piety,
He and his means were cheerfully exercised,
To relieve the poor,
Cherish the literary,
Repair our Churches—
These were the enjoyments of his wealth;
And to these
All that he had not consecrated during life,
He bequeathed in death.

Richard Busby, of Lincolnshire.
S. T. P.

Quæcumque demum sit fama
SCHOLÆ WESTMONASTERIENSIS,
Quidquid inde ad homines fructûs redundârit,
Busbeio maxime debetur,
Atque in omne porro Ævum debebitur.
Tam utilem patriæ civem
Multis annis opibusque florere voluit Deus;
Vicissim ille
Pietati promovendæ
Se et sua alacris devovit:
Pauperibus subvenire,
Literatos fovere,
Templa instaurare—
Id illi erat divitiis frui;
Et hos in usus
Quidquid non erogârat vivus
Legavit moriens.

Richardus Busby, Lincolniensis,
S. T. P.

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He was born at Luton,		1606, Sept. 22.
Preferred to Westminster School,		1640, Dec. 23.
In the Church	of Westminster, a Prebendary, in the year of our Lord 1660	July 5.
	of Wells, Treasurer,	Aug. 2.
Died		1695, Apr. 5.

To the praises of this classical epitaph, and the dates which conclude it, there is little to be added; for if the life of an author is proverbially destitute of exciting interest, that of a sedulous schoolmaster must be doubly barren. Having passed through the classes of Westminster school as a king's scholar, the subject of this sketch was elected a student of Christ's Church College, Oxford, in 1624, where his reputation for liberal attainments, and oratorical themes, was precociously great. He took a degree of B. A. on the 12th of October, 1628; and graduated as M. A. on the 28th of June, 1631. In July 1639, he obtained his first preferment in the church, and was located in the prebend and rectory of Cudworth, in the diocese of Wells; and, in the following year, was advanced to that situation in which he acquired the superior character, for which his name has been handed down to the admiration of posterity.

Being strongly attached to those principles in church and state, upon which the Restoration was effected, he zealously instilled them into the minds of his pupils; and in return for this virtue was presented by Charles II., with those posts in the Abbey, and in the church of Wells, (where he was also a canon residentiary,) which are particularised on his tomb. He took a degree of D. D. on the 17th of October, 1660, and carried the ampulla at the coronation, which soon after followed. At the Convocation which met in June, 1661, he acted as Proctor for the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and was one of those who approved and subscribed the Book of Common Prayer. After a robust

Natus est Luttoniæ		1606, Sept. 22.
Scholæ Westmon'st. præfectus est		1640, Dec. 23.
Sedem in Eccles.	Westmon'st. præbendarius	Jul. 5.
	Wellensi Thesaurarius obtinuit An. Dom. 1660	Aug. 2.
Obiit		1695, Apr. 5.

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and healthy life, the result of signal temperance, industry, and virtue, he was buried under the spot where his monument now stands.

Dr. Busby presided over Westminster School for the lengthened space of five-and-fifty years; and by his great skill and diligence in the discharge of this laborious and most important office, bred up a greater number of eminent men in church and state than ever adorned, at one period, any age or nation. The report of his contemporaries fully justifies the eulogy of his epitaph; and Westminster School owes the most, if not all, its reputation to the celebrity of his name. He was quick in penetrating the latent talents of his pupils, and rigorous in forcing them into exertion. He used to declare that his rod was his sieve, and that whoever could not pass through that was no boy for him. Talking of Dr. Busby in the Spectator, Sir Roger de Coverly bears testimony to this latter quality with natural humour, exclaiming, "A great man, Sir; he whipped my grandfather: a very great man." Of the many distinguished scholars he educated, several will be found commemorated in this work. With regard to the rest, it must suffice to state, that it was his boast that, at one time, sixteen out of the whole bench of Bishops had been his pupils.

Dr. Busby's erudition can now only be estimated, from the editions of ancient authors which he published for the use of his school: they evince much grammatical research and judgment, but have been superseded by modern compilations, equally correct and more simple. It should not be forgotten that he made the most charitable application of his fortune, on every public and private occasion. He gave 250*l.* to beautify Christ's Church College, and Cathedral: in the same college he founded and endowed two lectureships—the one for the oriental languages, the other for mathematics; and he moreover gave 100*l.* to repair the room in which they were read. He also contributed towards the repairing of Lichfield Cathedral. In conclusion, it can only be observed that if Dr. Busby has been surpassed by other English schoolmasters in learning, he has been equalled by none in success, and it is most grateful to have to add, that letters are extant from several of his pupils, which attest, notwithstanding the proverbial charge of his severity, that he always preserved in them a most affectionate remembrance.

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SAMUEL BUTLER.

THE features of Butler's life were not unlike those of Dryden: the author of Hudibras, as well as the translator of Virgil, was long fed upon the promised patronage of the great, and often reduced to the humblest straits of poverty, because the hopes which those promises excited were never redeemed. Both were buried by subscription; and their memorials in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, are tributes from two personal admirers. Besides these coincidences, it may also be remarked that even their monuments are nearly counterparts, consisting only of a bust and a plain pedestal. The simple difference between them is, that Dryden's is relieved by a Grecian column, Ionic pilasters of light grey marble, and that Butler's has a complimentary epitaph in Latin, of which the following is a translation:

* Sacred to the Memory of
SAMUEL BUTLER,
Who, born at Strensham, in Worcestershire, in the year 1612,
Died at London in the year 1680.
A man of singular learning, wit, and integrity,
Happy in the application, though not in the reward, of his genius;
An eminent writer of satirical verse;

* M. S.
SAMUELIS BUTLERI,
Qui Strenshamiæ in agro Vigorn. nat. 1612. obiit Lond. 1680.
Vir doctus imprimis, acer, integer;
Operibus Ingenii, non item præmiis, felix;

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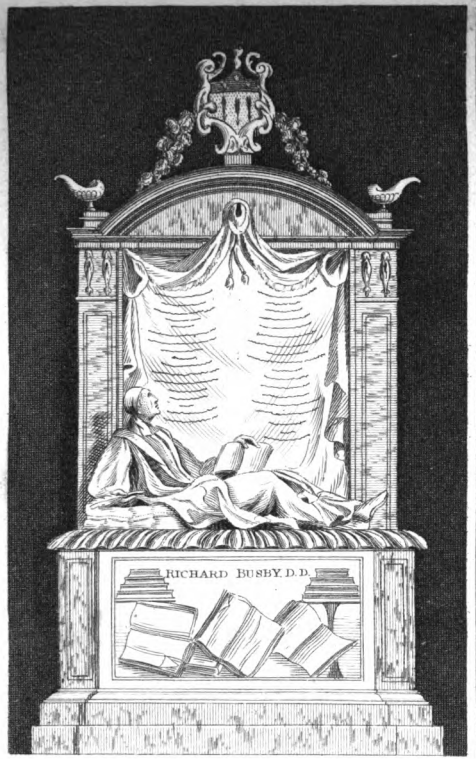

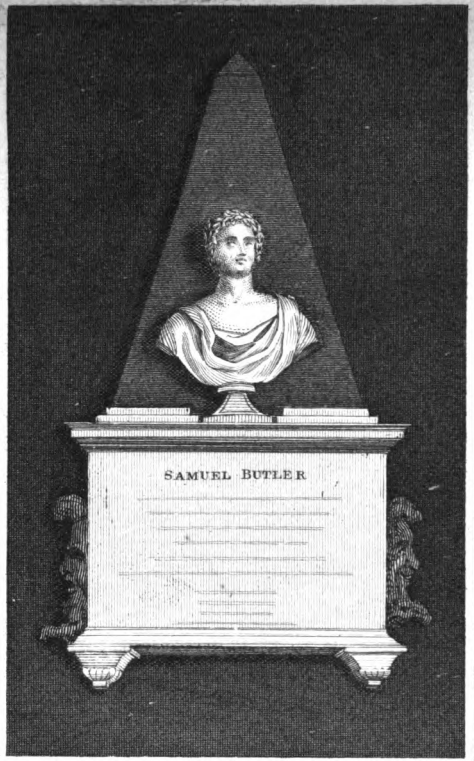

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LONDON.
Published by John Williams, 44, Paternoster Row.
Nov. 1826

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In which he snatched the mask from false religion,
And boldly exposed the crimes of rebellion.
He was the first, and also the last, of authors
Who wrote in that peculiar style.

He lived destitute of most comforts:
And that his grave should not also want a monument,
JOHN BARBER, CITIZEN OF LONDON,
By the erection of this marble in 1721, at last provided.

No account of the life of the inimitable author of Hudibras can be written with much satisfaction, or be read with any great pleasure; for the only particulars we can gather of it are meagre and conflicting, while the incidents related in it are systematically adverse and depressing. This is the more to be regretted, because his existence does not appear to have passed away in that dull tenor of seclusion and uniformity, which is so often found to characterize the habits of those who successfully devote themselves to study and literary works; and which must, by a necessary consequence, leave the story of their days barren and uninteresting. The life of Butler, on the contrary, was by no means destitute of changes—nay more, of vicissitudes; he seems to have mixed amongst the world with liveliness, and to have warmly aspired to that rank and consideration his genius so highly merited. Unfortunately, however, for himself, and still more unfortunately for those who have lived to admire the different fragments he left behind him in manuscript, encouragement but scantily sweetened his exertions, and reward never confirmed his labours. Room for a doubt, therefore, does not remain, but that if the reproach of neglecting literary merit, so often bit-

Satyrici apud nos Carminis Artifex egregius;
Quo simulatæ Religioni Larvam detraxit,
Et Perduellium scelera liberrime exagitavit:
Scriptorum in suo genere Primus, et Prostremus.

Ne, cui vivo deerant fere omnia,
Deesset etiam Mortuo Tumulus,
Hoc tandem posito marmore curavit
JOHANNES BARBER, CIVIS LONDINENSIS, 1721.

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terly made against the great and wealthy of the English nation, had not in this case a severe foundation in truth, the poem of Hudibras would not now stand solitary and unfellowed in our language:—what no other author would have presumed to emulate, Butler himself would have equalled.

Butler's father was a country farmer of some substance, holding a house, with a few acres, in fee-simple, which was then worth about 8*l.* a year, and has since been known by the name of Butler's tenement. He moreover rented ground to a larger extent from the Lord of the Manor, and was able to send Samuel to the grammar-school at Worcester, whence he had him passed into the service of a Mr. Jefferys, of Earlscroom, a justice of the peace in the same county. With him young Samuel lived contentedly for some years. His worship appears to have been a kind superior, and a man of letters; for, in the leisure of his household, and by the aid of his library, the author of Hudibras is said to have mainly acquired that deep fund of various knowledge for which his works are so remarkable. In the course of his studies, we are told, that he principally directed his mind to history and poetry; painting and music also engaged a share of his attention, and specimens of his efforts in both these arts were long preserved as honourable relics in the family. They are spoken of, however, not so much for any merit they possessed, as to indicate the bias of his taste; and to let the world know, that they procured for him the friendship of Cooper, a man eminent in the arts during the seventeenth century.

In recounting this first section of Butler's life, several of his earlier biographers have endeavoured to make it appear, upon the assertion of his brother, that he received a university education, though his poverty prevented him from matriculating. Yet it has never been stated whether the university was that of Oxford or Cambridge, neither has any Hall or College been assigned for the purpose,—points by no means difficult to establish, if the fact had ever existed. But so far from thinking the absence of this proof a matter of regret, the literary world, perhaps, ought rather to be pleased at finding the case stand as it does. It is infinitely more to Butler's honour that such a work as Hudibras should have been written by a man whose mind was principally self-instructed, than that he should have brought to the task all those

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facilities and advantages, which a systematic education under the most studious guidance must ever supply. As it is, Butler may proudly take his stand with Shakspeare, and others of the English nation, whose glory it is, that they have raised brighter and more durable monuments of fame by the impulse of natural wit and self-directed genius, than others have been able to construct with the aid of every force which human learning and experience can afford.

How long Butler continued to reside with Justice Jefferys, or why he parted from him, are facts unknown. The next condition in which he is found, is in the family of the Countess of Kent, to whom the learned Selden was steward, where he shared in common with the latter the use of an excellent library, and was required to assist the antiquary in his literary labours. In all probability it was about this period that he was in the habit of making some long visits to, and enjoying the society of, the company at Asket, the Earl of Carnarvon's seat, in Buckinghamshire. During the Commonwealth, he acted as clerk to Sir Samuel Luke, who, besides being a colonel in Cromwell's army, was also Governor of Newport Pagnell, a justice of the peace, and the author of some insignificant pamphlets.

These different situations we know Butler to have been in; but the circumstances that introduced him to them, the time he spent in them, and the causes that led him to change them, are, one and all, matters which have never been related, and cannot now be learned. After the restoration, he was made Secretary to the Earl of Carbury, the President of the Principality of Wales, who, upon the re-establishment of the Court of Arches, made the author of Hudibras Steward of Ludlow Castle. While in this post he married Mrs. Herbert, a lady of good family and fortune, and studied the common law, though he never practised it. His wife's money was vested in securities, which unfortunately soon turned out to be bad ones, and he thus lost the means of independence as casually as he had acquired them.

The first part of Hudibras, in three cantos, appeared in 1663. This extraordinary poem is said to have been written, or at least begun, while the author was in the employ of Sir Samuel Luke, who was generally fixed upon as the busy character from whom the idea of the mock hero was borrowed. Certain it is, at least,

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that the materials for such a work are most likely to have been collected in a situation which presented, in the clearest manner, an ample view of the principles and practices of that infatuated body which then overran the three kingdoms with confusion and outrage. No work at the time, and probably no work before it, attracted so general a portion of public regard, and that so readily bestowed. It was read by every one, praised by courtiers, and for a while habitually quoted by the king, who is said to have been directed to its merits by the Earl of Dorset, himself a poet of popular repute. Under these pleasing circumstances, Butler looked anxiously forward to the posts of honour and emolument, which, according to every one's prophecy, were sure to fall upon the matchless efforts of his genius. Still amused with bright expectations, he proceeded with the subject, and finished and circulated the second part in 1664. It concentrated as decidedly and quickly as its predecessor had done, the praises of the public, and the promises of the great: the Lord Chancellor Clarendon is reported to have spoken of places and employments of value and credit for the author; and the Duke of Buckingham is said to have urged the pretensions of Butler's wit and loyalty upon royal bounty to the king, who returned an assurance that they should not pass unrequited. Unrequited, however, they did pass; the words of all were fair and full of promise, but no advantage followed them.

Notwithstanding the distresses which such repeated disappointments must have subjected him to, the plan itself still prospered, and the third part was issued forth into the world in 1678. Neglect, however, still continued to cloud the poet's energy, and with this effort the design hung abruptly suspended and incomplete. It is now, therefore, vain to conjecture what the extent of the deficiency may be, or in what fortunes the issue of the plot would have terminated.

Solitude and depression are the natural consequences of neglect and poverty; and to the extreme of these it is with a feeling of national shame, the biographer must reluctantly confess that Butler was now reduced. On this account the world can know even less of the manner of life in which he henceforward subsisted than has been already narrated. A conveyancer, named Longueville, who raised himself from humble circumstances to

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the dignity of Bencher of the Inner Temple, is said to have had the generosity to administer that relief to his declining years, which actually saved another child of poetry and fame from the tortures of starvation. Under the shelter of this charity, the author of Hudibras spent the close of his days in Rose-street, Covent-garden, where he died during the year 1680, aged 68. Mr. Longueville, with a spirit becoming the excellence of his heart, solicited a subscription for an honourable grave in Westminster Abbey; and upon the failure of his endeavours, incurred the expence of an interment in St. Paul's Church, Covent-garden.

Upon a work so generally known, and so repeatedly reviewed as Hudibras, and an author so highly esteemed as Butler, all disquisition is now superfluous. The poem, both in style and matter, is one of the most original ever produced, and the poet, in eccentric wit and recondite learning, has been equalled in no age or country. The prevailing character of all his compositions is decidedly burlesque; satire predominates throughout some of his lesser pieces, but even upon them a vein of ridicule is generally sure to break in. One solitary gem of kinder feeling is to be found among his pages; it is entitled a '*Song to my Mistress*,' and is here transcribed as a curiosity.

Do not unjustly blame
  My guiltless breast,
For venturing to disclose a flame
  So long suppress'd.

In its own ashes it design'd
  For ever to have lain,
But that my sighs, like blasts of wind,
  Made it break out again.

And do not mine affection slight,
  Because my locks with age are white;
Your breasts have snow without and snow within,
While flames of fire in your bright eyes are seen.

Immediately after Butler's death, the booksellers collected three small volumes of minor poetry under his name, of which the contents, though occasionally striking, are in the bulk too gross

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and careless to be worth the mortification of a perusal. It is, therefore, some pleasure to be able to add that there does not appear to be the least shadow of a proof for attributing them all to the author of Hudibras. In the course of some score of years more, two octavo volumes of "Remains," printed from manuscripts bequeathed by him to Mr. Longueville, as some return for the kind favours already mentioned, were published by a gentleman named Thyers, who was librarian to a literary institution at Manchester. They are made up of prose and poetry; the former comprising characters and thoughts, on various subjects, expressed with much force and justness, and the latter consisting of satires and detached similes, which are scarcely equal to the reputation of the author.

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WILLIAM CAMDEN.

At the west corner of the south cross aisle, in Westminster Abbey, and immediately under the statue of Garrick, is the tomb of William Camden. A half body bust of prim expression, attired in the dress of his time, rises out of a pedestal altar-piece, the left hand holding a book, and the right a pair of gloves. Some years ago the condition of this monument was greatly neglected; but it has been gratefully renovated by the University of Oxford, and at present exhibits a respectable appearance. The inscription is in Latin:*

The Antiquities of Britain
Explored
With primitive fidelity, and sedulous labour,
An innate simplicity polished by
Honorable study,
An experienced mind candidly embellished,
William Camden, called by Queen Elizabeth,
With the title of Clarencieux,
To the dignity of King at Arms,

* Qui fide antiqua, et opera assidua
Britannicam Antiquitatem
Indagavit
Simplicitatem innatam honestis
Studiis excoluit
Animi solertiam candore illustravit
Gulielmus Camdenus ab Eliza-
betha., R. Ad Regis Armorum
(Clarentii titulo) dignitatem

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Is here buried,
With the certain hope of a resurrection in Christ.
He died in the year of our Lord 1623, November the 9th,
Of his age 74.

William Camden, surnamed the Pausanias of England, was the son of Sampson Camden, citizen and painter-stainer in the Old Bailey, London. Born on the 2d of May, 1551, he was first a blue coat boy at Christ's Hospital, and afterwards entered upon the foundation of St. Paul's School. During the year 1566, he was elected to Broadgate Hall, now Pembroke College, Oxford, but, ere long, he removed himself to Christ's Church in the same University. At this period his means must have been extremely narrow, for it is recorded that he lived on the character of a poor scholar, and derived a precarious income from the patronage of the great and generous. From this fact it would seem that his attainments were already considerable, and his capacity prominent; yet when at the usual stages he sued to be admitted a Bachelor of Arts, he was refused the honour, and almost at the same time disappointed in the attainment of a fellowship at All Souls'. Returning, therefore, to London, he prosecuted his studies for a time under his father's roof, and began to digest the plan of a publication illustrative of the topography, ancient and modern, of his native country.*

Among the friends of influence whom his merits had already the fortune to secure, was Dr. Goodman, Dean of Westminster,

Evocatus
Hic spe certa resurgendi
In Christo S. E.
Q.
Obiit An. Dmni. 1623, 9. Novembris,
Ætatis Suæ 74.

* Contemporary with Camden was Arthur Agard, a barrister of laborious study and critical research, who is entitled to some notice in this work by the honours of an interment in Westminster Abbey. He was born at Toyston, in Devonshire, in 1540, and died at London in August, 1615. The highest preferment he obtained in his profession was the Deputy Chamberlainship of the Exchequer, a situation which supplied him with the most ample resources for antiquarian pursuits. He published a work in Latin, 'On the Use and obscure terms of Domesday Book,' but is more conspi-

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a man of good influence, which he speedily converted to Camden's benefit in the most commendable manner. At the dean's recommendation he again visited Oxford in 1573, obtained his degree, and, in the course of two years, was preferred to the duties of second Master at Westminster School. Being thus reputably established in life, and under circumstances the most favourable to his adopted pursuits, he discharged the functions of his situation with ease and diligence, and bestowed his leisure on that course of reading which was best adapted to forward the completion of his work. He now began to collect the writings of all the old authors on Britain, and to investigate their details with systematic perseverance; he searched the record-offices, and manuscriptal repositories of the country; his intentions became publicly known, and his zeal was encouraged by all that countenance which it amply merited. He established an extensive correspondence with men of letters in various parts, and the better to decide upon the information thus imparted, made a journey in 1582 through the eastern and northern counties of the kingdom, and examined the monumental remains they contained with his own eyes.

The first fruit of all these labours appeared during the year 1586, in a Latin 8vo., which was first made most currently known by the translation of Philemon Holland, entitled "Britannia, or a chorographical description of the most flourishing kingdom of England, Scotland, Ireland, and the adjacent Islands from remote antiquity." The honours of the dedication were given to Lord Burleigh in a complimentary address, containing very grateful acknowledgments for the patronage and assistance bestowed upon the author during the progress of his undertaking. The state of the book at this period, though confused and imperfect in the extreme, did not fail to excite considerable applause, and Camden, in return, made the enrichment of its contents a leading object of his future years. In 1589 he journeyed into the West of England, and in 1590 paid a visit to Wales, and thus, by consulting new archives, and investigating other monu-

cuous as one of the original founders of the Society of Antiquaries. He also composed several valuable essays on the manners and polity of England in remote ages, which were collected after his death by Hearne, and printed among the proceedings of the Society.

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ments, was enabled in 1594 to lay before the public a fourth edition of the book, enlarged to 4to. Still there remained other available sources of improvement, and in 1600 he travelled up to Carlisle in company with his friend Mr., afterwards Sir Robert, Cotton. This excursion was followed by a fifth edition, which was prefaced with a defence against some critical charges that had been formally published against some statements in the work by Ralf Brooke, York Herald. But it was not until 1607, when he produced the sixth edition, that he considered his project completed: it was the last he lived to see printed, and has consequently been adopted by the various translators and commentators who have since employed their talents on the subject.

Of this laborious compilation it is to be observed, that it entitled the author to the rank of the Father of Antiquarian Pursuits in Great Britain; and that it is to this day quoted as a standard authority. It has undergone three memorable versions, the first by Philemon Holland, and the other two, which are swelled with infinite additions and emendations, by Bishop Gibson, and Richard Gough. But it is to be subjoined, that the better part of the interest as well as magnitude now attached to the book, will be found in the subsidiary matter of the commentators. For, although Camden's industry was exemplary, and the mass of his materials are highly valuable, yet he was far from possessing a thorough initiation in the study, or adapting his knowledge to the most judicious purposes. It has therefore been well remarked, that an account of the state of Great Britain, ancient and modern, might at the present day be much more advantageously given in an original form, than through the medium of an amplified context on the Britannia.*

* While yet upon the subject of antiquities, it may be most appropriate to make mention of the Rev. Clayton Mordaunt Cracherode, M. A., who was born in the year 1728, and buried in Westminster Abbey, in 1799. He was educated at Christ's Church, Oxford, was a fellow of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, and has been justly celebrated for a collection of antique gems, drawings, coins, medals, and a valuable library, bequeathed to the British Museum, where it is still gratefully distinguished by his name. Inheriting from his father, who sailed round the world with Lord Anson, a landed estate of 600*l.* a year, and a sum of 100,000*l.* in the funds, he took up his residence in Queen Square, Westminster, and devoted himself for life

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But the popularity with which Camden's first production was received, did not constitute the only reward that sweetened the zealous assiduity of his life; for long before it was brought down to the mature state already described, he enjoyed more valuable receipts of dignity. In 1593, he was appointed to succeed Dr. Grant as head master of Westminster School; and in 1597 he was transferred, through the interest of Sir Fulke Greville, to the Heralds' College, first with the rank of Richmond Herald, and then of Clarencieux, King of Arms. This change of profession, so well accommodated to his favourite pursuits, and so productive of a greater share of literary leisure, did not, however, take place before he had given a lasting earnest of his care for the advancement of his pupils, by publishing a Greek grammar for the benefit of the school. The book was retained in use for many years, but is deserving of no greater merit, than that of being a sensible abridgement from a more copious volume composed by his predecessor. In 1600, he again diverted his mind from profound researches, by drawing up an account of the monuments in Westminster Abbey, with their inscriptions;—a publication long since urged into oblivion by the accession of more popular remains, but entitled to grateful mention in these pages, as the parent of many imitative productions, which it is the object of the present enlarged undertaking to supersede.

As a matter of course Camden was by this time associated with the nascent Society of Antiquaries, for which he subsequently

to the curiosities of literature. In this pursuit he had many rivals but no superiors. His books were not more estimated for the rarity of the editions, and the splendour of their bindings, than for the intrinsic value of the authors; his medals and minerals comprised the most exquisite specimens; and his prints and drawings were numerous and choice beyond example. Mr. Cracherode's habits were retired and regular in the extreme: for the last forty years of his life he never missed going every day, at a stated hour, to his bookseller, Elmsley, in the Strand, and thence to Payne's, at the Mews Gate; and with the same punctuality, he called every Saturday night, to have his watch regulated at Dutton's in Fleet-street. The greatest journey of his life was from London to Oxford; he was never on horseback; and only knew his estate by an etched plate. His funeral, in conformity with the modesty of his life, was by his own orders strictly private; while his fortune, as he had never been married, was inherited by an only sister. He was a good scholar, and wrote Latin verse with ease.

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composed, as occasion required, various short essays connected with the profession of the members—performances of which the most interesting may be seen preserved in the collection of Thomas Hearne. The next period distinguished by his exertions, was the year 1603, during which he printed, at Franckfort, a series of ancient writers on English History, of whom some had never before been published, and others were now first edited with an exact text and explanatory notes. This display of regard for the fame of his country added greatly to his own reputation; the task was well received, but as the works themselves have long ago lost their interest, it is unnecessary to expatiate upon the style in which they appeared. In 1608 he issued from the London press, a 4to. Latin volume, entitled, "Remains of a greater work on Britain," which was only subscribed with the final letters of his name. This modesty was evidently occasioned by a conviction that the contents were for the larger part unworthy of his former labours; for the preface contains an admission that they are only the refuse of a better undertaking. But, notwithstanding these disparaging circumstances, the book was dedicated to his friend Sir Robert Cotton, and ran through several editions.

The discovery of the Gunpowder Plot led to a fresh proof of the estimation in which Camden's talents were held; for when the pedantic James looked around him for a writer to give a detail of his escape to the nations of Europe, he fixed upon the author of the Britannia as his historian. The injunctions of a sovereign were of course readily observed, and in a manner the most likely to secure the grace of approbation: he wrote the account in Latin, gave the court version of the treason, and has therefore been seldom quoted as an authority upon the subject. Still he felt so well satisfied with the reception of the composition, that he resolved forthwith to undertake a more important concern, and give annals of the reign of Queen Elizabeth—a labour to which he was first encouraged by the suggestions of his old patron the Lord Treasurer Burleigh. He accordingly began to make serious preparations for the work in 1608; his mind was now disembarrassed of other cares, but he had a more arduous impediment in the bad state of his health, and was thus unable to complete the first part of the work before the year 1615. It was written in Latin; was honoured with a review in manuscript by King

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James, and printed in folio, at London, under royal approbation. Like all party productions, it met with a divided fortune: by some it was extolled with the warmest applauses, and by others attacked with the most resolute opposition. Camden received the admiration of his friends with gratitude, but met the reproaches of his enemies with deep chagrin. Though repeatedly challenged to the field of disputation, he found it more prudent to be silent than to reply; and was so awed by contradictions, that, though he finished the history in 1617, he refused to let it be published before his death.

These annals of the reign of Queen Elizabeth were published by Hearne, at Oxford, in three vols. 8vo. 1717: they have been less popular than the Britannia, yet have always been held worthy of a creditable preservation by conflicting authors. Hume bestows a lavish praise upon them; and Robertson, as far as they are interwoven with the affairs of Scotland, pronounces as unqualified a censure; while a host of writers prove that the Irish transactions are either grossly mistold, or ignorantly related. If then, for the sake of brevity, we may form an opinion of the work upon the testimonies of Hume and Robertson alone, it may perhaps not be too much to assert, that the former chiefly regarded those beauties by which he is himself most distinguished, —elegance of style and purity of language; while the latter decided upon the nobler merits of impartial investigation and correct facts. Thus Camden will be found to have furnished an equable relation of things, delivered with classical propriety, and implicitly faithful to one interest: his version is ruffled by no doubts, and broken by no discrepancies; he adopts a prevalent story, and arranges the incidents presented to him with poetical justice. Moral truth and historical rectitude, however, are in such a case sacrificed; and Camden therefore, though read with pleasure, has never been adopted by able judges, either as a guide or a model.

All the plans of a sedulous capacity were by this time prosperously realized, and our author was enabled to spend the remainder of his days in ease and honour. On one occasion he was recalled to more active occupations by being appointed Professor of History in Dr. Sutcliffe's new College of Polemics at Chelsea. But the institution, though supported by the patronage

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of King James, failed of success, and Camden was finally restored to leisure. Thenceforward his only avocations arose out of his office at the Heralds' College: these were by no means excessive; and he generally used to spend his summers at a seat he possessed near Chiselhurst, in Kent, and return during the winter to his mansion in Westminster. But though no longer emulous in literature, he felt a grateful affection for its interests, and made one of the latest acts of his life memorable for the benefit it conferred on the cause. In 1622, he founded an historical lectureship in the University of Oxford, and made over for its support his interest in the manor of Bexley, in Kent, then valued at 140*l.* a-year. He had the satisfaction of nominating the first lecturer to the endowment; but expired at Chiselhurst during the month of November in the following year, aged 73. He directed his body to be buried in the parish church; but it was removed to his house in town, and interred with great heraldic pomp under that spot in the Abbey which is now indicated by his monument.

In concluding the life of Camden it is observable, that though styled the founder of British Archeology, he was neither the first nor the best who treated upon the subject. He may be considered a writer of good Latin, but not a standard author, and a studious reader rather than a judicious compiler. Of all his works the Britannia alone is now referred to, and that in a translation, of which the subject-matter is particularly defective, and mainly preserved by a huge body of editorial annotations, which swell the publication into four volumes folio. The most authoritative panegyric he ever received, was pronounced by Hume; and perhaps the bitterest sarcasm shot against him was uttered by O'Flaherty in his 'Ogygia,' who said—

Perlustras Anglos oculis, Camdene, duobus,
Uno oculo Scotos, cæcus Hibernigénas.

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HUGH CHAMBERLEN, M.D. F.R.S.

HUGH CHAMBERLEN, Doctor in Medicine, is principally entitled to notice here for an elegant monument standing in the north aisle of Westminster Abbey,* and a classical epitaph of elaborate prolixity by Bishop Atterbury. As to the particulars of his life, they can only be given with brevity; for, of all who rise to fortune and reputation by the exercise of undoubted talents, the medical are perhaps exclusively those men, who in their works and deeds are considered with the least interest by their contempo-

* Upon the adjoining pillar is a tablet of white marble, surmounted by a medallion, and relieved with emblematical devices: it was executed by Bacon, and has its destination imparted in the following lines:—

In memory of
Dr. JOHN PLENDERLEATH,
Third son of John Plenderleath, Esq. of Glen, in Tweedale, Scotland,
Physician to the forces serving under the Marquis of Wellington, in Portugal,
Who died at Coimbra of a Typhus Fever, on the 18th of June, 1811,
Aged 28 years.
He was eminently distinguished by the strength of his mental faculties,
His great classical and professional knowledge;
And no less so by the humanity of his heart,
Which manifested itself on all occasions,
But especially towards the numerous sick and wounded,
Both of his countrymen and the enemy,
Who were committed to his care.

In commemoration of his public virtues,
And of his many amiable qualities in private life,
This monument is erected
As a small tribute of parental affection.

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raries and followers. The study of physic, and the practice of surgery, are both indispensably valuable and praiseworthy: but as excellence in the one, as well as the other, is to be attained more by individual experience than general directions; and as no disease can be said to have a fixed or certain cure, it follows that medical writings enjoy a transient estimation, and are always more read by the profession than prized by the public. There exist, moreover, some natural causes which depress the greatness of such practitioners: one is happy to think that if he catches a fever, or breaks a limb, he can purchase good advice and dexterous assistance; but health recoils from sickness as from a contagion, and a sound limb shudders at a maimed carcase. Above all, it can seldom be forgotten, that by the bedridden, the doctor is only treated as a learned nurse, and that the surgeon is a modern refinement of the barber. Thus it is that of the great numbers who have devoted their lives to sanatory pursuits, so few have been able to claim a memory of any duration: among the Greeks two or three names only are commemorated; among the Romans scarcely one. In England alone, the names of Harvey and Jenner are immortal in the profession; for their discoveries were most signal in the history of natural philosophy.

Chamberlen's is a fine large monument of striking effect, executed in marble of different colours by P. A. Scheemakers and Laur. Delvaux. A recumbent statue of the doctor is introduced upon an elevated sarcophagus, the head resting upon his right hand, and a book held by the left. At either end stands a female figure, the one personifying medicine, the other longevity; while from above a cherub Fame is descending with a trumpet and wreath. The figures are naturally placed, and neatly developed; the general effect of the design is therefore showy and good. It rests upon a spacious pedestal, inscribed with a Latin epitaph, at present obscurely legible, which may be thus expressed:—

* Hugh Chamberlen,
The son and grandson

* Hugo Chamberlen,
Hugonis ac Petri utriusque medici

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Of Hugh and Peter, who were both physicians,
Happily cultivated medicine, and peculiarly adorned the study;
For to the highest skill in the art
He joined the highest honour in word and deed,
A singular integrity of mind,
And amenity of manners;
So that, whether he was more welcome to the sick or the sane,
Better as a man or a doctor,
Remains undetermined amongst those
Who agree with one voice
That he stood foremost on either ground of praise.

There was no method of recovery which he had not acquired;
Although he principally exerted his labours
In repelling the dangers of fever,
And averting the diseases of infancy.
Thus he repeatedly saved
Their only heirs from being snatched away from illustrious families,
And her eminent subjects from his dearest country.

Filius ac Nepos,
Medicinam Ipse excoluit fæliciter, et egregie honestavit:
Ad summam quippe Artis suæ peritiam,
Summam etiam in Dictis et Factis Fidem,
Insignem Mentis Candorem,
Morumque Suavitatem adjunxit,
Ut an Languentibus an Sanis acceptior,
An Medicus an Vir melior esset,
Certatum sit inter eos,
Qui in utroque laudis genere Primarium fuisse
Uno ore consentiunt.

Nullam Ille medendi rationem non assecutus,
Depellendis tamen Puerperarum periculis,
Et avertendis Infantium morbis,
Operam præcipue inpendit;
Eaque multoties cavit,
Ne Illustribus Familiis eriperentur Hæredes unici,
Ne Patriæ charissimæ Cives egregii:

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To benefit all as far as he was able was certainly his desire.
Thus too, while the commonweal was distracted by parties,
He nevertheless cultivated a sacred friendship with those from whose opinions he departed,
And willingly shared with them the protection of his art.

He was a man
Of such elegance and brightness in life,
Such fortitude and elevation of mind;
Of a character so prone to munificence,
And a nature so ingenuous and liberal,
That it had easily been supposed
His race originated with a noble and antient founder,
Although it were not known
That he sprung from a remote branch of the Earls of Tankerville
Four hundred years old.

Amidst the vicissitudes of life,
What belonged to him, and became him, he always retained:
Living with the greatest, he never bore himself meanly;
With the lowest never severely, never inhumanely:

Universis certe prodesse quantum potuit, voluit.
Adeoque distractâ in Partes Republicâ,
Cum iis a quorum sententia discessit
Amicitiam nihilominus sancte coluit,
Artisque suæ præsidia lubens communicavit.

Fuit ille
Tantâ Vitæ elegantia ac nitore,
Animo tam forti tamque excelso,
Indole tam propensa ad Munificentiam
Specie ipsa tam ingenuâ atque liberali,
Ut facile crederes
Prosapiæ ejus nobilem aliquem exstitisse Auctorem
Utcumque ex præclarâ stirpe Veterum Comitum de Tankerville
Iam â quadringentis Illum annis ortum nescires.

In diversa quam expertus Fortunæ sorte,
Quod suum erat, quod decuit semper tenuit:
Cum Magnis vivens haud demisse se gessit,
Cum Minimis non aspere, non inhumane,

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But embracing both with the same desire to merit well,
He was to both alike serviceable and dear.
A son, his piety was admirable;
A father, he was the most loving to his daughters,
Of whom he had three;
One by his first, and two by his second wife,
Chaste, good, and most like their mothers.
With all these, he lived unto death in the closest union:
He left a third wife his survivor.

To those more humane and domestic virtues
He brought accumulated
No feigned love of all that is divine
And the greatest reverence of the Deity:
Imbued with which,
His spirit rose to higher things,
While divesting itself of the spoils of humanity,
And remained unbroken throughout the languor of long sickness.
Closing at last, by a truly Christian death,

Utrosque eodem bene merendi Studio complexus,
Utrisque idem æque utilis ac charus.

Filius erat mirâ in Patrem pietate,
Pater Filiarum amantissimus,
Quas quidem tres habuit,
Unam e prima conjuge, duas ex altera,
Castas, bonas, Matrum simillimas.
Cum iis omnibus usque ad mortem conjunctissime vixit:
Tertiam Uxorem sibi superstitem reliquit.

Ad humaniores illas ac Domesticas Virtutes
Tanquam Cumulus accessit
Rerum Divinarum Amor non fictus,
Summa Numinis ipsius Reverentia,
Quibus imbuta mens
Exuvias jam Corporis depositura,
Ad Superiora se erexit:
Morbi diutini languoribus infracta permansit,
Et vitam tandem hanc minime vitalem,
Non dissolute, non infructuose actam,

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A life the least mortal,
And spent neither dissolutely nor fruitlessly,
He emigrated to his heavenly country.

He died on the 17th of June, 1728,
Having completed his sixty-fourth year;
Surely meriting a more mature existence,
As by his aid it was effected,
That many, preserved even in their first pulings,
May yet attain the extreme of old age.

In return for a life saved at his birth,
For health restored,
And at last confirmed,
EDMUND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
Placed this sepulchral monument,
Ornamented with his effigy,
To a man the most spotless and friendly.
Attached are statues,
Wrought after the expression of ancient marble,

Morte vere Christiana claudens,
Ad patriam cælestem migravit.

Obiit 17° Junii, A.D. 1728,
Annis Sexaginta quatuor expletis:
Provectiori ætate sane dignus,
Cujus ope effectum est, ut multi
Non inter primos pene Vagitus extincti
Ad extremam nunc Senectutem possint pervenire.

Viro Integerrimo, Amicissimo
Ob servatam in partu vitam,
Ob restitutam sæpius
Et confirmatam tandem
Valetudinem,
Monumentum hoc Sepulchrale
Ejus Effigie insignitum posuit,
EDMUNDUS DUX BUCKINGHAMIENSIS;
Appositis inde statuis
Ad exemplum Marmoris antiqui expressis,

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To attest to posterity,
What he availed,
And what, could it be rendered, remains due to him.

Hugh Chamberlen, thus eloquently panegyrised, was born in London, during the year 1664. He studied at Cambridge, and from that university obtained his diploma of M. D. during the year 1680. Settling in business at London, he chiefly devoted himself to midwifery; and soon enjoyed the reputation of being among the first of our physicians who snatched that important branch of practice from the hands of the ignorant and vulgar, and relieved its dangers by judicious treatment and experimental elucidation. He invented the obstetrical forceps, one of the most valuable instruments retained in surgery, by means of which the life of a mother is often saved, when the position in which the infant lies, or the largeness of its head, obstructs a delivery. With this invention he repaired to Paris in 1672, anticipating great honour and reward, but unfortunately for his hopes, at the very first accouchment he was called to, a malformation in the woman brought on immediate death, and the French Doctors exulted so much over him—observing that he was much mistaken if he thought it was as easy to deliver a Frenchwoman as an Englishwoman—that he hurried away from them overpowered with shame. In Holland, however, he was more successful: he imparted his secret to some medical men at Amsterdam, and received several handsome presents in return. At last, he settled in London, and obtained great practice and a large fortune.

When Mary of Modena, the second wife of James II., was taken with the pains of labour, Chamberlen was called in to her assistance, and brought the future Pretender into the world. Of this birth he addressed an account to the Princess Sophia of Hanover, with the view of discrediting the rumours of the multitude, who represented that the pregnancy was simulated, and by consequence the child supposititious. In 1695, he dis-

Quæ quid ab illo præstitum sit
Et quid illi, redditum licet! adhuc debetur
Posteris testatum faciant.

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played the versatility of his talents, by proposing some plans for a national land bank, which, though patronised by some, were never approved of by the public. As an author, Dr. Chamberlen is known by the translation of a Treatise on Midwifery, from the French of Mauriceau, which was well received by the faculty, and has run through several editions since the period of his death.

Upon the face of this rapid summary it is apparent, that the sumptuary honours of Dr. Chamberlen's tomb have been deserved by no other memorials than one surgical invention and one translation. With respect to his forceps, which has been much simplified and improved by Smellie and others, it should be remembered, that he attributed its discovery conjointly to his father, his brothers, and himself—an honourable admission, from which, however, the former parties have derived no reputation, inasmuch as the father, by making no mention of it in his 'Midwives' Guide,' a miserable performance, published in 1665, has been adjudged ignorant of the resource; and his sons, by being remembered for no merit whatever, have been considered incapable of the production. In conclusion, as to the version of Mauriceau's 'Observations sur la Grossesse,'—the book is generally reputed the best at that time extant upon the subject in English; but that merit is principally ascribable to the original—a truth of which the Frenchman, who was not a little jealous, seems to have been thoroughly sensible, for he asserted with indelicate vanity, that Chamberlen learned all he knew of his profession from those pages.

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EPHRAIM CHAMBERS, F.R.S.

Common to many,
Known by few,
Who between light and shade,
Neither learned nor simple,
Passed a life devoted to literature;
But as a man, held nothing human foreign from his cause,
His days and labours together discharged,
Here wished to rest
EPHRAIM CHAMBERS, F.R.S.
He died May XV. MDCCXL.

SUCH is the sense of an epitaph expressed in good Latin,* on a marble tablet, executed by R. Hedges, in the north cloister of Westminster Abbey; and had it also informed the reader that the subject of it was the compiler of the first Cyclopædia edited in Great Britain, it might be quoted as the most valuable and perfect specimen of necrological composition upon record. For, although the name of Chambers is deservedly well-known, although his literary exertions have

* Multis pervulgatus
Paucis notus
Qui vitam inter lucem et umbram,
Nec eruditus nec Idiota,
Literis deditus, transegit; sed ut homo
Qui nihil humani alienum a se putat;
Vitâ simul ac laboribus functus
Hic requiescere voluit,
EPHRAIM CHAMBERS, F. R. S.
Obiit XV. Maii, MDCCXL.

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always been duly estimated and although his existence is almost within the memory of man, yet is there little known of him but what is briefly comprised in the preceding lines, the which, be it remarked, are his own composition. Thus his epitaph is, in strict truth, the only summary of his life; and the meagre additions that can be tacked to it can only be considered as a commentary upon the text.

One only account of him has been written; it is given in the Biographia Britannica, and the following particulars are therefore solely compressed from that valuable work. He was born at Kendal, in the county of Westmorland, but in what year has not hitherto been ascertained. His parents were quakers, and he was bred up to their religious tenets, though he never appears, when arrived at maturity, either to have professed or observed them; nor, indeed, to have attached much consequence to any sect or particular creed. Neither the place nor the nature of his first education are known, but it seems reasonable to infer from the modest persuasion of his family, that it included no greater accomplishments than are generally considered necessary for a mercantile life. It has been asserted, however, that he was for a short time under the tuition of the learned Doctor Watson. He was apprenticed to Senex, a globe-maker, in London, and during his residence with that skilful mechanic is said to have imbibed the partiality for scientific pursuits, which so significantly distinguished the maturity of his career. Here again we are uninformed, whether he remained with his master during the whole period of his apprenticeship, or whether he left him before the expiration of that term. Still the conjecture has been hazarded that he served out the usual time; and not only digested the project of a general Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, but actually wrote several of the articles for it behind his counter. From the same tenour of things, it has been held probable, that he founded his knowledge of the sciences, and cultivated a general style of composition during his apprenticeship; and that discovering the iniatory sources of literary emolument, through the medium of the periodical publications, he was fortunate enough to establish such a connexion with them, as enabled him to enter upon the cares of authorship, without any idea of being obliged to derive a subsistence from trade.

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The first independent residence Chambers is known to have possessed was at apartments in Gray's Inn, London; and in them he continued to abide during the remainder of his days. The first edition of his Cyclopædia appeared, in 2 vols. folio, during the year 1728, though the dedication to the king bears the earlier date of October the 15th, 1727. It was published by subscription, at four guineas a set, and raised the author so high in reputation, that he had the honour of being elected into the Royal Society on the 6th of November, 1729. Ten years passed away before a second impression, with additions and corrections, was called for, but the subsequent editions succeeded with a more creditable rapidity; for the third was required in 1630, the very year after the second; the fourth in 1741, and the fifth in 1749.

The sale of a work is the sure proof of its value, and no bad one of its merits: from the foregoing statement, therefore, it may properly be affirmed, that Chambers deserved considerable praise. The conception was not entirely original in our language; for Harris's Lexicon Technicum, though more confined in its plan, and compressed in its size, preceded the Cyclopedia with popular success. Neither can it be admitted that Chambers was a man of the fittest capacity for improving this example. Nevertheless, if we are to believe (and there appears no evidence to the contrary before us) that he was a self-taught scholar, we must then award him the meed of piercing and even original talents; while in gratitude we are bound to respect him, for presenting to his countrymen a most useful publication in a form so commanding, that minds of greater power made the undertaking complete as soon as a decent opportunity permitted. The most disparaging censure pronounced against it is, that it was a servile compilation; and that there is some truth in the charge cannot be denied, though the editors of the French Encyclopedie, who urged it with the greatest acrimony, made it with the least grace. Chambers certainly extracted and copied without any scrupulosity, but he did not pilfer from his rivals; whereas the French compilers were nearly as free in drawing without acknowledgment from their native authors, as he was in making use of his own countrymen. Chambers borrowed at home because there the loan was most easily effected, and the French, because they detected in his pages a large mass of materials which their own praiseworthy production contained, imme-

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diately accused him of piracy—an absurd assertion, which involves the fact, that Great Britain had no primitive writers who treated on the arts and sciences. The only foreigner from whom Chambers translated to any great extent was Wolfius, and after this admission, there remain but two serious objections to the manner in which he executed his labours. The first, that by concealing his authorities he assumed a character of originality which did not belong to him, deserves all the reprobation it has received; but the second, that by an injudicious selection of heads he has confused the essence of his matter, does not appear to be so well grounded; for it is palpably the interest of such a series of volumes to disperse information into the greatest alphabetical variety possible. Here, therefore, we can only revert to that estimate of Chamber's merits which has been already summed up: he is more to be commended for what he led others to do, than for what he did himself; at the same time that the circumstances under which he worked afford the strongest evidence of standard intellect.

The Cyclopædia is a book which grew in value and increased in merits almost with every subsequent year: some mention, therefore, of its continuous history may perhaps be introduced with propriety as well as interest in this sketch of the life of its parent. While a sixth edition was in contemplation, the proprietors resolved to enlarge the contents by a supplement in 2 vols. folio, and for the execution of this addition fixed upon the late George Lewis Scott. That gentleman's preferment, however, about the same time to the post of sub-preceptor to the late King, then Prince of Wales, prevented him from continuing in the chief management of the concern. His duties were therefore transferred to Dr. John Hill, and the supplement was thus printed with both names. In process of time, it was determined to condense the whole into a new work, and after some unimportant changes of editors, the design was entrusted to the late Dr. Abraham Rees. The impression thus produced is decidedly the best we possess. It began to appear in 4to. in weekly numbers, during the year 1778, and was completed in 1785. Its sale was extensive, and its reputation standard: it received material additions as new discoveries exploded ancient doctrines, and seems to be now perfected in 80 parts, which bind up in 40 volumes.

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The profitable success of the Cyclopædia from its very onset, naturally occasioned many rival publications; and it has been asserted, that at no period during the last fifty years have there been wanting one or more publications upon a similar plan. Of speculations so various, it cannot be expected that any notice should be taken here: as mere compilations, few of them are destitute of attractions; the Britannica ranks at the head of the list; but the Metropolitana, now in a course of publication seems likely to dispute the palm of superiority, even with Chambers's amended series.

Resuming the life of Chambers, it remains to be observed, that although the Cyclopædia was evidently the principal occupation of his life, and must be considered the sole foundation of his fame, yet his labours were by no means confined to this one undertaking. He took an active share in conducting the Literary Magazine, an unsuccessful periodical, which was first circulated in 1735; and also joined with Mr. Martyn, formerly professor of Botany at the University of Cambridge, in preparing an abridged translation of those Philosophical Transactions which were printed by the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris. This work did not make its appearance until the year 1742: it consisted of five volumes, 8vo. and by no means fulfilled the expectations which had been formed of its deserts. Martyn, in a subsequent publication, was ungenerous enough to avow that the censure applied to Chambers's portion of the task; but this assertion is to be cautiously entertained, for, as the latter was dead when the volumes went to press, the former must have edited them, and by consequence should have corrected what he could not approve, particularly as there seems to have been ample time allowed him for the care. One other work has been ascribed to Chambers, namely, the translation of that excellent French treatise on Perspective, which is generally styled the Jesuit's. It was originally sold in 4to., is decently executed, and has passed through several editions.

Upon the face of these statements it is palpable, that Chambers must have spent a life of singular industry; but the fact is established by more positive proof; for his amanuensis has declared, that between the years 1728 and 1732, his writings filled no less than twenty folio volumes, so closely copied out, that the contents would at least have extended, in print, to thirty vo-

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lumes of the same size. With such habits, his health suffered considerably, and he was at last compelled, by the remonstrances of his physicians, to exchange the confinement of his chambers in Gray's Inn, for the purer air of the suburbs. He accordingly took lodgings at Canonbury House, Islington; whence, not receiving the necessary reliefs, he was obliged to make a journey into the South of France. This excursion wrought some benefit: he returned to England, and again resided at Canonbury House. In these quarters, however, his old complaints returned with a violence his constitution was unable to resist, and a quiet death quickly ensued. As his life was retired, so his obsequies were modestly respectable: his grave was excavated immediately under the tablet already described.

The peroration to Chambers's Life in Dr. Aikin's Biographical Dictionary, is expressed with so much truth and precision, that it is almost literally extracted here:—

"It is remarkable," says the writer, "that no part of the foregoing narrative makes us acquainted with the time of the birth or probable age of Chambers. From the year 1728 to the date of his death, we reckon only twelve years, and it is probable that if he had died remarkably young, the fact would have been noticed. If he went apprentice, as is usual, at the age of fourteen, and quitted his service at twenty-one; and if we may conjecture that he was sixty years old when he died, there will remain a chasm of twenty-seven years, concerning which we have no account, except we allow the interval to have been filled up by the composition of his great work. The intellectual character of Chambers appears to have been sagacity and attention: his application was indefatigable; but it seems rather to have been the application of a man of business, than of a philosopher ardent in the pursuit of discoveries. To read, to understand, and to communicate, appears to have been the only concern of his life. He was an excellent teacher, but we have no proof that he was any thing more, or that the plan of his occupation permitted him to strike into any new paths. His temper was cheerful, but impetuous; his mode of life reserved, economical and regular—a virtue which was the more heavily impressed upon his nature, inasmuch as the emoluments he received from his literary labours were trifling in comparison with the profits derived by the booksellers from their sale.

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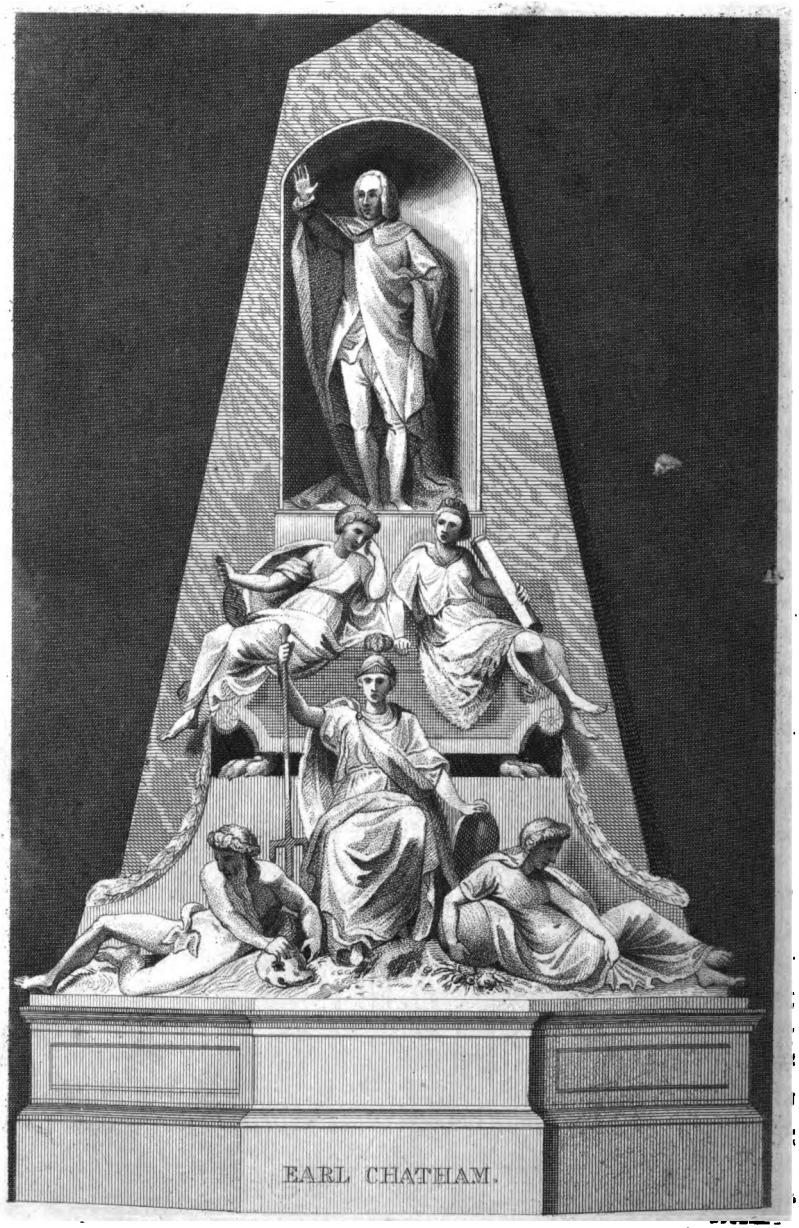

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PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.

THE memory of some men is mainly preserved by the generous resources of biography, while the fame of others endures wholly independent of artificial commemoration. The influence of the former is faint and occasional, like the borrowed rays of the moon; but the power of the latter is constant and universal, as the light of the sun. From among this constellation of fixed stars, no greater character can be delivered to the latest ages with honours more faithful than that of William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham. As an orator, he rivalled the most splendid ornaments of ancient eloquence, and as a statesman, equalled the ablest politicians of modern history. Philip, of Macedon, by his own confession, stood more in awe of Demosthenes than of all the Grecian States he laboured to oppress; but George the IId. of England, after exhibiting for years a far less honourable obnoxiousness, was at last necessitated to pay a much higher tribute to the superior genius of Chatham, by receiving from it the brightest services that adorned his reign.

The nobleman thus eminent, was the second son of Thomas Pitt, of Old Sarum, in Wilts, and was born in the parish of St. James, Westminster, on the 18th of November, 1708. Entering upon the foundation of Eton School at a proper age, he had for his companions in study George, afterwards Lord Lyttleton; Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland; Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, the poet; and Fielding, the novelist. His master was Dean Bland, who is reported to have frequently pointed him out to visitors as a young prodigy. In his eighteenth year, he was sent to Trinity College, Oxford, and there distinguished himself before a twelvemonth had elapsed, by a Latin Poem on the death of George the Ist, which was printed by the University, with several others upon the same subject.

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At this early period, the gout, a disorder hereditary in his family, began to make those attacks upon his constitution by which his after-life was most bitterly persecuted. So intense was the affliction, that he was obliged to abandon the University without a degree, and seek for some alleviation of his sufferings in a milder climate. He therefore travelled into France and Italy; and, although nothing materially relieved in health, refined his manners and enriched his mind by a large fund of premature and useful information. Returning to England, he was first elected to a seat in Parliament in February 1735, and about the same time, as his fortune was small, amounting only to 100*l.* a year, obtained a cornetcy in the Blues. Taking his seat with the opposition, he began his career as a whig, and to the very close of his life exulted in the distinction. He delivered his maiden speech upon the same occasion with his former schoolfellow, Lyttleton, the one moving and the other seconding an address of congratulation to the King, upon the marriage of the Prince of Wales. In the imperfect report of this first effort now extant, there is little, if any, earnest of superiority; it was a flowing compliment, well enounced, on all concerned in its application, and as such could not fail to secure praise: the prince, as the head of the party, and chief object of the address, of course stood particularly forward to reward the exertion by his notice.

But the ardour of his spirit soon grew remarkable, for his devotion to the cause he had espoused in politics was peremptory; and Sir Robert Walpole thought it of consequence to abuse the authority of a minister by procuring the dismissal of the young member from the army. Amongst an independent people, such an indignity can only add importance to the sufferer: Pitt's talents were thus sharpened into bolder activity, and he found his loss honourably compensated by the sympathy of his countrymen. He was immediately patronized by Lord Cobham, a popular general, who had received similar treatment from the arbitrary minister: he was moreover celebrated by the poets,* and ranked among the most

* Lyttleton published the following lines on the occasion:—

To William Pitt, Esquire,
On his losing his Commission.

Long had thy virtues marked thee out for fame
Far, far superior to a Cornet's name:

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promising men of the day. That his appearance was already commanding, and his opposition highly formidable, are facts for which sufficient evidence is to be found in the pointed attacks made upon his capacity and conduct in the Gazetteer, which was the ministerial paper of the time. There he is alluded to as a young man only just brought into the House, and already holding himself equal to Tully in eloquence, and to the oldest senators in reputation and experience. The youth against whom such sarcasms could have been anonymously levelled, must have supplied no common symptoms of energy or ambition.

At length the disagreements between the Prince of Wales and his father ran into such extremes, that the former was deprived of his apartments in St. James's Palace, and compelled to form a separate household in Leicester-square. Upon this establishment Lyttleton was made Private Secretary, and Pitt Groom of the Bedchamber. From this moment he became a more frequent speaker in the House, and was even accustomed to reply to Sir Robert Walpole. A judicious character of his eloquence was soon, therefore, publicly drawn, and we are thus instructed, that his voice was sonorous, his delivery consecutive, his manner impressive, and his style forcible and convincing. At this time the language of the House of Commons was declamatory rather than argumentative; and more polished than pointed: he was, therefore, among the first who rested on reason and facts. Still he had much to cope with, for his forward abilities were repulsed upon every occasion with an acrimony over which personal reflexions systematically preponderated. Up to the session of 1740 the molestation continued unabated, but his patience became exhausted, and he at length resisted this line of obloquy with a promptitude, an energy, and satirical pith, which for ever silenced the repetition of such ungenerous hostility. The address was extemporaneous

> This generous Walpole saw, and grieved to find
> So mean a post disgrace that noble mind:
> That servile standard from thy freeborn hand
> He took, and bade thee lead the Patriot band.

Thomson also makes honourable mention of his name in the Seasons, as does Hammond in his Elegies.

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and characteristic in an eminent degree: it is therefore given here.

On this occasion Mr. Horace Walpole had observed, that formidable sounds, and furious declamation, confident assertions, and lofty periods, might affect the young and inexperienced; and that perhaps the Honourable Gentleman might have contracted his habits of oratory by conversing more with those of his own age, than such as had greater opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and more successful methods of communicating their sentiments. To this were added some remarks upon vehement gestures, theatrical emotion, &c. &c.

Pitt instantly rose and replied :—

"The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the Honourable Gentleman has with such spirit and decency charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those, whose follies cease with their youth, and not one of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not assume the province of determining: but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement; and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch, who having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his grey hairs should secure him from insult. Much more is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue; who becomes more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money he cannot enjoy; and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country. But youth is not my only crime: I am accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of others. In the first sense, the charge is too trifling to be confuted; and deserves only to be mentioned that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language, and though I may perhaps have some ambition, yet to please this gentleman I will not lay myself under any restraint; nor very solicitously copy his dictation or mien, however matured by age or modelled by experience. If any man shall, by charging me with theatrical

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behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample on all those forms in which wealth and pride always entrench themselves; nor shall any thing but age restrain my resentment—age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment. But with regard to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure; the heat that offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the welfare of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice—whoever may protect them in their villainy, and whoever may partake of their plunder. And if the honourable gentleman—"

Here he was interrupted by a cry of order from Mr. Winnington, who was proceeding to enforce his opinion by the most direct abuse, when Pitt in his turn retorted the point of order, and added—

"If this be to preserve order, there is no danger of indecency from the most licentious tongue; for what calumny can be more atrocious, or what reproach more severe, than that of speaking without any regard to truth? Order may sometimes be broken by passion or inadvertency, but will seldom be re-established by a monitor like this, who cannot govern his own passion while restraining the impetuosity of others. Happy would it be for mankind if every one knew his own province: we should not then see the same man at once a criminal and a judge, nor would this gentleman assume the right of dictating to others, what he has not learned himself. That I may return in some degree the favour which he intends me, I will advise him never again to exert himself on the point of order, but whenever he feels himself inclined to speak on such a subject, to remember how he has now succeeded, and condemn in silence what his censures will never reform."

Such was the style of his opposition, and he persevered in it unshaken, until an address to the King for the removal of Sir Robert Walpole was moved for in the House of Commons. He supported the question by a philippic of extraordinary, but ineffec-

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tual powers: the minister obtained a majority; yet found it prudent to obviate any re-agitation of the subject, by procuring a dissolution of the Parliament. The crisis of his sway was come, however, and no art could evade a fall. Pitt's eloquence had overpowered the man and his measures with indelible odium. In the new session several questions were pushed to a division, which were in no other respects consequential than as mere trials of strength between the two parties: these the minister lost, and was therefore necessitated to resign all his employments, with the title of Earl of Orford. Still his interest with the King was unaffected, and although he could not act under him, he was not precluded from influencing his measures: as he had experienced the power and passion of his adversaries, he dreaded their resentment, and therefore made the greatest exertions to divide their strength, and compound an administration out of the most greedy of their party, and the least obnoxious of his own. In this project he succeeded to perfection: Lord Carteret, Mr. Pulteney, and a few others, were drawn into a negociation without consulting their late friends; satisfactory proposals were tendered to them, and they accordingly entered upon office without hesitation.

While this coalition was in a course of adjustment, the Parliament had been prorogued. On the very day the members assembled again, it became manifest that the nation was highly discontented with the recent changes: the new ministry were openly accused of having bartered for their places, by insuring the safety of Walpole, and two motions for an enquiry into his conduct were immediately brought forward. Both were ably advocated by Pitt:—the first failed by a majority of two; but the second, though carried in the Commons through all the stages of a bill, was thrown out by the Lords: the proceedings were never again revived. The usual course of parliamentary opposition was all that was now left to Pitt, and in that he was indefatigable. He denounced the war, corrected the policy, and exposed the imperfect measures of the ministry with an amplitude of talent and tenacious gallantry, such as the country had never before witnessed. Latterly respected as an orator, he now grew reverenced as a patriot, and was looked up to with the most enthusiastic admiration. The indications of this feeling were numerous and strong, but all yielded to the ge-

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nerosity of Sarah, Duchess Dowager of Marlborough, who in 1744 bequeathed him 10,000*l.* "*in consideration of his public merit, and the noble defence he made to support the cause, and prevent the ruin of his country.*" Great as this tribute certainly was, it was soon after emulated and exceeded; for in 1764 he received, with a similar declaration, a legacy of 1000*l.* from Ralph Allen, Esquire, and in 1765, Sir William Pynsent, of Burton Pynsent, in Somersetshire, left him an unincumbered estate of 3000*l.* a year, upon the same principles.

While he was thus exalted in popular estimation, his rise to place was gradually prepared by the jealousies which began to prevail among the ministers. Lord Carteret, now Viscount Granville, insinuated himself so adroitly into the favour of the monarch, that his colleagues took alarm at the ascendancy, and lest such another exclusive sway as Sir Robert Walpole had enjoyed, should again obtain, took private means to undermine his power. Lord Cobham, as the leader of the opposition, was the principal person to be secured; he was allowed to dictate his terms, and as soon as they were ratified, Lord Granville was outvoted in the cabinet, and forced to retire. Pitt's introduction to office was one of the stipulated conditions of this change; but there were some difficulties to be surmounted before the promise could be reduced to performance. George the IId. had all along turned from his person and politics with the most unmitigated aversion; he considered him the responsible agent of all those acts by which the cabinet had lately been convulsed, and the favourite interests of his German politics contravened:—Lord Cobham, therefore, held it a matter of delicacy, as well as prudence, to take the Duke of Newcastle's undertaking that these prejudices should be removed, and the object of them honourably provided for.

In consequence of this arrangement, Pitt became a ministerial advocate in the Parliamentary session of 1745; and here it is to be observed, that in the very first speech he made in his new capacity he retreated from principles which he had long and brilliantly professed. As soon as assistance was claimed by the crown for the suppression of the Scotch rebellion, Sir Francis Dashwood took occasion to submit a motion, by the terms which the House was required to pledge itself, that care should be speedily taken to frame such bills, as would secure the people from

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the corrupt and undue influence so notoriously exercised during a late administration. This had been a standard proposition with Pitt; but he now opposed it; and as this was the first time he gave his enemies ground to grapple with him on, the circumstance should not be passed over without notice. He objected to the vote upon two reasons; first, because as he asserted, it was only brought forward to involve the existing ministry in the acts of their predecessors, and thus make them disreputable to the nation; and secondly, because he held it to be ill-seasoned and dangerous for them to waste their time in guarding our liberties from corruption, when an enemy was at hand to snatch in arms all that was valuable from our grasp. This was an ingenious defence from the charge of tergiversation, and yet it may be remarked, that nothing has been more common in our history, than for one body of ministers to atone for the misconduct of those who ruled before them, and by a just provision remove the engines of oppression from the hands of future statesmen. Experience proves that the season of political adversity is the most auspicious to political virtue. The noblest bulwarks of the British Constitution have been won in moments of national difficulty and danger; and it is far too much to pretend, that on the present occasion, the Parliament had not ample time to vote the necessary supplies, and also to redress the stated grievances. To affirm that the support which was afforded to the Government in the distress of 1745, would have been in any degree enervated by such a course, is absurd; for the ministry could only have been strengthened by a manly renunciation of abuses, the notoriety of which was a gross provocation to rebellion.

While mentioning his first recantation, it may not prove unsatisfactory to point out at the same time, one or two others upon which his adversaries have particularly harped. It happened soon after, that an incidental subject gave rise to several pointed remarks upon the prerogative so frequently exercised by the crown, of dismissing officers from the army, and reducing men to the ranks, without a court-martial, or any enquiry into their conduct. Of this occasion Pitt availed himself to uphold the measure in its fullest extent, although it was one of those which he had most delighted to oppugn when in opposition himself. Another and a more signal instance followed; for when, in 1751,

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a treaty was closed with Spain recognising her right to seize, detain, and search all British vessels within certain lines of her American dependancies,—he acknowledged he was in error, when he had formerly urged this concession to be an insufferable indignity. On this point, these his second thoughts, were by no means the best, for the right was subsequently revoked, and has not since been allowed.

If this moderation, to use the gentlest phrase, upon the part of Mr. Pitt, was adopted with the view of conciliating the King, it met with that return which all subserviency deserves. He was left to sit unheeded on the ministerial benches, until at last Lord Cobham felt himself bound in deceney to demand the fulfilment of the Duke of Newcastle's promise; and then it was found that the thing was impracticable – the King would not listen to it. Under such circumstances it was greatly to Mr. Pitt's credit, that his friends adhered to him with unanimity and spirit,—they threw up their places, and Lord Granville was recalled. But the ferment was too high, and the combination too strong for any minister to withstand; and George the IInd. was forced to acknowledge that no king of England can long act upon prejudice, and reign without violence. The Pelham family, Lord Cobham, and his friends were of necessity speedily restored to office, and Mr. Pitt, after being for a short time Vice-treasurer of Ireland, was made Paymaster to the Forces. Of his conduct in this preferment the most honourable mention has been preserved: his actions fully confirmed the upright character of his mind. Before his time it was a custom with the paymasters to retain in their hands a sum of 100,000*l*., under the pretence of casual emergencies, which they invested in the funds for their own advantage. This mercenary abuse he forthwith corrected; he lodged the receipts of his office in the Bank of England, and there the balance of his account was found when he left his place. This integrity greatly chagrined his enemies, and confirmed the virtue of his reputation. But even a higher instance of conscientious rectitude soon after appeared, when a subsidy voted by Parliament to the King of Sardinia and Queen of Hungary was made payable at his office, where a per-centage, by way of perquisite, had hitherto been charged upon all disbursements of the kind. Pitt, however, paid the

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amount without any deduction, honestly declaring that the House of Commons had awarded a certain sum, and the servants of the crown were bound to give it entire. When this act was reported to the King of Sardinia, he commanded his ambassador to tender to Mr. Pitt a sum of money, upon the terms of a royal present; but this favour was also declined—a pertinaciousness of purity which incited his Majesty to exclaim in the fervour of continental panegyric, "*Surely this Englishman must be something more than mortal!*"

In 1754, Mr. Pitt married Hester, the daughter of Richard Grenville, Esquire, a lady of congenial education and spirit, with whom he spent a life of harmony, unbroken by one discord. This match cemented a political connection of great influence, and by making Lord Temple his brother-in-law, led to a friendship of distinguished memory. But while his private life was thus happily circumstanced, he was by no means satisfied with his public situation. The King, though obliged to receive him as a servant, was far from inclined to treat him with favour; and for this aversion he condemned his colleagues. He seldom spoke in the House, and is only to be noted about this date for a charitable bill to regulate the payments of the Chelsea Pensioners. It thus became evident there was no cordiality between the men in administration. Little national prosperity could be expected from such a divided state of things, and much distress soon occurred: Lord Anson lost Minorca, and our trade to the Mediterranean grew crippled; the introduction of a body of Hanoverian troops into England, under a fear of French invasion, excited intense murmurs; the ministers became embarrassed; Pitt refused to co-operate with them, and was at last authorized by the King to fill up the offices of government as he deemed most beneficial. Giving the Admiralty to Lord Temple, he made his friend Mr. Legge, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and became Secretary of State himself. To secure an interest in the House of Commons, he ceded the Treasury to the Duke of Newcastle, and thus entered upon his first administration under the most flattering appearances of general confidence.

The aspect of public affairs soon assumed far happier features; Pitt was the soul of his party, and he infused his own vigour into every council and every act. It was a rule with him to disregard

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all party distinctions and family interests; to employ men of sterling talents, on whatever side he found them; and to ensure victory by filling the army and navy with officers of experienced bravery. His first care was to dislodge the Hanoverian troops from the English garrisons, and upon sending them back to the Continent, to provide for the internal defence of the country by levying an able militia. He raised new regiments in the Highlands, and by indicating confidence in the Scotch succeeded in obtaining it. He kept all the powers of the empire alert by a series of unintermitted enterprizes, and attacked the enemy in every quarter of the globe. He despatched fleets to the East and West Indies, and forwarded another squadron to seize the Island of Goree, on the coast of Africa—an undertaking as gallantly executed as it was propitiously designed, and from the late dearth of success, hailed with delight by the people. Still, however, the Monarch persisted in his antipathies, and the difference was soon destined to receive fatal aggravation. The campaign on the Continent had no sooner set in, than George the IInd. determined to send the Duke of Cumberland to the relief of the King of Prussia, a mode of interference which Pitt had determined not to countenance. He refused to advance any money for the journey; and, although by virtue of his office he delivered a message from the Crown to the Commons, requesting a supply for the prosecution of the continental war, he refused to support the subject of the prayer. For this act he and his party were dismissed:—the places of his friends were easily supplied, but his remained unoccupied.

When this circumstance transpired, the discontent of the people rose to the highest pitch, and the public feeling was proclaimed without hesitation or reserve. The freedom of the principal cities throughout the kingdom was presented to the ejected minister in the most complimentary manner; and addresses, expressing general thanks, and an unqualified approbation of his conduct, poured in on him from all quarters. In short, the nation was in a fever, and neither intrigue nor command sufficed to control its ravings: the King found it vain to withstand; and is said to have shed tears of mortification, when thus forced to yield the reins of government a second time to the dictation of William Pitt. This triumph was in the highest degree uncompromising and complete. He placed his late rival, Mr. Fox, under

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him; and subjected Lord Anson, who at his Majesty's particular entreaty was allowed in remain at the Admiralty, under restrictions, which in a manner annihilated his influence. The leading departments were again conducted by his personal friends; confidence was restored to the people, and warm hopes of happiness again prevailed.

Upon resuming his station at the head of affairs, he laboured under many disadvantages—his temporary successors had defeated, by their weakness and indecision, the projects he had left in a course of operation; and he was thus reduced to the necessity of making considerable sacrifices, in order to overcome the consequences of their imprudence. At the very onset, two plans upon which he embarked were defeated; these were the expeditions against Rochfort, on the coast of France, and Louisburg, in North America. They appeared to have been rather defectively attempted by the commanding officers, than injudiciously projected; and were more deplored than censured by the community. But he rapidly arranged the resources of the state, and gave equal proofs of spirit, wisdom, and integrity. When the courts of Russia, Denmark, and France, entered into a coalition, and shut our ships out of the Baltic; he immediately exemplified the vigour of his character, by despatching a squadron, which seized upon every Dutch vessel to be found at sea. This intrepid measure counteracted the danger; but it was necessary to repeat the blow; and he, therefore, concurred with his Majesty in arming 40,000 Hanoverians to assist the King of Prussia. It is by no means necessary to examine here, whether this policy was a renunciation of those principles upon which he had hitherto condemned the continental measures of the late ministry: when circumstances change, opinions must veer also, and it is manifest that the situation of Great Britain was at this conjuncture critical in the extreme. The confidence of our enemies was increased, and their force doubled; and thus the means which might have sufficed to overcome them before, could not possibly prove adequate to a deeper emergency. Pitt, therefore, was less an altered man than the victim of altered events; and he flourished in his versatility.

During one of the first interviews which took place between George the IInd. and Mr. Pitt, the following dialogue took place.

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"Sire," said the minister, "give me your confidence, and I will deserve it." "Deserve my confidence," retorted the Sovereign, "and you shall have it." The test being now given, the conditions followed; and nothing could exceed the cordiality with which both parties henceforward co-operated in prosecuting the interests of the empire.

While the King was thus all assentation, and the Minister all alacrity, the Parliament proved equally unanimous and co-operative: the war therefore prospered gallantly, and France was comparatively distressed. The year 1758 was marked by exemplary successes. In Asia the French lost Massulipatam, and were defeated in two engagements at sea; in America, Louisburg, the forts Du Quesne and Frontiniac, and the Island of St. John, were taken; Senegal surrendered, on the coast of Africa; and in Europe the persevering boldness of Hawke was rewarded by a series of brilliant naval victories. Nor was the following year characterized by results less glorious. The fall of Quebec was immortalized by the death of Wolfe; and Ticonderago, Crownpoint, and Niagara, dropped successively before our arms. In the West Indies, Guadaloupe, Marie Galante, Desiderade, and other islands were captured. Havre was bombarded by Rodney, and Brest blockaded by Hawke; the Hanoverians in our pay won the battle of Minden; and on the 20th of November, the naval strength of France was annihilated in an engagement off Brest.

Such was the happy state of things in which George the IInd. was succeeded on the throne by his grandson George the IIIrd.; and a new body of men was immediately preferred to power. Almost on the instant Lord Bute, who had been the young monarch's tutor and friend, began to exert his pernicious influence; and a party was directly formed to eject Mr. Pitt, and grasp all the patronage of the nation within their own hands. No domestic intrigues, however, could counteract the advantages which his discernment had provided abroad. Thus Montreal and all Canada fell into our possession: the Islands of Martinique, St. Lucia, Grenada, and St. Vincent were seized; and Belleisle, on the coast of France, and Pondicherry, in Hindoostan, were taken. Meanwhile the secret coalition gradually prevailed; the policy of the triumphant minister was opposed in every quarter; and at last, after having brought the power of France, during an adminis-

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tration of only three years, to a lower ebb than it had been reduced by all the achievements of Marlborough in a ten years' war; he found himself outvoted in the council, and was obliged to vacate his office.

Whatever may have been the repugnance to Mr. Pitt's principles and person, as it was impossible to deny the greatness of his services, so it was deemed most prudent to recompense them with the customary honours. His lady was therefore gazetted Baroness Chatham, in her own right, with a reversion to her issue male, and an annuity of 3000*l.* for three lives was granted to support the dignity. Of these various matters an account was given by the late minister himself in a letter addressed to the Town-clerk of the city of London, which, to save a less interesting explanation, is inserted:—

Dear Sir,

Finding to my great surprise, that the cause and manner of my resigning the seals is grossly misrepresented in the City, as well as that the most gracious and spontaneous marks of His Majesty's approbation of my services,—which marks followed my resignation,—have been infamously traduced, as a bargain for my forsaking the public; I am under the necessity of declaring the truth of both these facts, in a manner which, I am sure, no gentleman will contradict. A difference of opinion, with regard to measures to be taken against Spain, of the highest importance to the honour of the crown, and the most essential national interests,—and this founded on what Spain had already done, not on what that court may further intend to do—was the cause of my resigning the seals. Lord Temple and I submitted in writing, and signed by us, our most humble sentiments to His Majesty, which being overruled by the rest of the King's servants, I resigned the seals on Monday the 5th of this month, in order not to remain responsible for measures, which I was no longer allowed to guide. Most gracious public marks of His Majesty's approbation of my services followed my resignation. They are unmerited and unsolicited, and I shall ever be proud to have received them from the best of sovereigns. I will now only add, my dear Sir, that I have explained these matters only for the honour of truth; not in any view to court return of confidence from any man, who, with a credulity as weak as it is injurious, has thought fit hastily to withdraw his good opinion from one who has served his country with fidelity and success; and who

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justly reveres the upright and candid judgment of it, little solicitous about the censures of the capricious and ungenerous. Accept my sincerest acknowledgment for all your kind friendship, and believe me ever with truth and esteem,

My dear Sir,

Your faithful friend,

Hayes,
Oct. 15, 1761.

W. PITT.

His policy, however, was destined to prevail, and he triumphed alike whether in or out of place; for in the month of January the ministers were compelled to issue that declaration of war against Spain which he wished to have made. Being returned to the new Parliament for the city of Bath, he regarded measures rather than men, and gave his best advice for the prosperity of those projects which had been so reluctantly adopted after his instigation. To pursue the history of Lord Bute's unpopular administration were here out of place: it is enough to mention that, after a mean violation of the national pledges given to the King of Prussia, a peace which ought to have been dictated on the proudest terms, was conceded with advantages to the courts of France and Spain. When the treaty was laid before Parliament, Pitt took his seat, although labouring under the most excruciating illness, and spoke against the measure, leaning on two friends, until the House, moved by the victory of talent over suffering, gave him the unprecedented indulgence of delivering his sentiments seated. The speech lasted for three hours: he reviewed his own acts and the conduct of his opponents, with the greatest scope and perspicuity; he canvassed every article with the most forcible precision, and laid open the utter weakness of the proceeding with incontrovertible skill. The harangue was a conclusive exposition of the incapacity of government; the ministers tottered on to extinction; and two overtures were ineffectually made to associate Pitt in the administration—the one in 1763, the other in 1765. Upon both occasions he was honoured by a long conference with the King; but he pertinaciously objected to stand connected with Lord Bute; and the Marquis of Rockingham took the place of the latter at the head of the Treasury. Under this party it is to be remembered the American Stamp Act was passed into a law, an unfortunate measure, which was earnestly deprecated by Mr. Pitt.

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The state thus unsettled, and the people equally dissatisfied, a change was not to be avoided; and accordingly, in 1766, Mr. Pitt was authorised to nominate a ministry. For himself he chose the post of Lord Privy Seal, and was therefore necessarily created a Peer by the title of Earl of Chatham. In the task of filling up the other appointments, he proceeded with his wonted decision, and actually completed a list of coadjutors without consulting with a single friend. This independence led to the most serious disappointments: Lord Temple told him he wished to make himself a dictator, and positively refused to act with him on any but equal terms. Still he felt too secure to admit of any control, or deviate from an arrangement once fixed by his own judgment. He hoped to govern unshackled by any sinister influence, and solely trusted for support, to the honesty of his views, the confidence of the King, and the attachment of his fellow-countrymen:—he stood, therefore, resolute and unyielding. The noble friends met in coldness, and parted with angry warmth.

The disagreement was ominous, and heavily involved Lord Chatham in embarrassment. He was chagrined to find adversaries in the very associates he desired to possess, and was in a manner constrained to pack a casual ministry of strangers, who were connected together by no ties of mutual regard, and upheld by no particular influence. He had now, therefore, to experience that in England splendid talents alone are not sufficient to give security to the highest situations, and that the government of the nation, and the management of a party were things arduously distinct. The Lords Temple and Chatham together constituted a host: the one moved by the graciousness of his address, the other commanded by the greatness of his powers; but apart, they fell the prey of conflicting interests. It was in vain that the former laboured to attach some men of family interest, of weight and dignity, to his side; he had professed to prosper independent of their connexions, and they would not forgive the aspiration. Under this pressure of cares his health suffered considerably; he was obliged to visit Bath, where he remained ailing and inactive during the rest of the year. As soon as he was able to travel, he took a house at Hampstead, but soon after removed to his seat at Hayes, because he thought the air there better. While thus incapacitated both by indisposition and disgust, it is evident he could have taken

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little share in the councils of the cabinet; indeed, the abstract of this his second administration is nothing more than a painful story, of bad health, aggravated by intrigues which he was incensed to grapple with, and mortified not to surmount. During the whole period, negotiations for a change were going on with the King, and several substitutions were actually made in office, while he remained in the country. At one time his infirmity was so extreme, that the seal was put into commission, and the parliamentary session passed over without his attendance. This anomalous predicament could not long continue; the minister who never interferes and is never consulted, can never be safe; so that in December 1767, he was ultimately roused to the propriety of relinquishing a station, which he could not hold either to his own honour, or the contentment of the country. This, perhaps, is the only passage in the life of the Earl of Chatham, which the reader can neither envy nor admire: it may therefore be somewhat satisfactory to characterize it in his own words.—"When," said he, upon a subsequent occasion, "I was earnestly called upon for the public service from Somersetshire, I came on the wings of zeal;—I consented to preserve a peace which I abominated,—a peace I would not make, but would preserve when made;—I undertook to preserve a government by law, but to shield no man from public justice. These terms were accepted—I thought with sincerity accepted. I own I was credulous: I was duped, I was deceived; for I soon found there was no ORIGINAL administration to be suffered in the country. The same secret invisible influence still prevailed, which had put an end to all preceding administrations as soon as they opposed or declined to act under it."

Being now emancipated from the trammels of office, he turned round with eagerness to seek a reconciliation with Lord Temple, and the brothers were soon bound again together in affection. For two sessions the Earl was unable to take his seat in Parliament, but in 1770, the general excitement of the country stimulated him also into indignant vigour. England was exasperated by the unconstitutional proceedings relative to the Middlesex election, and America maddened by the most odious measures of taxation. On the first day the Parliament assembled he attended in his place, and pronounced a speech memorable in the annals of oratory for the

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astonishing powers it revealed, and the mighty effect it produced. Upon this, and several occasions immediately subsequent, he may almost be said to have fought with his opponents in personal contest, and to have always flung them from him crippled with defeat: it is no hyperbole to speak of the thunders of eloquence in describing the deep vehemence with which he launched out his denunciations; for the ministers seemed actually to crouch before him around the throne. The Lord Chancellor Camden divided with him, and was dismissed; several other resignations took place, and before the year ended he drove the Duke of Grafton from place and power. Some idea of these formidable exertions may be gathered from an extract:—

"I thank my God, my lords, for having thus long preserved so inconsiderable a being as I am, to take a part upon this great occasion, and to contribute my endeavours, such as they are, to restore, to save, to confirm the constitution. My lords, I need not look abroad for grievances: the grand capital mischief is fixed at home; it corrupts the very fountain of our political existence, and preys upon the vitals of the state. The constitution has been violated—THE CONSTITUTION AT THIS MOMENT STANDS VIOLATED. Until that wound be healed, until that grievance be redressed, it is in vain to recommend union to Parliament, in vain to promote concord among the people. If we mean seriously to unite the nation within itself, we must convince them [the petitioners] that their enquiries are regarded, that their complaints shall be redressed. On that foundation, I would take the lead in recommending peace and harmony to the people; on any other, I would never wish to see them united again. If the breach in the constitution be effectually repaired, the people will of themselves return to tranquillity—if not, MAY DISCORD PREVAIL FOR EVER! I know to what point this doctrine and this language will appear directed; but I feel the principles of an Englishman, and I utter them without apprehension or reserve. The crisis is indeed alarming:—so much the more does it require a prudent relaxation on the part of government. If the King's servants *will not* permit a constitutional question to be decided according to the forms and on the principles of the constitution, it must then be decided in some other manner; and rather than it should be given up—rather than the nation should surrender its birthright to a despotic minister, I hope, my lords, old as I am, *I shall see the question brought to issue, and fairly tried between the people and the government.*

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My lords, this is not the language of faction: let it be tried by that criterion, by which alone we can distinguish what is factious from what is not—by the principles of the English constitution. I have been bred up in these principles, and know, that when the liberty of the subject is invaded, and all redress denied him, resistance *is* justified. If I had a doubt upon the question, I should follow the example set us by the most reverend bench, with whom I believe it is a maxim, when any doubt in points of faith arises, or any question of controversy is started, to appeal at once to the greatest source and evidence of our religion—I mean the Holy Bible. Now the constitution has its Political Bible, by which, if it be fairly consulted, every political question may and ought to be determined. Magna Charta, the Petition of Rights, and the Bill of Rights, form the code, which I call the *Bible of the English Constitution*. Had some of his Majesty's unhappy predecessors trusted less to the comments of their ministers, had they been better read in the text itself, the glorious revolution would have remained only possible in theory, and would not now have existed upon record a formidable example to their successors."

At the meeting of Parliament for 1772, he seems to have adopted a resolution of taking no farther part in public business; and thus remained absent from the House during two sessions. He had proved that talents, integrity and experience were of no avail, that an invisible power baffled or controlled every sense of honour and fear of danger; that abuse and insult were the only weapons of defence resorted to by the government; and he therefore receded from them with becoming dignity. Affairs continued to rush on to desperation, but in 1774 he found it impossible to stand aloof while the constitution was falling into a general wreck. He returned, therefore, to his post, and in a series of admirable speeches which it is impossible to describe separately in the limited compass of these pages, exemplified the fatality of the war, foretold its issue, and characterized with glowing precision the independent prosperity in arms and arts to which we were urging on the Americans. On these topics his addresses were convincing, and his positions irrefragable: but when it became known that we employed the native Indians as allies in the war, his excitement was at the highest.—

"I am astonished!" he exclaimed, "shocked to hear such principles confessed—to hear them avowed in this house or in this

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country; principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian! My lords, I did not intend to have encroached upon your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled by every duty. My lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such notions standing near the throne, polluting the ear of majesty.—'*That* God and nature put into our hands.' I know not what ideas that lord may entertain of God and nature; but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred functions of God and nature to the Indian scalping knife—to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating—literally, my lords, eating the mangled remains of his barbarous battles! Such horrible notions shock every principle of religion, divine or natural, and every feeling of humanity: and, my lords, they shock every sentiment of honour; they shock me as a lover of honourable war, and a detester of murderous barbarity. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon the right reverend bench, those goodly ministers of the gospel, and pious pastors of our church; I conjure them to join in the holy work;—I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this learned bench, to defend and support the justice of their country;—I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn—upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution;—I call upon the honour of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to uphold your own;—I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character;—I invoke the Genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord* frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain he led your victorious fleets against the boasted armada of Spain; in vain he defended and established the honour, the liberties, the religion, the Protestant religion of his country, against the arbitrary cruelties of Popery, and the Inquisition, if these more than Popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are let loose amongst us; to turn forth into our settlements, among our antient connexions, friends and relations, the merciless cannibal thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child! to send forth the infidel savage—against

* The defeat of the Spanish armada by Howard, Earl of Nottingham, is wrought in worsted on the hangings of the House of Peers: this speech was a reply to Lord Howard, of Effingham, a descendant from that gallant nobleman, whose life will be found under the letter N.

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whom? against your Protestant brethren—to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and annihilate their race and name, with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war—hell-hounds, I say again, of savage war! Spain armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of America, and we improve on the horrid example even of Spanish cruelty against our brethren and countrymen in America, of the same language, laws, liberties, and religion, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. My lords, this awful subject, so important to our honour, our constitution, and our religion, demands the most effectual enquiry; and I again call upon your lordships, and the united powers of the state, to examine it thoroughly and decisively, and to stamp upon it an indelible stigma of the public abhorrence; and I again implore those holy prelates of our religion to do away those iniquities from amongst us. Let them perform a lustration; let them purify this house and this country from this sin."

The Earl of Chatham was now a venerable nobleman of seventy. During the last twelve years of his life the gout had fastened upon his constitution, and never once left him day or night without a pang. But, though his body was thus wasted by the most excruciating of infirmities, his mind was sound and unimpaired. During five sessions of this period he had made motion after motion, and introduced bill after bill, to relieve the sufferings of the nation; he had twice received the formal thanks of the city of London, &c. &c. and in 1778, pressed forward with undiminished ardor in the prosecution of his duties. He had often avowed his readiness to die for the cause of patriotism, and the wish was registered in Heaven—he now expired a victim to it. Debilitated by illness, and harassed with troubles, he disdained to indulge the importunity of exhausted nature, and enjoy the ease of his bed, while the senate was distracted with evil counsels. As the honour of his country had been his only pride, so her adversity was now his only care.

On the 7th of April, the House of Peers was summoned to entertain a motion from the Duke of Richmond, for an address to the King on the state of the nation, in the terms of which the *necessity of recognising the independence of America was insinuated.* Chatham repaired to his seat in the feeblest condition, and delivered his final speech against the measure.

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The following is an abstract of the little he had strength to say:—

"I lament, my lords, that my bodily infirmities have so long, and especially at so important a crisis, prevented my attendance on the duties of Parliament. I have made an effort almost beyond the powers of my constitution to come down to this house this day—it is, perhaps, the last time I shall be able to enter its walls—to express the indignation I feel at an idea which I understand has gone forth of yielding up the sovereignty of America. I rejoice, my lords, that the grave has not closed upon me—that I am still alive to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy! Pressed down as I am by the hand of infirmity, I am little able to assist my country at this perilous conjuncture; but, my lords, while I have sense and memory, I will never consent to deprive the royal offspring of the House of Brunswick, the descendants of the Princess Sophia, of their fairest inheritance. Where is the man that will dare to advise such a measure? My lords, his Majesty succeeded to an empire as great in extent, as its reputation was unsullied. Shall we tarnish the lustre of this nation by an ignominious surrender of its rights and fairest possessions? Shall this great kingdom, that has survived whole and entire the Danish depredations, the Scotch inroads, and the Norman conquest—that has stood the threatened invasion of the Spanish armada, now fall prostrate before the house of Bourbon? Surely, my lord, the nation is no longer what it was. Shall a people that seventeen years ago was the terror of the world, now stoop so low, as to tell its antient and inveterate enemy—take all we have, only give us peace? It is impossible. I wage war with no man or set of men: I wish for none of their employments; nor would I co-operate with men who still persist in unretracted error; or who, instead of acting on a firm decisive line of conduct, halt between two opinions, even where there is no middle way. In God's name, if it is absolutely necessary to declare either for peace or war, and the former cannot be preserved with honour, why is not the latter commenced without hesitation? I am not, I confess, well informed of the resources of the kingdom; but I trust it has still sufficient to maintain its just rights, though I know them not. But, my lords, any state is better than despair. Let us, at least, make one effort, and if we must fall, let us fall like men."—

Here he was obliged to pause and rest: he had still a plan to

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propose for the recovery of America, and though Lord Temple asked his leave to rise and unfold it, he refused the assistance, saying, "No, no, I will do it by and by." He accordingly made two or three unsuccessful efforts to stand, but nature was exhausted—he fainted, and fell down on his seat. Lord Temple and the Duke of Cumberland raised him up in a state of insensibility: the House adjourned, and he was tenderly removed in a day or two to his favourite villa at Hayes, in Kent. Every resource of skill and medicine was there exerted in vain: he died on the 11th of the following month, under circumstances of unmitigated condolence and respect.

The honours paid to his memory were appropriately signal: the House of Commons paid his debts, amounting to 40,000*l.* —provided a public funeral, by which his body, after lying in state for three days in the Painted Chamber of the House of Lords, was interred with great pomp, within about twenty yards of the north entrance to Westminster Abbey;—and then erected the monument which records his fame in the west transept. Upon this stately pile, he is represented clothed in his parliamentary robes, and in the act of speaking. The right hand is lifted forward, and the whole attitude is happily developed to impress that style and manner which so peculiarly characterized his address. On the sarcophagus beneath, are Prudence twisting a serpent round a mirror, and Fortitude striking a spear against the column; Britannia sits calmly in front, and two massive figures of Earth and Ocean recline at her feet. The artist employed upon this performance was Bacon, the Academician, and he has produced a work of striking grandeur: the statue of his lordship is happily conceived, and well wrought, but it is impossible not to complain, that the natural feeling of admiration which it excites, should be darkened and confused by such a bulk of allegorical decorations. Johnson exploded mythology from our poetry, but what genius shall purify our artists from similar affectation? The inscription, a simple truth, reads as follows:—

Erected by the King and Parliament
As a testimony to
The Virtues and Ability
of
William Pitt, Earl of Chatham.

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During whose administration, in the reigns of George the II.
And George the III.
Divine Providence
Exalted Great Britain
To a height of Prosperity and Glory
Unknown in any former age.

A man such as William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, appears but seldom in the world. Original, hardy, bold, and unaccommodating, he despised party, and crushed corruption: his passion was patriotism, and his ambition fame. His genius, fitted for any station, is nobly attested in the context of a successful life; it is therefore unnecessary to expatiate upon his ability as a statesman. His eloquence was not of that correct and polished order which has obtained preference by the style of classical; but it was nerved by conviction, and animated with a fire which overthrew all contention: there is an amplitude in the matter of his speeches, a universal compass in his elucidations by which he seems in a manner to stretch out his mind—reach in the most distant objects, and charm even irrelevant points to his purpose. Alternately familiar and dignified, argumentative and declamatory, it was always happy; he lit upon his subject as if by chance, and let loose his thoughts "by flashes, which, like those of the eye, may be felt, but not followed." Both in the senate and the cabinet his talents constituted an era; he found superiors in no capacity, and was never approached by equals.

As a man, he was generally considered proud and unamiable; there was a stoical assurance of superior desert about him, which distanced equality and chilled friendship;—George the III. is reported to have complained that his presence impaired royalty. Impatient of contradiction, he was unrestrained in passion, and frequently embarrassed in precipitate denunciations. Thus he reviled Carteret, Lord Granville, when living, and eulogized him when dead, even to the avowal, that he owed to him all his knowledge as a statesman. He uttered the bitterest philippics against Sir Robert Walpole, and would have impeached him on a bill of pains and penalties; yet he could afterwards quote his authority at convenience as that of a great and good man. At one time he declared Lord Anson unfit to command a cock-boat on the river

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Thames, and at another gratefully affirmed that he was the greatest naval commander for wisdom, care, and experience, the country ever possessed.* If these, however, are to be regarded as the praises of atonement, they must also be respected as so many proofs of a generous heart. The few who were admitted to social intimacy with him, have paid warm tributes to the worth of his private character, which they represent to have been unsullied by vice or meanness, and elevated by liberal sentiments. Lively and agreeable, he delighted the circle of his fire-side by a versatility of wit, adapted to every vein of conversation, and a playful humour equal to every companion.

His Countess survived him: she had bore him three sons and two daughters, of whom John succeeded to the titles and estates; William rivalled his father as a statesman, and James-Charles died young: of the latter, Hester became Countess of Stanhope, and Harriet married the Honourable E. J. Elliott. A volume of Lord Chatham's Letters to his nephew, afterwards Lord Camelford, have been published: his speeches have also been collected, and are to be had in 3 volumes, 8vo.

* When his sister, Lady Stanhope, accepted a pension from Sir R. Walpole, he wrote her a sharp letter, expressing his indignation that the words Pitt and pension should ever alliterate in his family: when he became a pensioner himself, the Lady enclosed him back his own letter.

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CHAUCER.

A LITTLE to the right of the entrance into the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, are the relics of a Gothic tomb, in black stone, which is now greatly mutilated, and destitute of any inscription or symbol by which the object of its erection may be known. Yet this ruin was once a handsome memorial of the fame of Geoffrey Chaucer, the venerable father of English poetry; whose earthly remains, as well as can be conjectured from the description of the spot given by Caxton, the printer, were deposited somewhat near the front of the contiguous monument to Dryden. There are few readers who can contemplate the modern neglect of such a grave without many feelings of honest sorrow; nor can any friend to literature learn without indignation, that a name which was justly honoured by former ages with the most signal tributes of regard, should be thus abandoned to utter decay by the present generation. Caxton is reported to have been the first who offered homage to the spot: he employed Stephanus Surigonius, who is described a Poet Laureate of Milan, to write a long elegy in Latin, which was hung up on one of the opposite pillars. Of this composition, only two verses, and they are in all probability the opening ones, have been preserved: they may be thus translated:

> Here Geoffrey Chaucer, bard, and the first pride
> Of mother verse, in holy ground I bide.*

About the year 1655 or 1656, according to Wood, a Mr. Nicholas Brigham, who was a student in the University of Oxford, and a writer of verses, went to the expense of that erection, which, in fact, still exists. Above the sarcophagus he placed a picture of

* Galfridus Chaucer vates et fama poesis
Maternæ, hic sacrâ sum tumulatus humo.

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the poet, copied from the head in Occleve's book, and upon it inserted a Latin inscription, which was legible in 1766, and in English may run thus:—

Of old the bard who struck the noblest strains—
Great Geoffrey Chaucer, now this tomb retains.
If for the period of his life you call,
The signs are under that will note you all.
In the year of our Lord 1400, on the 25th day of October.
Death is the repose of cares.
N. Brigham charged himself with these in the name of the Muses.*

Along the ledge of the tomb, or more probably on a fillet of brass with which we are told it was bound, three lines were engraved to this effect:—

What erst I was some fame may haply say,
If not, for earthly glories die away,
These records scan.†

The biography of Chaucer has repeatedly been inquired into by many authors, and as often published with particular merit, yet notwithstanding all the talent which has been applied to the subject, every account of his works, and most incidents of his life, remain to this day in a lamentable condition of contradiction and uncertainty. The time and place of his birth, and the circumstances of his parentage, have been variously related. According to some he was the son of a knight, resident in London; to others, of a vintner, and of a general merchant. Again, there have been those who maintained that he was born in Berkshire,

* Qui fuit Anglorum vates ter maximus olim,
Galfridus Chaucer, conditur hoc tumulo:
Annum si quæris Domini, si tempora vitæ,
Ecce notæ subsunt quæ tibi cuncta notant.
A.D. 1400. Die Mensis Octob. 25.
Ærumnarum requies Mors.
N. Brigham hos fecit Musarum nomine sumptus.

† Si rogites quis eram, forsan te Fama docebit;
Quod si Fama negat, mundi quia gloria transit,
Hæc monumenta lege.

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at Oxford, and in London. This latter supposition is the one now generally received, because it is deducible from his own declaration in the 'Testament of Love;' and if to this be added a conjecture, that his father was a tradesman in the city, (because his arms which were long preserved in the College of Heralds, indicate no sign of nobility,) all that is most probable respecting his descent will have been stated. As to the period of his birth, it is almost concurrently fixed in the second year of Edward the III. A. D. 1328; and the locality of his education is nearly as universally adopted from Leland, who affirms that he studied first at Oxford, and afterwards at Cambridge. Be this fact as it may, it is clear that he was more than ably versed in the literature of his age: his claim to the style of Father of English Poetry may be disputed upon the strict terms of priority, but his varied knowledge, and the great ease and richness he introduced into our versification and language, are points sufficiently attested by his different compositions.

We are told that Chaucer gave early proofs of ability, and it seems but likely that the assertion should be true, for his genius was of that prompt and copious order which is prone to precocious development. According to this tradition, he distinguished himself while at Cambridge by the composition of several elegies, sonnets, &c. and the 'Court of Love,' a long poem of some fourteen hundred lines, which has been declared an imitation of the 'Romaunt of the Rose,' and is particularly remarkable for the familiarity with which he profanes the hymns of the Church, and even the Psalms of the Bible. To afford some idea of the character of this performance, the opening lines are here attempted in modern phrase, and the original subjoined below.

* The art of love I write, and gay songs make,
That may be sung in honour of the King
And Queen of Love; and then I undertake
He that is saddest shall full merry sing,
And not prove dangerous in any thing.

---

* In art of love I write and songes make,
That maie be song in honour of the King
And Queen of Love; and then I undirtake
He that is sadde shall then full merry sing,
And dangerous not ben in every thing.

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I prythee mark my will, and kindly read,
And let your answer soothe me from my dread.

What is your name? rehearse me here I pray,
From whence and where, of what condition
'Tis you're derived—this shall I gather, say:
For I would know your disposition,
You have put on your old intention;
But how ye mean to serve I do not wot,
Save that ye vow you love me burning hot.

My name,—alas! my heart why feel ye strange?
Philogenet they call me far and near;
A Cambridge clerk who never thinks to change
From you, who with those streams so heavenly clear,
My spirit ravish all in fear.
Since erst my pittance note I scrawled for grace,
Methinks I see some mercy in thy face.

At this period Chaucer is described by Leland as a ready logician,' a smooth rhetorician, a pleasant poet, a grave philosopher, an ingenious mathematician, and a holy divine,—deep and comprehensive attainments, of which, lest we should doubt the reality, his biographers have been careful to remark, that his 'Discourses of the Astrolabe,' an instrument for taking the altitude of the

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Beseche I you but seen my will and rede
And let your answere put me out of drede.

What is your name? reherse it here I praie;
Of whens and where, of what condition
That ye ben of: let me se; come of and saie:
Fain would I know your disposicion;
Ye have put on your old entencion,
But what ye mene to serve me I ne wotte
Saufe that ye saie ye love me wound it hote.

My name, alas! my herte why makes thou straunge?
Philogenet I call'd am ferre and nere,
Of Cambridge clerke, that nevir think to chaunge
Fro you, that with your heavenly stremis clere
Ravishe myne herte and ghost and all in fere.
Since at the first I write my bill for grace,
Methinke I se some mercie in your face.

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stars, show his acquaintance with astronomy;—that his 'Tale of the Chanon's Yeoman' exhibits him versed in the hermetic philosophy; and that his 'Parson's Tale' proves his knowledge of scholastic divinity. Such then were his accomplishments when he took leave of a university life, and with a view of more worldly knowledge, travelled through France and the Low Countries,—an event, which is sufficiently accredited, though unconfirmed by the minor particulars of time and dates. Upon his return to England, he became a student at law, in which capacity it is upon record, that he was fined by the benchers of Gray's Inn, for beating a Friar in Fleet-street.

The next scene in which Chaucer is found to figure, is at the Court of Edward the III., where he began his career with the post of valettus, or page to his Majesty. For this preferment he stood indebted to the interest of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, a Prince to whom it appears he rendered some confidential services in that amorous suit by which he ultimately obtained the hand of Blanche of Lancaster, in marriage. The intimacy thus formed was strengthened in process of time by other circumstances: attaching himself to the political views of his patron, he was alike caressed by him and the Duchess, and spent a considerable portion of his time with them at Woodstock, where he inhabited a square stone house, long distinguished by his name, near the Park Gate. About the year 1360, a period at which we are informed he was reputed one of the handsomest men about Court, he married Philippa Rouet, the sister of Catherine, widow of Sir Hugh Swynford, knight. This latter lady was then an inmate of the household of John of Gaunt, nominally as the governess of his children, but in reality as his mistress; and the immorality of this intercourse has been remarked upon by some as a circumstance which, to a degree, disparaged the nuptial honours of the poet. How far Chaucer was in this respect subservient to the lascivious interest of his patron, it were now extremely difficult to determine: certain it is, however, that the disgrace, if any existed, was in a great measure subsequently effaced, by the marriage of John of Gaunt with the Lady Swynford, and the legitimation of their previous offspring by an act of Parliament. Be the particulars of this contract creditable or not, Chaucer derived an immediate accession of wealth and honours from it. In

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the forty-first year of Edward's reign, he received a pension of forty marks out of the Exchequer, which in the course of four years was encreased to sixty marks. At the same period he was nominated, by patent, a Gentleman of the King's Privy Chamber, and after the lapse of about twelve months, made Shield-bearer to his Majesty, a post now extinct, but then of particular distinction. This, too, was the year in which he was commissioned, with some others, to negociate some state business with the republic of Genoa; a duty of which the nature and objects are unknown, but of which the execution must have been satisfactory, as upon his return to England, letters patent, dated at Windsor Castle, on the 23d of April, in the 48th year of Edward's reign, were issued, by which the Butler of England was commanded to serve Chaucer with a pitcher of wine daily out of the Port of London.

These were high and valuable rewards for literary excellence, but the ease and competence which they produced begot no relaxation of those exercises by which they were originally obtained. Notwithstanding the constancy of his attendance at court, Chaucer continued to study and write with the natural enthusiasm of genius, and thus his fortune and reputation still encreased in parallel degrees. He was soon after appointed Comptroller of the Customs in the Port of London for wool, wool-fells, and hides—an office alike reputable and lucrative, of which he discharged the duties in person, and kept the accounts with his own hand. Upon his merit in these functions he plumed himself not a little, and apparently with some cause; for the Customs, towards the close of Edward the III.'s reign, were the subject of several prosecutions for heavy frauds, and gross embezzlements, connected with no one of which is the name of Chaucer to be found. He had not been a year in this situation, before the King made him a grant of the lands and body of Sir Edward Staplegate, of Kent, for which he received 104*l.* and some greater pecuniary advantage, which, with his other receipts, enabled him to provide an income of a thousand pounds a year, and thus live, according to his own words, with dignity in office, and with goodwill among his neighbours.

This was the summit of Chaucer's earthly grandeur; and with this elevation the plenitude of his poetical fame was also concur-

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rent. It may be as well, therefore, to make some mention, in this place, of those productions by which a condition so happy was established. 'The Complaint of the Black Knight;' the 'Complaint of Mary Magdalen,' taken from Origen, and Chaucer's A B C, which was written for the Duchess Blanche; are conjectured to have been the first of the compositions he finished about the period of his introduction to court. The 'House of Fame,' the 'Assembly of Fowls,' and the 'Cuckow and Nightingale,' of which the scene is perceptibly laid in Woodstock Park, are supposed to have followed next in order. After a variety of elegies, ballads, &c. addressed to Margaret, Countess of Pembroke, and other ladies attached to the court, 'Troilus and Cresseide,' a poem in five books, and the longest of his works, has by some authors been ascribed to this time of his life, though different critics are not wanting who affirm that it was composed at an earlier period. According to an old representation, it was a digested translation from Lollius, historiographer to the city of Urbino, in Italy; but Sir Francis Kynaston, who turned the poem into Latin verse, asserts that it was not taken from any particular writer, but was an original project, glancing at some characters about the court of Edward the III. This latter opinion does not, however, appear very probable—it is supported by no facts; and as to the former, whatever may have been borrowed from Lollius, a great deal was also adopted from other poets, of whom the chief was Boccacio, who also supplied his Palemon and Arcite. It is observable that in some editions a sixth book is added to Troilus and Cresseide—it is the performance of Henderson.

By this time Wickliffe had effectively broached those doctrines of religious reformation, which have made his name memorable, and Chaucer aided the labour by successfully satirising all lazy monks, ignorant priests, and insolent churchmen. To this part he must have been strongly inclined by the liberality and experience of a cultivated mind; but perhaps he found a more direct instigation in the countenance which his patron, John of Gaunt, thought proper to bestow upon the cause. It must not, however, be inferred from this partisanship, that the poet was indifferent to the sanctity of religion, or discontented with the peculiar tenets of the Catholic Church. For both he always professed a strong attachment and sincere reverence; his faith in it is indicated as well by his writings as his actions, and his

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aversion was not levelled against the Church itself, but against that worst array of enemies to it, who, although endowed with a privileged character for the advantage of religion, yet struck the most fatal blows against the interests of their vocation, by a monstrous abuse of those immunities. The principal of Chaucer's performances in this way, was the 'Romaunt of the Rose,' the much prized poem already mentioned, which was mainly translated from the French of William de Lorris and John de Meune, who is conjectured to have died about the year 1365. As now preserved, there is more than one hiatus in this version: it does not appear to have ever been concluded, and is chiefly remarkable for the violent invectives it contains against religious orders. Most critics have affirmed, and a few denied, that Chaucer was also the author of the 'Ploughman's Tale,' and the satire of 'Jack Upland,' pieces which bear very hard upon the vices of the Clergy, and in abstract opinions concur with the avowed sentiments of the poet, and are therefore usually inserted in his works.

In London the cause of Wickliffe was supported by the gentry, and the defence of the clergy maintained by the populace, who after much dissension broke into tumultuous riot, and demolished the Palace of John of Gaunt, in the Savoy. After this outrage the quarrel was awhile composed by the interference of the King, and Chaucer was then twice joined with other commissioners in an embassy to France; first, for the purpose of expostulating against the infringement of a truce, and secondly, to negociate a marriage between Richard, Prince of Wales, and Mary, daughter of the French King. This was the last state employment which he is known to have held, although it has been observed, that a gold chain which hangs round his neck in some old portraits, seems to warrant a belief that he filled a higher dignity than any existing records describe.

The death of Edward the III. on the 21st of June, 1377, was the downfall of Chaucer's fortune. Every circumstance attending this event seemed to promise not only a continuance, but an increase of prosperity, for John of Gaunt usurped the active administration of the kingdom, on account of the minority of his nephew, Richard the II. Things, however, took directly a contrary turn, nor has there been any information preserved which can explain the cause and manner of his subsequent vicissitude.

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It appears that the late King's grant of twenty marks a year was confirmed by letters patent, dated March 3d, 1378; that the daily pitcher of wine was also given under similar authority on the 18th day of April following; but there is neither paper nor presumption to show that he was continued in his office for the customs. In a very short time after, his affairs became so embarrassed that he was obliged to resort to his Majesty's prerogative for protection against his creditors—an extreme of adversity for which many biographers have attempted to assign reasons, but which at this distance of time it is impossible to explain.

The loss of wealth, however, produced no change in his political principles, for he was extremely active in abetting the pretensions of Alderman Comberton, citizen and draper, familiarly called John of Northampton, who undertook to reform the city of London, at the instigation of Wickliffe. This design was vehemently resisted by the clergy, and great disturbances took place, when, upon the conclusion of the Alderman's mayoralty, it was attempted to invest him with the chief power for a second year. Upon this occasion proceedings assumed so formidable a character, that the King sent an armed force into the city, which committed great severities; and after putting several to death, imprisoned Comberton, and the leaders of his party. Chaucer was particularly denounced to the commanding officer, and great exertions were made to discover him; but he eluded pursuit, and reached Hainault in safety. Thence he passed into France, was pursued, and finally penetrated into Zealand. In this exile his conduct was highly generous, for as long as he had money left, he supported some other refugees from the vengeance of the Court. Utter distress, however, soon fell upon him; his remittances from England were stopped, and after many sufferings, he was at last obliged to venture home, in order to avoid starvation abroad. Being immediately detected and seized, he was thrown into prison, and treated with great rigor, until he disclosed all the intentions of his party upon a promise of indemnity. By this act of delinquency he regained his liberty, but forfeited the countenance of the Duke of Lancaster, and was persecuted with a heavy load of popular obloquy and abuse.

At this unhappy conjuncture, his wants were most urgent, and his spirit wholly broken; he sold his grants under the crown, and

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withdrew to Woodstock, which had been the scene of his brightest days. There he consoled his afflictions by revising the productions of his former studies, and writing a work in prose, entitled, the 'Testament of Love,' which is taken from the celebrated treatise by Boethius, 'De Consolatione Philosophiæ.' There, too, he composed (probably in 1391) a 'Treatise on the Astralobe,' for his son Louis, who was a student at Cambridge, though only ten years old,—a performance by which the versatility of his talents, and the depth of his reading, have been signally enhanced.

Suddenly as the tide of wealth and favour ebbed away from Chaucer, it flowed back again as unexpectedly in the decline of his life. In the course of about four years more, John of Gaunt took for a third wife his old mistress Catherine Swynford, and the poet speedily participated in the prosperity of his sister-in-law. He obtained a fresh annuity of twenty marks, an immunity from his creditors, and a pipe of wine a year, which was to be delivered by his eldest son, who was advanced to the place of Chief Butler. But the happiness of these acquisitions was depressed by other events: through the death of John of Gaunt he lost an old friend, a gracious patron, and a kind brother; and by the usurpation of his nephew, Henry the IV., he was awhile distressed for the receipts of his pension. But the new monarch soon proved as propitious to his welfare as his predecessors had been; for, within the first year of his reign, he renewed the letters patent by which he had already been indulged, and settled his pension at forty marks a year during life.

After the demise of John of Gaunt, Chaucer changed his residence to Dunnington Castle, near Newbury, and there spent two years with the gravity of decent retirement. At the expiration of that term, he was obliged to come up to the Metropolis, in consequence of that law which made void all the acts passed by Richard during the twenty-first year of his reign. From this journey he never returned: a mortal illness siezed upon his debilitated frame, and he expired in London on the 25th of October, 1400. He bore his final malady with sound senses and an unimpaired mind, composing on his death-bed an admirable ode, of which a manuscript is preserved in the Cotton Library Otho, AXVII., and is entitled 'A Ballade, made by Giffrey Chaucyer, upon

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his Dethe Bedde, lying in his grete anguysse.' A paraphrase and the original here follow:—

CHAUCER'S GOOD COUNSEL.*

Fly from the world, and dwell with soothfastness,
Sufficient for thy good, however small,
For hord hath hate, and climbing ticklishness:
Pride hath its envy, and o'ershadows all.
Savouring no more than thee behoving shall [be]
Read well yourselves, who other folks can read,
And truth shall ye deliver without dread.

Pain thee not every crook'dness to redress
In trust of her who turneth as a ball;
The rest is greatest in least business:
Beware to spur thy foot against a nail;
Strive not, as doth the pitcher with the wall,
Demit thyself, demitting other's deed,
And truth shall ye deliver without dread.

Aught that is sent ye, take in buxomness,
The wrestling of this world demands a fall;
Here is no home, but all a wilderness,
And thou the pilgrim, best when out o' the stall:
Look up on high, and thank thy God of all;
Thy lust ensnares, then let thy spirit lead,
And truth shall ye deliver without dread.

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* GODE COUNSAILE OF CHAUCER.

Flie fro the presse, and dwell with sothfastnesse;
Suffice unto thy Gode, though it be small;
For horde hath hate; and climbyng, tickilnesse;
Prece hath envy; and wele it brent o'er all;
Savour no more then the behovin shall;
Rede well thyself, that other folke canst rede,
And trouthe thee shall delivir, it is no drede.

Paine the not eche crokid to redresse
In trust of her that turnith as a balle;
Grete reste standith in litil businesse,
Beware also to spurre again a naile;
Strive not as doith a crocke with a walle.
Demith thy self, that demist others dede,—
And trouthe the shall delivir, it is no drede.

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As Chaucer had the satisfaction of living with the highest reputation in literature, so his death, as a matter of consistency, was honoured by many warm tributes of condolence and admiration—feelings which have only sunk deeper, and grown stronger, as accruing centuries have made his name and writings the more venerable. Nor are the grounds upon which this esteem and praise are challenged either few or inconsiderable; his integrity in office, and his liberality in politics, render him as conspicuous in a public light, as high genius and varied attainments make him glorious in the more private lucubrations of authorship. Light in humour, and warm in disposition, he fell into the follies natural to youth, and customary with the age he adorned; but he reformed as his years ripened to maturity, and became so grave in his old age, that his friend, the Countess of Pembroke, rallied his seriousness by observing, that his absence brought more mirth than his conversation. The changes wrought in a language naturally variable and still imperfect, have robbed his style of many a charm, and his versification of much harmony; but this injury is compensated by a contrary advantage, for he ranks peculiarly as a classic amongst the English Poets. Thus he has been paraphrased and translated, and even critically imitated, by numberless followers, whom it is sufficient to characterize, by reminding the reader that Spenser, Dryden, and Pope stand foremost on the roll.

Dryden was about the first who reviewed his versatile productions with appropriate zeal and talents; and no critic has yet supplied a better elucidation of his powers: "he best can paint them," &c.; there can be no need, therefore, to apologize for the following extracts:—

"As he is the Father of English Poetry, so I hold him in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil: he is a perpetual fountain of good sense, learned in all sciences,

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That the is sent, receve in buxomenesse;
The wrastlyng of this worlde askith a falle;
Here is no home, here is but wildirnesse;
For the, pilgrim! for the, o best! out of thy stalle;
Loke up on high, and thanke thy God of all;
Weivith thy luste, and let thy ghost the lede
And trouthe the shall delivir, it is no drede.

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and therefore speaks properly on all subjects: as he knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off, a continence which is practised by few writers, and scarcely by any of the ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace. Chaucer followed nature every where, but was never so bold to go beyond her; and there is a great difference of being 'Poeta et nimis Poeta;' if we may believe Catullus, as much as betwixt a modest behaviour and affectation. The verse of Chaucer, I confess, is not harmonious to us, but it is like the eloquence of one whom Tacitus commends,—it was 'auribus istius temporis accommodata. They who lived with him, and some time after him, thought it musical; and it continues so, even in our judgment, if compared with the numbers of Lidgate and Gower, his contemporaries. There is the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect. It is true, I cannot go so far as he who published the last edition of him, for he would make us believe the fault is in our ears, and that there are really ten syllables in a verse, where we find but nine; but this opinion is not worth confuting; it is so gross and obvious an error, that common sense (which is a rule in every thing but matters of faith and revelation) must convince the reader, that equality of numbers in every verse, which we call heroic, was either not known, or not always practised, in Chaucer's age. It were an easy matter to produce some thousands of his verses, which are lame for want of half a foot, and sometimes a whole one, and which no pronunciation can make otherwise. We can only say, that he lived in the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the first. We must be children before we grow men. There was an Ennius; and, in process of time, a Lucilius; and a Lucretius, before Virgil and Horace: even after Chaucer, there was a Spenser, a Harrington, a Fairfax, before Waller and Denham were in being; and our numbers were in their non-age till these last appeared.

"He must have been a man of most wonderful comprehensive nature, because, as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the compass of his 'Canterbury Tales' the various manners and humours, as we now call them, of the whole English nation in his age. Not a single character has escaped him. All his pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other, and not only in their inclinations, but in their very physiognomies and persons. Baptista Porta could not have described their natures better, than by the marks which the poet gives them. The matter and manner of their tales, and of their telling, are so suited to their different educations, humours and

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callings, that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity; their discourses are such as belong to their age, their calling, and their breeding; such as are becoming of them, and of them only. Some of his persons are vicious, and some virtuous; some are unlearned, or (as Chaucer calls them) lewd, and some are learned. Even the ribaldry of the low characters is different; the Reeve, the Miller, and the Cook, are several men, and distinguished from each other, as much as the mincing Lady Prioress, and the broad-speaking, gap-toothed wife of Bath. But enough of this: there is such a variety of game springing up before me, that I am distracted in my choice, and know not which to follow. It is sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that here is God's plenty. We have our forefathers and great grand dames all before us, as they were in Chaucer's days; their general characters are still remaining in mankind, and even in England, though they are called by other names than those of monks and friars, of canons, and lady-abbesses, and nuns; for mankind is ever the same, and nothing is lost out of nature, though every thing is altered.—Boccace lived in the same age with Chaucer, had the same genius, and followed the same studies; both writ novels, and each of them cultivated his mother-tongue.—In the serious part of poetry, the advantage is wholly on Chaucer's side; for, though the Englishman has borrowed many tales from the Italian, yet it appears, that those of Boccace were not generally of his own making, but taken from authors of former ages, and by him only modelled; so that what was of invention in either of them may be judged equal. But Chaucer has refined on Boccace, and has mended the stories which he has borrowed, in his way of telling, though prose allows more liberty of thought, and the expression is more easy when unconfined by numbers. Our countryman carries weight, and yet wins the race at disadvantage."

Chaucer had two sons, Thomas and Louis. Respecting the latter no account exists from which his station in life, or the time and manner of his death, can be learned. Of the former, however, a particular history is preserved. Besides the office of Chief Butler granted to him by Richard the II. and confirmed for life by Henry the IV., he was thrice presented Speaker of the House of Commons, and charged with three embassies to the Court of France. He was also Sheriff of Oxfordshire and Berkshire; Constable of Wallingford and Knaresborough Castles;

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and had his public services rewarded by a life-grant of the manors of Woodstock, Hanebrough, Wotton, and Stantesfield. He died at his seat Ewelin, in Oxfordshire, on the 28th of April, 1484, leaving one daughter, named Alice, who was married, first, to Sir John Philips, knight; secondly, to Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, and thirdly, to the well-known William de la Pole, Earl, and afterwards Duke of Suffolk, who was murdered in the straits of Dover, during the reign of Henry the VI.

The works of Chaucer are too voluminous even for enumeration here; they were preserved in manuscript for seventy years, and began to be printed in 1476, when Caxton gave an edition of the Canterbury Tales. They have since appeared in various forms, and under different editors, of whom the last and best is by Urrie, in 8 vols. 8vo. 1721. The Canterbury Tales have more recently been presented to the public with an elaborate richness of notes, glossary, commentaries, and essays, by Mr. Tyrwhitt, who has thus effected all that can be undertaken for the illustration of the author and his text.

In conclusion, the reader is offered two different tributes, by brother poets, to the memory of Chaucer, of whom the one is Occleve, a cotemporary, and the other the perfect Akenside.

These lines, curious in rudeness and honesty, are from Occleve's book, "De Regimine Principis.'

But welaway is mine hart woe,
That the honor of English tongue is dead,
Of which I wont was counsel have and reed;
O maister dere and fadre reverent!
My maister Chaucer floure of Eloquence,
Mirror of frutuous entendent.

O universal fadre of science,
Alas! that thou, thine excellent prudence
In thy bed mortal mightest not bequeath!
What eyled death, alas! why should she the sle!
O death! thou didst not harm singler in slaughter of him,
But all the land it smerteth.
But nathless yet hast thou no power his name sle.
His hie vertue asserteth

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Unslain fro thee, which ay us lifely herteth,
With books of his ornat enditing
That is to all this land enlumining.

Akenside's eulogy, correctly descriptive, is thus entitled :—

INSCRIPTION
For a Statue of Chaucer at Woodstock.

Such was old Chaucer: such the placid mien
Of him who first with harmony informed
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
For many a cheerful day; these ancient walls
Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
He sang, of love or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life: thro' each estate and age
The fashions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand pourtraying. Though, perchance,
From Blenheim's towers, O stranger, thou art come
Glowing with Churchill's trophies; yet in vain
Dost thou applaud them, if thy breast be cold
To him, this other hero; who, in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
To tame the rudeness of his native land.

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SUSANNA MARIA CIBBER.

FORMED for the tragic scene, to grace the stage
With rival excellence of grief and rage;
Mistress of each soft art, with matchless skill
To turn and wind the passions as she will;
To melt the heart with sympathetic woe,
Awake the sigh, and teach the tear to flow;
To put on frenzy's wild distracted glare,
And freeze the soul with horror and despair;
With just desert enrolled in endless fame,
Conscious of worth superior CIBBER came.

ALTHOUGH the existence of an English drama can be traced back to an age so remote as that of the Norman conquest; yet it is curious to observe, that for a considerable time no female characters were introduced into our plays, and that even up to the period of the Restoration, such parts were filled by men.—Every reader has heard of the manager who excused a delay in the performance to Charles the II. because the Queen was not shaved. It is to be observed, however, that this exclusion of women from the stage down to so recent a date, was confined to tragedy, and was, in all probability, occasioned by the very indifferent education which the sex was even then in the habit of receiving. For at the very time it was necessary for her tragic majesty to get shorn, the comic muse was admirably supported by a long list of congenial actresses: among Killigrew's patent company established in Drury Lane, we find the names of Mrs. Corey, Mrs. Marshall,

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Mrs. Knap, Mrs. Boutel, and the good-natured Nel Gwynn; and among the Duke of York's company, settled in Lincoln's Inn Fields, were Mrs. Saunderson, afterwards Mrs. Betterton, Mrs. Long, Mrs. Gibbs, and Mrs. Davies, the rival partner of her sovereign's love with Nel Gwynn. In the generation of performers immediately succeeding to these, Miss Saunderson, afterwards married to Booth, and Mrs. Mountford, who was at one time his mistress, have been particularly distinguished; but the heroines of tragedy obtained no equal representative until the celebrated Mrs. Oldfield, and Mrs. Porter, made their first appearance in Drury Lane. The vacancies left by the death of the former, and premature debility of the latter, were soon and powerfully supplied by the happy subject of this sketch, and the ingenious Mrs. Pritchard, who will be found entitled to more particular notice in the proper order of these pages.

The motto prefixed to this article comprises all that is warm and admirable in the ample eulogy passed by Churchill in the Rosciad upon Susanna Maria Cibber. She was the daughter of an upholsterer in Covent Garden, who had the honour of being taken for a prototype of Addison's character of the Politician, in Nos. 155 and 160 of the Guardian; and was born about the year 1716. Her brother was the highly-gifted composer Dr. Arne, and, like him, she evinced even in her earliest days a strong talent for music. Possessing a good voice, she received all the benefits of his instruction, and in due time made her appearance, as an opera singer, on the stage of the little theatre in the Haymarket. Her tones were sweet, her manner graceful, and her action and elocution peculiarly judicious; she therefore met with a very favourable reception, and soon ranked amongst the most conspicuous members of the company.

At this time the performances at the Haymarket were represented by a body of revolted actors from Drury Lane, under the direction of Theophilus, the profligate son of Colley Cibber, the comedian. Theophilus had scarcely been left one year a widower with two infant daughters, when he offered his hand to Miss Arne, with a sentimental declaration, that her amiable manners and virtuous disposition made her irresistible. A marriage was the reward of the compliment: it took place in 1734; but it is most likely that the advantages to be derived from her promising

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talents were the principal motives for a match, which unfortunately was neither characterized by tenderness or virtue. Be this as it may, Mrs. Cibber was immediately encouraged by her father-in-law, to abandon the part of a vocalist, and attempt the more arduous walk of tragedy. The discernment was correct, and the result most prosperous. After being ably tutored for the change, both by her father-in-law and the author, she came before the public, in 1736, as Zara in Aaron Hill's tragedy of the same name, and succeeded at a first effort. Repeated efforts attracted increased applause, and she was speedily elevated into the rank of one of the first serious actresses that had ever graced the English stage. But the reputation thus acquired by her public conduct was ere long doomed to forfeiture, by a casualty in her private life. Her husband's extravagance forced him to fly from his creditors into France, and during his absence she contracted an intimacy with a young gentleman of fortune, respecting which, scandal hastened to speak with so loud a voice, that Theophilus returned from his voluntary exile, and in 1738 claimed the satisfaction due to injured honour in a court of justice. He laid his damages at 5000*l.* but a case of connivance, or rather of direct instrumentality, upon his side, was made out against him, which it would seem the jury must have believed, for they returned a verdict for no more than 10*l.*

An immediate separation took place between the parties, and the husband and wife lived no more together. He was thrown into the King's Bench Prison, and after his liberation became so odious to the public as not to be tolerated on the stage; so that he dragged on a miserable existence of poverty and perplexity, until the year 1758; when, taking a voyage to Ireland for the purpose of assisting Sheridan in an opposition theatre at Dublin, the ship was wrecked, and every passenger drowned. She remained in prudent seclusion until the notoriety of the affair subsided, and her criminality became merged in his greater infamy. She then obtained an engagement at Drury Lane, and for a series of twenty years filled a station of almost unrivalled excellence. Her sphere was parallel with that of Garrick: she personated the heroines of his heroes, and was considered peculiarly qualified to illustrate the style of acting for which he was admired. In other

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respects she moved with equal happiness of effect, either as the gentle Celia, the indignant Hermione, the natural Juliet, or the disappointed Alicia. Davies, who was a qualified critic, gives an elaborate description of her person and powers in his Life of Garrick. From him, accordingly, we learn that her greatest merit lay in that simplicity which needed no ornament, and in that sensibility which despised all art. There was in her figure little or no elegance, in her face only a small share of beauty; but nature had given her such symmetry of form, and fine expression of feature, that she preserved every appearance of youth long after she had attained middle life. The melody of her voice was as powerful as the animation of her countenance. In grief and tenderness her eyes looked as if they swam in tears; in rage and despair they appeared to dart flashes of fire. In spite of the mediocrity of her figure, she maintained a dignity in her action and a grace in her step; and, thus overcoming every disadvantage, was esteemed almost inimitable in her profession.

It is still more grateful to have to add, that under these circumstances of popular fortune, Mrs. Cibber conducted herself with a propriety which, in a great degree, atoned for the connexion already mentioned. In maturer years she succeeded in obtaining a friendship from many persons not only of high rank, but of exemplary life. Her aptitude for conversation was quick and shining; and she always possessed an air of natural modesty which made her a most engaging companion. It was in this condition that she began to feel the encroachments of that disorder which terminated her life; and its severity reluctantly compelled her to diminish the frequency of her public appearances. Still, however, she availed herself of every interval of health to preserve her reputation undiminished, and even made it her favourite exertion to enlarge her pretensions by taking some part in comedy. To this labour she was, in all probability, incited by the ease with which both Garrick and her rival, Mrs. Pritchard, alternately assumed both the sock and buskin; but she was, by no means, equally successful; and Churchill, whose praise of her abilities in tragedy heads this article, is comparatively as severe upon her efforts in comedy, which he unhesitatingly ascribes to mistaken vanity, and ill-directed emulation.

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Whatever profession we adopt, or whatever duties we undertake to perform in life, a spirit and zeal, even unto death, for the character of the undertaking, can never fail to add to its respectability and our own reputation. The agonies of the martyr for religion are sacred in Heaven, and venerable upon earth; the expiring patriotism of Chatham in the House of Lords is brilliant and exemplary, as the fall of Nelson at sea, or of Abercrombie on land; and a corresponding feeling of interest and regret is produced in finding the death of Betterton or of Booth hastened by the devoted passion with which they adhered to the stage, even when wearied nature had incapacitated them for activity. To some share of the praise which has very properly been lavished upon this enthusiasm, Mrs. Cibber has also been honourably admitted. Her health had been for a considerable time so precarious, and the relapses of extreme sufferings so frequent, that she was, in a manner, lost to the stage, and repeatedly ranked by the newspapers amongst the dead for months before her demise really took place. In December 1765, the King commanded the comedy of the *Provoked Wife* to be performed at the theatre in Drury Lane, and she insisted upon representing Lady Brute, a character for which she had always manifested the greatest partiality: yet at this conjuncture she was critically indisposed; the doctors were flattering her with hopes of a recovery, and her friends were most importunate that she should, by no means, hazard so desirable a consequence; but, to use her own words, nothing could prevent her from paying her duty before their Majesties:—she acted the part; her disorder returned with greater force, and she expired on the 30th of January, 1766. The conjoint influence of her merits and her friends suggested the distinction of an interment in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, and the ceremony was honourably performed, and respectably attended.

Mrs. Cibber is also to be considered as an authoress: she produced a pretty little comedy, in one act, from the French of St. Foix, entitled the 'Oracle;' which was acted with success, and printed in 8vo. during the year 1752. When word of her death was brought to the Green Room, in Drury Lane, Garrick pronounced, the following theatrical address to the company present:—"Then tragedy expired with her—and yet she was the greatest female

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plague belonging to my house. I could easily parry the artless thrusts, and despise the coarse attacks, of some of my other heroines; but whatever was Cibber's object, whether a new part or a new dress, she was always sure to carry her point by the acuteness of her invective, and the steadiness of her perseverance." In this case she must have been, in point of spirit, as good a match for that dexterous manager behind the curtain, as she was an able assistant before the scenes.

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CUTHBERT, LORD COLLINGWOOD.

A NATIONAL monument to this celebrated admiral stands in the south transept of St. Paul's Cathedral:—it is the work of Westmacott, R. A., and represents the landing of his lordship's remains in England. The deceased is introduced laid out on the deck of a man-of-war, with his body shrouded in colours won by him from the enemy, and with his hands clasping a sword upon his breast; a figure of Fame kneels forward from the prow over the corpse; and a personification of the Thames, attended by the Genii of his confluent streams, is stretched in earnest contemplation of the goddess. On the gunwale there is an alto relievo illustration of the progress of navigation in three stages:—the first shows the genius of man forsaking his land-marks, and exploring the ocean, with the stars for his guides; the second presents him directed in his course by the magnet; and the third exhibits him forging the instruments of war. Upon a general view this design appears uninteresting, because it is emblematical: the execution of it, however, though in many respects inelegant, is not without some points of merit, which excite a regret that a finer sense of nature does not preponderate over the work. The inscription is as methodical as the subject is tasteless:—

Erected at the public expense to the memory of
CUTHBERT LORD COLLINGWOOD,
Who died in the command of the fleet in the Mediterranean,
on board the Ville de Paris,
vii. March M,DCCCX. in lxi. year of his age.
Wherever he served he was distinguished
For conduct, skill and courage, particularly
In the action with the French Fleet, June i., MDCCXCIV. as captain of the Barfleur,
In the action with the Spanish Fleet, xiv. February,
M,DCC,XCVII. as captain of the Excellent;

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LONDON.
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But most conspicuously in the decisive victory off Cape Trafalgar,
Obtained over
The combined fleets of France and Spain,
To which he eminently contributed, as Vice-Admiral of the Blue,
Commanding the Larboard Division,
October xxi. MDCCCV.

The most striking passages in the life of Lord Collingwood are so deeply interwoven with the superior achievements of his friend Lord Nelson, that, to clothe any account of his public services with interest, it were necessary to encroach essentially upon that memoir of the latter nobleman, which will be found in the alphabetical order of this work: the following notice is therefore merely circumstantial. Cuthbert Collingwood was born in the year 1750, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he received his education, during a course of six years, under the Rev. H. Moises, M.A., in company with Lord Stowell, and his younger brother the Lord Chancellor Earl of Eldon. His family was anciently distinguished in arms, and the name is frequently mentioned in the rude ballads which commemorate the Border battles of the fourteenth century. With the spirit of these legends we are informed the mind of young Collingwood became enthusiastically possessed, and in consequence of the spirit thus fostered, he entered upon the naval service of his country at the early age of eleven.

The first officer under whose protection he was placed, was Captain, afterwards Admiral Braithwaite, a maternal uncle, who then commanded the Shannon. Under him Collingwood remained during several years, and it was to his experience that he owed that skill in tactics, and proficiency in nautical science, which contributed so much to the prosperity of his career. In 1766, he was midshipman in the Gibraltar, and from the years 1767 to 1772, served as master's mate in the Liverpool, from which he was soon after removed to the Lenox, Captain Roddam, with whom he contracted a friendship which, subsequently, tended in a prominent manner to advance the fortune of his promotion by extending his acquaintance with officers of rank and influence.

Fourteen years of service, however, elapsed before he rose to the rank of Lieutenant. In 1776, he was ordered to Jamaica in the Hornet sloop, and upon that station acquired his first

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knowledge of Nelson, then second Lieutenant of the Lowestoffe. Between minds congenially bold and aspiring, an intimacy was ardently formed, which deepened at every meeting, and endured with life; and it is interesting to remark, that henceforward, in proportion as the one friend obtained advancement, the other rose also. Thus, when Nelson was taken into the Bristol, Collingwood was sent in his stead to the Lowestoffe; in 1778, Nelson obtained the Badger brig, and Collingwood was appointed to the Bristol; in 1779, Nelson became post-captain of the Hinchinbroke, and Collingwood got the Badger; and again, when the former was put into the command of the Janus frigate, he was, as usual, succeeded by the latter. This last change took place in 1780, upon the occasion of our destructive expedition against St. Juan, in the Spanish main, of which it is sufficient to observe, that out of 1800 men employed upon the service, not more than 300 ever returned with life, and that according to the medical returns, a melancholy number of the sufferers were literally consumed alive by birds of prey. It was Nelson's fortune to be recalled from the station before this work of destruction began to set in; but it was a far greater blessing to Collingwood that his health was sound enough to withstand the ravages of the climate. When he sailed from England, the crew on board his ship amounted to 200 men; but when he returned before the year expired, he made one of only forty survivors.

In less than the course of three months he received the command of the Pelican, of twenty-four guns, and sailed to the West Indies, where he was again destined to encounter the risks of adversity. On the 1st of August, a dreadful hurricane came on, in which the Pelican was totally wrecked on Morant Key: the crew were only preserved with imminent difficulty. No considerable interval elapsed, however, before he again appeared in active command on board the Sampson, of sixty-four guns, in which he continued until the peace of 1783. Upon that event the Sampson was paid off, but he was immediately appointed to the Mediator, and ordered to the West Indies, where he had an opportunity of frequently meeting Nelson, who was placed on the same station in the Boreas. Being recalled home in 1786, the ship was paid off, and after an almost uninterrupted service of five-and-twenty years, he was enabled to pay a visit to his family, and renew an acquaintance with the friends of his youth.

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In this retirement Collingwood remained until the year 1790, when a rupture was expected with Spain, and he was employed under Admiral Cornish, and invested with the command of the Mermaid, mounting thirty-two guns. But the disagreements were adjusted without hostilities, and as there appeared no prospect of immediate operations, he returned to Northumberland. During the same year, he married Sarah, the eldest daughter of James Erasmus Blacket, Esquire, and alderman of Newcastle, a lady of merit and elegance, by whom he had two daughters.

In the year 1793 began the first of our wars with revolutionary France, and among the first of the many who were then hastily summoned from domestic repose, was Captain Collingwood. His ship was the Prince, bearing the flag of Admiral Bowyer, under whom he soon after shifted into the Barfleur, and took a conspicuous share in the victory of the 1st of June, 1794, which will be more appropriately described in the life of Lord Howe. Upon this occasion Collingwood was subjected to particular mortification: his conduct was incontrovertibly meritorious, yet no notice was taken of his name in the Gazette; and before the King came down to Spithead to distribute the gold chains hung with medals, which had been voted by Parliament to the commanders in the action, he was removed from the Barfleur, and by consequence received no meed of honour. That this neglect was intentional does not appear, but that it was censurable cannot be doubted. When it was complained of, Lord Howe expressed his sorrow, and a medal was subsequently tendered, but Collingwood refused, with high spirit, to accept as a favour what ought to have been awarded as a right.

Soon after this circumstance, he was nominated to command the Excellent, in which he sailed, with Lord Hood, to Toulon. Removing from this station, he joined the fleet under Admiral Jervis, and with his old friend, now Commodore Nelson, contributed to accomplish one of the most signal victories ever obtained by the British navy. This was at the action with the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent, during which Collingwood displayed singular valour and judgment in the most perilous moments of the engagement. Two ships of the first rate, the Salvador del Mundo, mounting 112, and the San Isidor, carrying 74 guns, struck to his flag; but, instead of delaying to

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take formal possession of the prizes, he pushed on, with every sail set, to render farther aid to the other commanders. It is painful to add that this conduct received neither praise nor reward;—the name of Collingwood was not introduced, even for a verbal compliment, into the Gazette.

It was the earnest desire of Collingwood to proceed with his friend Nelson to fresh victories at the Nile, but a more irksome duty was assigned him, and he remained until 1799, in the charge of blockading the enemy's ports. At the close of this year, he was made Rear-Admiral of the White, a rank which, in 1801, was advanced to that of Rear-Admiral of the Red. In 1802, peace was proclaimed; his ship was paid off at Spithead, and a short term of ease was allowed him, which he spent in the arms of his family.

But the war thus terminated was soon resumed, and with a more bitter energy. In April 1804, Collingwood was in active command, with the flag of Vice-Admiral of the Blue, and a commission to blockade Brest, in conjunction with Admiral Cornwallis. There is a heavy indolence in the duties of a blockade, an incessant apprehension that the enemy may escape, and an inglorious assurance that no battle will be hazarded, which those only who have proved the torment, can thoroughly understand. Chagrined by this situation Collingwood remained until 1805, when he was ordered to perform a similar service before the harbour of Cadiz. This was an arduous task; the enemy's fleet amounted to thirty-four sail of the line, and he had only four ships with which to keep them at bay; but he succeeded in deluding them with the happiest art. Two of the vessels lay in towards the land, the two others stood out at sea, and they repeated a series of well-concerted signals, by which a belief was inculcated that a superior force was collected in the distance.

At length Nelson arrived with reinforcements, and the glorious, but melancholy battle of Trafalgar ensued. The full particulars of this engagement can only be detailed where the fate of the heroic commander will be recounted. Collingwood led the van, in the Royal Sovereign, and it is an interesting coincidence to remark that while Nelson was contemplating his attack, and remarking to his officers, "Look at that noble fellow! observe the style in which he carries his ship into action!"—Collingwood was enthu-

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siastically exclaiming, "What would Nelson give to be in our place!" When Nelson received his mortal wound, Collingwood succeeded to the command of the fleet, and acquitted himself of the duty with exemplary promptitude and humanity. The official dispatch, in which he acquainted the Admiralty with the death of his friend, and the victory of the day, was read with general admiration, and by the King pronounced a composition of equal merit and feeling—an opinion which was warmly echoed by the country. These praises were considerably enhanced by the generosity with which he behaved when the battle was over. A tremendous storm arose, which the shattered state of the captured vessels was wholly unable to withstand; the sufferings of their wounded were extreme, and numbers perished for the mere want of medicine and attendance. With a view of rescuing so many fellow-creatures from this lamentable condition, Collingwood sent a flag to the Governor of Cadiz, and proposed to forward all the sick prisoners to the hospitals. The offer was gratefully accepted, and so great was the enthusiasm excited among the inhabitants by an act of such unusual charity, that they flocked to the shore in hundreds, and sent off presents of wine, fruit, and flour, in abundance to their honourable enemies.

Collingwood's services, though tardily, were now nobly recompensed; he was raised to the rank of Admiral of the Red, and created Baron Collingwood, of Coldburn and Hethpole, in Northumberland. An annuity of 2000*l.* a-year was voted to to him, and in case of his demise, of 1000*l.* to his lady; and 5000*l.* to each of his daughters. But no relaxation of his services took place in consequence of this wealth: without even visiting land, he continued in the post of Commander-in-chief of the fleet in the Mediterranean for five years, and by the prudent ability of his arrangements, gave the enemy no possible means of either refitting that force, which upon so many occasions he had helped to destroy, or replacing it by another. As he lived, so he died; he drew his last breath at sea, on board his flag-ship, the Ville de Paris, on the 7th of March, 1810. His body was conveyed to Sheerness, on board the Nereus frigate, and was formally brought up the river to Greenwich in the Governor's yacht. There it lay for some days, with the customary state, in the Painted Chamber; after which it was removed to St. Paul's, with

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the pomp of a public funeral, and deposited in the crypt close by the coffin of Lord Nelson. Thus the friends who had been always united in life, remain also undivided in death.

Having no son, Lord Collingwood's title became extinguished with his life. He was a man naturally diffident and unassuming, and was on that account, by superficial judges, often held to possess inferior merit. It is needless to remark that this was a false estimate; he despised all ostentation, and preserved, on every occasion, a most peculiar simplicity in his manners. His worth, however, was great, and his bravery and skill fully equal to the long line of heroes whom he succeeded; and it is certain, that while the glories of naval warfare shall continue to engage the admiration of nations, his name will be preserved with respect. Few officers ever served their country for a longer run of years, and perhaps not one with such faithful continuity. During the last seventeen years of his life he was only spared one visit to his family, and that did not continue for a clear twelvemonth. He used to observe that he was scarcely known to his own children: but he never complained; on the contrary, it was a frequent declaration with him, that while health and strength to serve his country remained to him, he considered that health and strength his country's due: adding, upon every occasion, that if he could but serve it as successfully for the future as for the past he had faithfully, his wife and children could never want friends.

Lord Collingwood was of a middling stature, but extremely thin; his general habits were remarkably regular and temperate; he ate with an appetite, drank moderately at dinner, but upon no other occasion indulged either in wine or spirits. He made it a rule in tempestuous weather, or when upon any hostile emergency, to sleep upon a sofa, with a flannel dressing-gown on instead of his uniform coat. Bodily exposure, cold, rain, or illness, were things he never heeded, and consequently seldom suffered from. He would appear on deck without a hat, his thin grey hair floating in the wind, while heavy torrents poured down through the shrouds; and thus take his observations, and issue his commands with perfect composure. To this contempt of personal comfort, however, it must be added with regret, that his country owed her privation of those services which his age seemed likely to leave available for many more years.

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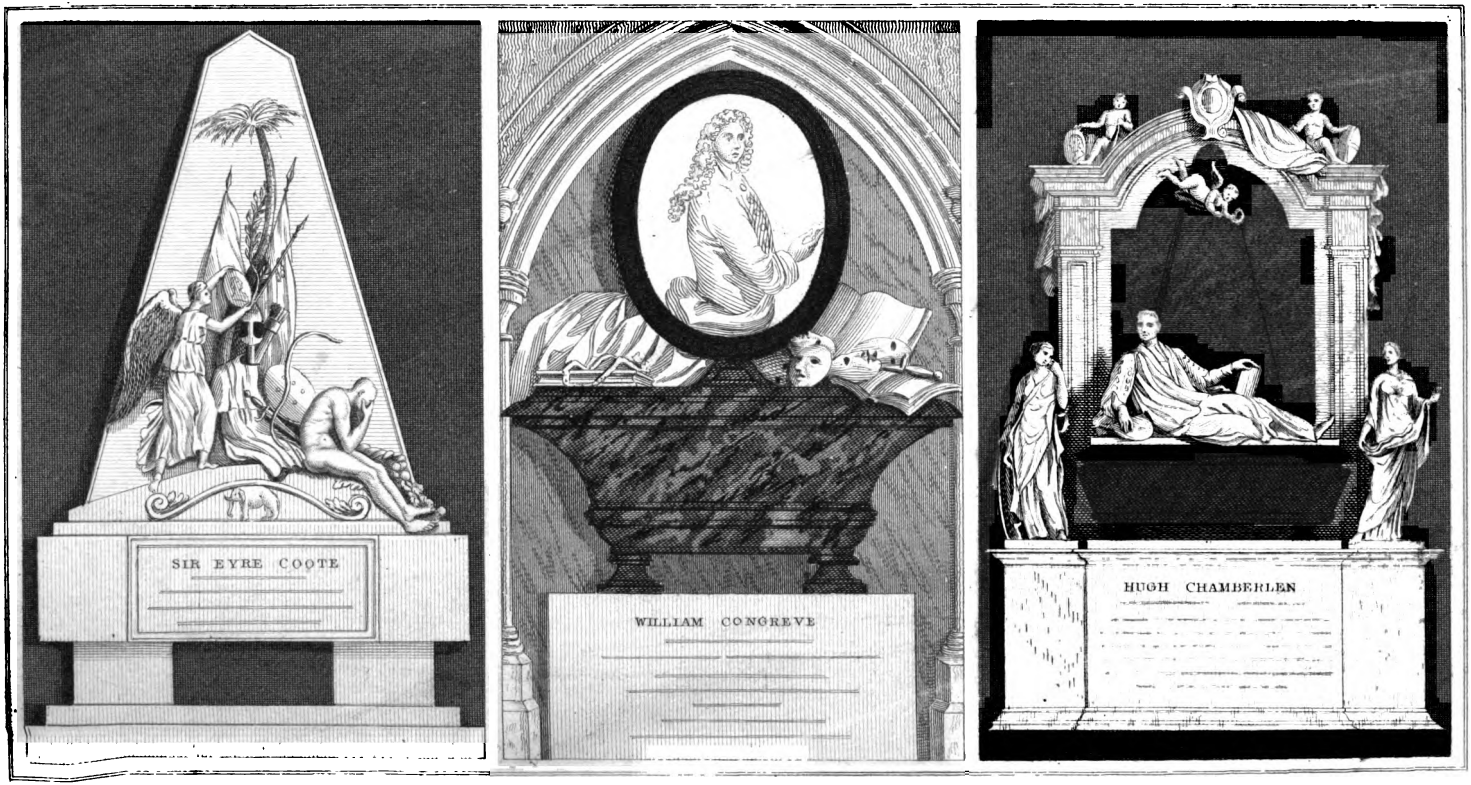

LONDON
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Nov.r 1830.

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WILLIAM CONGREVE.

GREAT Jonson did by strength of judgment please,
Yet doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his ease;
In differing talents both adorned their age,
One for the study, t'other for the stage.
But both to CONGREVE justly shall submit,
One matched in judgment, both o'ermatched in wit.

DRYDEN.

IN that extremity of the south aisle of Westminster Abbey which adjoins the principal entrance, is the monument of William Congreve: it is wrought in the finest marble the edifice contains, and consists of a good half-body profile bust, in relief, resting on a pedestal, which is enriched with dramatic and poetical emblems. The inscription runs thus:—

Mr. William Congreve died Jan. y^e^ 19th, 1728, aged 56, and was buried near this place; to whose most valueable memory this monument is sett up by HENRIETTA, *Dutchess of* MARLBOROUGH, as a mark how dearly she remembers the happiness she enjoyed in the sincere friendshipp of so worthy and honest a man, whose virtue, candour, and witt gained him the love and esteem of the present age, and whose writings will be the admiration of the future.*

* Contiguous is a fine statue, leaning on an urn, erected to the memory of a contemporary, James Craggs, who, from a shoemaker's son, rose to be Secretary of State, and the friend of Pope. He was nominated Secretary at War in April, 1717, and admitted into the Privy Council, and made Secre-

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The time of Congreve's birth is not precisely known, and the place of it is disputed. Upon his own assertion, which, it is to be observed, has been severely questioned, he was born in the year 1672, at Bardsa, near Leeds, in Yorkshire. His family belonged to Staffordshire, and was of such great antiquity as to be able to trace a descent beyond the Norman conquest. Their seats were at Congreve and Stratton, and their estates, though primitively numerous and valuable, had been considerably diminished before the time of the poet. His father was an officer, quartered in Ireland, about the period of his birth, where he was also entrusted with the agency of the Earl of Burlington's estates, upon which, according to the general impression of contem-

tary of State during the month of March in the succeeding year. Upon the urn is a Latin inscription, in gilt capitals, to the following effect:—*

JAMES CRAGGS,
Secretary and Privy Counsellor
To the King of Great Britain,
Alike the love and delight of his Prince and the People,
Lived, superior to titles,
XXXV years, Alas, how few!
He died February the xiv. MDCCXX.
His sorrowful sisters, A. Knight, E. Eliot, M. Collins, placed this.

Pope's Epitaph is engraved upon the pedestal below.

Statesman! yet friend to truth, of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend:
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
Praised, wept, and honoured by the Muse he loved.

---

* JACOBUS CRAGGS,
Regi Magnæ Britanniæ a Secretis
Et Consiliis Sanctioribus;
Principis pariter ac populi amor et deliciæ,
Vixit, titulis et invidiis major,
Annos, heu paucos! XXXV
Ob. Feb. xiv. MDCCXX.
Sorores mœrentes P——— A. Knight. E. Eliot. M. Collins.

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poraries, William's nativity took place. Be this true or not, it is certain that his education was exclusively Irish; for he received the first rudiments of learning at the college of Kilkenny, where he gave early instances of poetical talent, particularly by a copy of verses on the death of his master's magpie; and was thence removed to complete his studies at the University of Dublin.

As Congreve, the father, lived by a profession, he naturally desired to see his son gain something by one too; and accordingly had him entered a student-at-law in the Middle Temple, during his sixteenth year. Nothing is more common when a boy discovers any readiness of parts, or striking aptitude for study, than for his parents to determine they will rear him to the bar; and nothing is more probable than that he will baffle the plan, and disappoint their expectations. There is little congeniality between the erudition of precise statutes and dry reports of modern judicature, and the ample genius of Demosthenes before the Athenian people, or the liberal capacity of Cicero at the Roman Forum; and thus, in recent days, whenever it has been attempted to force a union between law and literature, the design has proved abortive. Congreve, among many others, evidences the fact: he lived for several years in chambers, but instead of learning the profession, diverted himself with classical compositions, and made his first trial as an author by publishing, in his nineteenth year, a novel entitled the 'Incognita, or Love and Duty reconciled.' As the volume has long been out of print, it is impossible to describe or to criticise it, but by hearsay: the biographers seem to have praised it without having read it; and the greatest merits they attribute to it are, that it was uncommon for such a time of life, and was both projected and executed according to the rules of poetical art.

That Congreve himself was little satisfied with the performance is most likely, for he immediately directed his mind to another style, and never after began a labour congenial with his maiden work. Before he had completed his one-and-twentieth year, he gave the stage 'The Old Bachelor,' a brilliant comedy, of which, on a subsequent occasion, he presented the world with this vapid history:—"It was written some years before it was acted. When I wrote it, I had little thoughts of the stage, but did it to amuse myself in a slow recovery from a fit of sickness. After-

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wards, through my indiscretion, it was seen, and in some little time acted; and I, through the remainder of my indiscretion, suffered myself to be drawn into the prosecution of a difficult and thankless study, and to be involved in a perpetual war with knaves and fools." All this is very affected and most commonplace: but to return to sense and facts; the play, after receiving some corrections, was introduced to the theatre, with high compliments, by Dryden and Southerne, and was represented, with flattering effect, by the united companies in Drury Lane. The prologue was spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle, the epilogue by Mrs. Barry; and its success was made the subject of a paper in the Tatler, by Addison. Dr. Johnson has investigated its merits with a correctness so original as to leave the task of farther criticism supererogation. "It will be found," he says, "to be one of those comedies which may be made by a mind vigorous and acute, and furnished with comic characters by the perusal of other poets, without much actual commerce with mankind. The dialogue is one constant reciprocation of conceits, or clash of wit, in which nothing flows necessarily from the occasion, or is dictated by nature. The characters, both of men and women, are either fictitious and artificial; as those of *Heartwell*, and the *Ladies*; or easy and common, as Wittol, a tame idiot: *Bluff*, a swaggering coward; *Fondlewife*, a jealous puritan: and the catastrophe arises from a mistake, not very probably produced,—by marrying a woman in a mask."

This review is just and discriminating to a nicety, which, it is much to be regretted, Johnson did not care to cultivate in all his other criticisms. The Old Bachelor has for years lost its place on the stage, and is now only read by the scholar, who is bound by the conditions of his reputation to be conversant with all that was ever praised in the literature of his country. It brought the author an ample share of popularity, and substantial reward: he was recommended by its success to the notice of the Earl of Halifax, who delighting to be ranked the Mæcenas of the age, promoted Congreve in office at the first opportunity. He was first made a commissioner for licensing hackney-coaches; afterwards appointed to a place in the Pipe-office, and again advanced to a situation in the Custom House. From these posts he derived, almost immediately, a handsome revenue of 600*l.* a year, and was farther flattered by finding his patron treat him as a friend.

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As his conversation was prompt and agreeable, he was introduced to the leading members of the party in administration, and became a welcome associate in their hours of relaxation. In the enjoyment of such prosperity it was not to be expected that he would neglect the means by which he so happily rose; he composed with ease, and therefore produced with commendable regularity.

In the very next year, 1694, he brought forward the 'Double Dealer,' a comedy; which was received with the same partiality as the former by the poets, but with less favour by the people. It was dedicated, with laboured flattery, to the Earl of Halifax; was acted with the best strength of the company, but failed, and gave the author no passing discontent. The lesson, however, was not without its benefit, for he had ready for the ensuing season, 'Love for Love,' in which he has exhibited a better portraiture of the manners and conduct of life than in any other of his pieces. The circumstances under which it appeared were also highly propitious; the best actors, with Betterton at their head, had just emancipated themselves from the despotism of old Rich, and settled in a theatre built for them by public subscription in Portugal-street, then Portugal-row, Lincoln's Inn Fields; and Congreve generously presented them with 'Love for Love,' as an opening play. Betterton delivered the prologue, and Mrs. Bracegirdle the epilogue, which was written by Rowe. The house was crowded to suffocation; and even the stage was thronged with beaus, courtiers, and wits. Every one was anxious to see the new establishment thrive, and was therefore disposed to applaud the performance; and as, by a striking coincidence of fortune, it deserved the favours which all were glad to bestow, they were re-echoed by other audiences with undiminished satisfaction. This popularity induced the proprietors to give him a share in the interest of the patent, upon the condition of receiving a new play from him for each season. That he never fulfilled the contract it is almost needless to observe; and as for the share, he sold it when Sir John Vanbrugh built the new house in the Haymarket.

Having thus secured his rank in comedy, he resolved to try his powers in tragedy; and after a preparation of two years, finished the 'Mourning Bride.' This was the most successful of his dramas: at the period of its first appearance, it was acted far oftener than any of the others, and has been so frequently revived,

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that it still ranks on the catalogue of our standard plays. It is a good specimen of our second tragic school: sonorous, regular and correct, it never penetrates into the recesses of human feeling, nor extends to the riot of human passion; and as it dares no astonishment, only wearies with even pleasure. It was dedicated to the Princess Anne of Denmark, and was a particular favourite with the author. He not only gave more time to the composition of it than to his former plays, but took a pride in revising it after it was printed. One description in it has been quoted among the happiest passages in the wide range of English poetry, and is therefore given here:—

ALMERIA. It was a fancied noise, for all is hushed.
LEONORA. It bore the accent of a human voice.
ALMERIA. It was thy fear, or else some transient wind
Whistling through hollows of this vaulted aisle:
We'll listen—
LEONORA. Hark!
ALMERIA. No, all is hushed and still as death.—'Tis dreadful!
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars raise their marble heads,
To bear aloft the arched and ponderous roof
By its own weight made stedfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chilness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.

Another year revolved, and Congreve prepared a new comedy —'The Way of the World:' it was damned; and he forthwith took leave of the stage in high dudgeon. This misfortune, however, could not put him out of humour with the great, and he dedicated the play to the Earl of Montague, with all his wonted fawnings of panegyric, and took occasion to insinuate, that the public had been both inconsiderate and ungrateful to him; as he had expended much labour and thought upon the composition. At this point the literary life of Congreve may be said to terminate; for, although there remain one or two other performances

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of his to be noticed, they are both trifling in their nature, and inferior in merit. He had not yet completed his six-and-twentieth year; and it is a fact as admirable as unusual, that he fixed the record of his fame at an age when other men hardly cease to lay the mere foundations of excellence. It is always painful to think of talents languishing in poverty; but when, as in the present case, they are rewarded with singular promptitude and generosity, it is even more distressing to find the author turning his back like a coxcomb upon the exercises by which he gave pleasure, and despising the means by which he grew distinguished.

This was about the time at which Collier began that battle with the theatres, which has been already noticed in the life of Betterton. By him Congreve's plays were attacked *seriatim*; and after some hesitation, the latter published a defence, in eight letters addressed to his friend Walter Moyle, Esq. In these he protests at the very onset against calling names, but uses language equally offensive; for he talks of removing passages from his adversary's dunghill, which were only tainted by his breath; "and when," he adds, "I have washed 'em of that filth which they have contracted in passing through his dirty hands, let their own innocence protect 'em. Mr. Collier in the high vigor of his obscenity first commits a rape upon my words, and then charges 'em with obscenity." This extract is from the first letter: the second gives a schoolboy's definition of comedy from Aristotle, which is neither aptly introduced, nor well applied; but in the third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh, he enters upon his own defence, and prospers as he proceeds. He is pertinent, and therefore good; he admits some improprieties, and thus gives an air of candour to his reasoning, which his opponent greatly wants. Had the issue of the contest rested solely between Collier and Congreve, the former had never triumphed as he did; for the latter has frequently the best of the tilt as far as regards himself. But unfortunately, he is by no means so forcible or happy, in justifying the stage at large, as in excusing his own contributions to it; and, therefore, it is to be acknowledged that Collier has much reason with many faults.

Before dismissing this subject, it must in fairness be added, that Collier's attack is in few respects characterized by that virtuous determination which has generally been ascribed to him. He presumes to write like a scholar, and think like a moralist;

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but he is as gross in style, unfair in argument, and scandalous in address, as any other author whom he reviles. That the stage needed reformation is undeniable, and the only pity is, that the labour was not effected by a purer advocate. It is absurd to find a man quarrelling with the profaneness of his contemporaries while he himself uses such rancorous coarseness as this:—"These are comedies reeking from Pandemonium—they almost smell of fire and brimstone! Eruptions of hell with a witness!" He wonders the smoke of them has not darkened the sun, and turned the air to pestilence and poison, for they are provocations enough to arm all nature in revenge, and exhaust the vehemence of Heaven. To such rhapsody the best answer were by a sentence of his own: "This litter of epithets makes the poem look like a bitch overstocked with puppies, and sucks the sense to skin and bone." There, as Congreve has it, "is his own confession, and so I leave him to lick himself whole with one of his own ablutions."

Congreve's name appears to two other dramatic productions, 'the Judgment of Paris,' a masque, and 'Semele,' an opera: they were printed and set to music by Eccles, but never acted; and that the stage lost nothing in them, this song from the former will sufficiently attest. It is addressed by Paris to the rival Goddesses before awarding the prize, but whether in joke or earnest it is a lascivious puzzle to decide.

Distracted I turn, but I cannot decide;
So equal a title sure never was tried.
United, your beauties so dazzle the sight,
That lost in amaze
I giddily gaze,
Confused and o'erwhelmed with a torrent of light.

Apart let me view then each amorous fair,
For three at a time there's no mortal can bear;
And since a gay robe an ill shape may disguise,
When each is undressed
I'll judge of the best,
For 'tis not a face that may carry the prize.

As Congreve was patronised by the Whigs, he always remained

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attached to their party, while in power; but when the Tories superseded them, under Harley, Earl of Oxford, he made intercession that he might not be ejected from his posts, and succeeded in the prayer. This conduct was, in all probability, recommended by his friends; for upon their return to office, far from shewing displeasure, they advanced him to be Secretary for the Island of Jamaica, a place of little care and no trust, but by which the receipts of his former income were doubled. As his circumstances were now affluent, so his life was fashionable; he was distinguished by the compliments of the best writers, and honoured with the intimacy of the highest statesmen. To him Steele inscribed his Miscellany, and Pope dedicated the Iliad, a matchless honour, of which the booksellers have, in some degree, strangely robbed him of the fame, by not printing the elegant notice in which the tribute is conveyed!—It is therefore inserted here:—

"Instead of endeavouring to raise a vain monument to myself, let me leave behind me a memorial of my friendship with one of the most valuable men, as well as finest writers, of my age and country: one who has tried, and knows by his own experience, how hard an undertaking it is to do justice to Homer; and one who, I am sure, sincerely rejoices with me at the period of my labours. To him, therefore, having brought this long work to a conclusion, I desire to dedicate it; and to have the honour and satisfaction of placing together in this manner, the names of Mr. CONGREVE and

A. POPE."

Notwithstanding all this he was still ungrateful to the Muses, and affected to be considered rather as a man of fashion than of wit and study. This miserable vanity he confessed to Voltaire, who honoured him with a visit during his residence in England, but told him, with classical spirit, that "if he had been only a gentleman, he should not have called to see him." In 1710, however, he collected his works in 3 vols. 8vo.; of which the only portion not already reviewed in this sketch, is the miscellaneous poetry dedicated to the Earl of Halifax. It consists of odes, songs, translations, and occasional poems; amongst which there is scarcely a single subject which does not derogate from his reputation. One of the first in order of composition is a Pastoral on the death of Queen

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Mary, who had complimented the performance of his 'Old Bachelor,' and 'Double Dealer,' with her presence. These are the verses upon which Johnson observes, that every thing in them is unnatural, and yet nothing new—a saying which must have been uttered more for the sake of point than any thing else; for the contrast exhibited between such matter and versification, and the numbers of the 'Mourning Bride,' is beyond parallel surprising and new. The Doctor makes a long quotation, which aptly bears out his own opinion; for it labours through every hackneyed topic of pedagogue lore, with the most ungracious stupidity; but the following lines are marked by an inverted originality, which is by no means so common.

> Oh, she was heavenly fair in face and mind!
> Never in nature were such beauties joined:
> Without all shining, and within all white,
> Pure to the sense, and pleasing to the sight;
> Like some rare flower, whose leaves all colours yield,
> And opening, is with sweetest odours filled.
> As lofty pines o'ertop the lowly reed,
> So did her graceful height all nymphs exceed;
> To which excelling height she bore a mind
> Humble as osiers bending to the wind.
> Thus excellent she was——
> Ah, wretched fate! she was, but is no more!
> Help me, ye hills and valleys, to deplore.
> I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
> And sable clouds her chalky hills adorn.

The summary of his literary character may be made, therefore, with ease and brevity. In every thing he has left behind him, his five plays excepted, he is singularly injudicious, unhappy, and incorrect. In comedy he has a gaiety and imaginativeness peculiar and original; but upon every other subject he is meagre and insignificant. The charm of his comedies lies exclusively in the dialogue; in plot, character, and palpable effect, they are deficient: they may be read, but can never be acted. His odes are Pindaric, and have been commended for their regularity—a praise which it were hard to withhold from compositions which stand so much in need of favour. It is to be remembered, then,

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that Congreve was the first who had the judgment to correct the derangement of our Pindaric poetry; and though but partially warmed with that generous ardour indispensable from success in the style, he possessed taste enough to make it flow in responsive measures, and connected order. His Odes to Mrs. Arabella Hunt, and on St. Cecilia's Day, are the best specimens of what he has done in this way; his Hymn to Venus, from Homer, (the translation alluded to by Pope, in the dedication of the Iliad) is not so badly executed; and his Doris, which has been so profusely lauded by Steel, cannot be denied the merit of sprightliness and striking character. To corroborate the opinions here given, by extracts from the different poems upon which they are founded, would be a task of some length, and little interest: in preference to such a course, one piece is inserted entire, and that, from good feeling, is a favourable sample.

EPISTLE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD COBHAM.

ON IMPROVING THE PRESENT TIME.

Sincerest critic of my prose, or rhyme,
Tell how thy pleasing Stowe employs thy time:
Say, Cobham, what amuses thy retreat?
Or stratagems of war, or schemes of state?
Dost thou recall to mind with joy or grief,
Great Marlbro's actions?—That immortal chief,
Whose slightest trophies raised in each campaign
More than suffice to signalize a reign!
Does the remembrance rising warm thy heart
With glory past, where thou thyself hadst part;
Or dost thou grieve, indignant now to see
The fruitless end of all thy victory?—
To see th' assiduous foe, so late subdued,
Dispute those terms for which so long he sued,
As if Britannia now were sunk so low,
To beg that peace she wanted to bestow?
Be far that guilt—be never known that shame,
That England should retract her rightful claim,
Or, ceasing to be dreaded and adored,
Stain with her pen the lustre of her sword.—

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Or dost thou give the winds afar to blow
Each vexing thought and heart-devouring woe;
And fix thy mind alone on rural scenes;
To turn the level lawns to liquid plains;
To raise the creeping rills from humble beds,
And force the latent springs to lift their heads;
On watery columns capitals to rear,
That mix their flowing curls with upper air?
Or dost thou, weary grown, these works neglect,
No temples, statues, obelisks erect,
But catch the morning breeze from fragrant meads,
Or shun the noon-tide ray in wholesome shades?—
Or slowly walk along the mazy wood,
To meditate on all that's wise and good?
For nature bountiful in thee has joined
A person pleasing with a worthy mind;
Not given the form alone, but means and art
To draw the eye, or to allure the heart.
Poor were the praise in fortune to excel,
Yet want the way to use that fortune well.
While thus adorned, while thus with virtue crown'd,
At home in peace, abroad in arms renown'd;
Graceful in form, and winning in address,
While well you think what aptly you express;
With health, with honour and a fair estate,
A table free, and elegantly neat;—
What can be added more to mortal bliss?
What can he want that stands possessed of this?
What can the fondest wishing mother more
Of Heaven, attentive, for her sons implore?
And yet a happiness remains unknown,
Or to philosophy revealed alone;
A precept which, unpractised, renders vain
Thy flowing hopes, and pleasure turns to pain.
Should hope and fear thy heart alternate tear,
Or love, or hate, or rage, or anxious care,
Whatever passions may thy mind infest,
(Where is that mind that passions ne'er molest?)
Amidst the pangs of such intensest strife,
Still think the present day the last of life;
Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.

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Or should to-morrow chance to cheer thy sight
With her enlivening and unlooked-for light,
How grateful will appear her dawning rays,
As favours unexpected doubly please!
Who thus can think, and thus such thoughts pursues,
Content may keep his life, or calmly lose.
All proofs of this thou may'st thyself receive,
When leisure from affairs will give thee leave;
Come, see thy friend retired without regret,
Forgetting care, or striving to forget:
In easy contemplation soothing time,
With morals much, and now and then with rhyme;
Not so robust in body as in mind,
And always undejected, though declined:
Not wondering at the world's new wicked ways,
Compared with those of our forefathers' days;
For virtue now is neither more or less,
And vice is only varied in the dress;
Believe it, men have ever been the same,
And Ovid's golden age is but a dream.

The decline of Congreve's life was rendered peculiarly distressing by accumulated disorders. After some years of extreme sufferings from a cataract in the eyes, his sight became totally obstructed, and ended in confirmed blindness. Such was the deplorable extremity under which he was seized by the gout, and was obliged to remove to Bath for the benefit of the waters. There he was overturned in his chariot, and laboured with a severe pain in the side until his return to London, where he died utterly exhausted in constitution at his house in Surry-street, Strand, on the 29th of January, 1728. The vanity which made him ridiculous during life remained strong in death, and though his own ancient family was greatly embarrassed, he left the bulk of his savings, amounting to 10,000*l.*, to Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, a lady, who, whatever might be her claims to regard, could be but little flattered by a bequest she did not want. His body was exposed in state in the Jerusalem chamber, and removed with great pomp, the pall being borne by Lords to Henry the VIIth's chapel, where it was deposited close by the coffin of Sydney, Earl of Godolphin.

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EDWARD COOKE, R. N.

EDWARD COOKE, a captain in the Royal Navy, is commemorated by a very large tabular monument, neatly executed by Bacon, junior, in the chapel of St. Michael, in Westminster Abbey. He is introduced sinking into the arms of a sailor, the right hand extended in a dying exhortation, and the left faithfully encircling the colours. From the clouds above appears a half-body bust of Victory descending with a wreath, and underneath is a representation of the engagement in which the captain fell. At the one side stands an elephant, and at the other a tiger; the former emblematical of India in general, the latter of Bengal, which was the particular scene of the action here illustrated. This is a performance alike natural and pleasing, both in design and execution, the insipid personification of Victory alone excepted; and it can never cease to be a matter of censure and regret, that where facts so striking are thus engagingly delineated, truth should be confounded with fiction, and the moral excitement of a great and virtuous example become enervated by superfluous ornaments and inconsistent imagery. The inscription is in English, and thus engraved:—

This monument was erected by
THE EAST INDIA COMPANY
As a grateful testimony to the valour and eminent services of
CAPTAIN EDWARD COOKE, commander of his Majesty's ship
SYBILLE,
Who on the 1st of March, 1799, after a long and well-contested
engagement,
Captured *La Forte*, a French frigate of very superior force,
In the Bay of Bengal,

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An event not more splendid in its achievement, than important in its result
To the *British* trade in INDIA.
He died in consequence of the severe wounds he received in this memorable action,
On the 23d of May, 1799, aged 29 years.

Such is the information conveyed by the monumental epitaph of this gallant young officer; and to this brief account a few historical events are all that can be added to make up a biographical sketch. That so little should be known of one whose memory justly deserved the splendid honour now described, cannot but be considered a matter of serious regret; and when it is subjoined, that neither the date nor locality of his birth have been particularised in those publications which are commonly devoted to biographical notices, and that even the circumstances of his parentage have been differently related; the generality of readers may, perhaps, concur in wishing to make it a rule with all writers of epitaphs, that as often as they shall recite when and where a mortal died, they shall also mention when and where he was born. History has a vested interest in recording all that is grand and consequential in the actions of mankind; but it is biography that teaches the minute lesson by which similar greatness is to be attained, and equal influence effected. Thus, whenever the biographer is deprived of his data, one half of the benefit, which society ought to reap from the good done by the illustrious, is forfeited; and as for the remnant, the less it is particular, the more it appears unreal.

It has been said that the subject of this notice was a son of the memorable circumnavigator bearing the same name; but that representation is erroneous: his father was Colonel Cooke, who married a sister of Admiral Boyer, and was a magistrate and Member of Parliament for the county of Middlesex. The period of his admission amongst the naval forces of his country, and the character of his early services and promotions are facts, like the time and manner of his birth, altogether unknown to the writer of these pages. Indeed the sum of all that can be here detailed of his life, is comprised in the following passages. He was made a lieutenant in 1790, a rank in which he was attached to Lord Hood's squa-

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dron in the Mediterranean, and there entrusted with a secret expedition to Corsica. In 1793, he was again commissioned by the same commander to pass through the French fleet blockaded before Toulon, and engage the town to surrender to the British—an arduous labour, which he executed with singular prudence, intrepidity, and success. Being next privately hurried into Sardinia to raise a body of reinforcements, he speedily returned with 2500 effective men. As an acknowledgment of these services, he was gazetted a Post Captain during the following year; and in 1796, appointed to La Sybille, a frigate, carrying 44 guns. It was on board of this vessel, and at the head of a small squadron, that he soon after sailed upon that destination in the East, from which the vicissitudes of war never permitted him to return.

In this quarter of the globe he was particularly active during the year 1798: on the 12th of January he captured a coaster off Luconia, from which he took 4000 dollars; and on the next day entered the harbour of Manilla, where, by deluding the enemy into a belief that his vessels were French, he boarded and made prizes of seven boats, armed with swivels and great guns, and manned with 232 officers and men. This partial triumph however, led to no efforts of greater consequence, for it was immediately discovered that of two large money ships which were the principal objects of pursuit, the one had disembarked her treasures, and the other lay not at Manilla, but at Cavita. Proceeding, therefore, along the coast, he arrived before the fort of Samboongan, at the close of the month, and made an attempt to carry the place by storm, which, after a smart cannonade of two hours, was abandoned as impracticable.—The remainder of the year was occupied in protecting the convoys to China.

Early in the year 1799, notice was given that a French frigate of the first rate and strongest force had seriously annoyed our Indian trade, and Captain Cooke immediately set sail on a cruize. On the evening of the 28th, he was drawn into Balasore roads, by the flashes of some guns in the distance, and there found the La Forte, French frigate, mounting 44 guns, and having 8 prizes in tow. The vessels came in sight about half-past ten o'clock, and the Frenchman affected to bring La Sybille to, by firing a shot, which was ineffectually followed by a second and a third gun. By this time the ships were within hail, and Admiral de Serci,

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the French commander, a gallant veteran in his sixtieth year, commanded his adversary to strike. In answer to this summons Cooke closed upon the enemy so effectually, that his main yard arm lay between their main and mizen masts. In this desperate situation he opened his first broadside: it carried away 60 men, and so powerfully were the discharges repeated, that the French were driven three times from their hatches. De Serci was now killed, and the chief command was assumed by the first lieutenant, an enthusiast, who fought with singular bravery, and excited his men in the most passionate terms. Ere long, he too fell, and with him drooped the spirit of opposition: Cooke meantime kept up a steady fire, and worked immense havoc; the larboard, starboard, and main shrouds of the La Forte were, with the exception of a single pair, all shot away; and, as a last resort, the French endeavoured to prevent their capture by flight. In this effort their masts went overboard, and they were thus reduced to the necessity of crying out for quarter, after a resistance, which endured with great bravery, for an hour and forty minutes.

The advantages resulting from this engagement to the East India Company were very considerable; they recovered possession of eight merchantmen valuably laden; and had the neighbouring seas cleared of a daring enemy. The present, however, like many another victory, was dearly acquired, and boasted with regret. A grape-shot, of the largest size, passed through the fleshy part of Cooke's arm, penetrated through the side, and escaped near the spine: he received another wound in the breast, and a third in the ribs. The intense pains consequent upon these injuries occasioned a violent fever, with an exfoliation of shattered bones, under which he lay for two-and-twenty days delirious. Some hopes of his recovery were entertained during the month of April, but he relapsed into a state of danger, and expired at Calcutta, after great sufferings, on the 20th of May. The body was interred at Calcutta, with naval and military honours, and the respect due to his name and abilities was testified by the erection of that monument at home, which furnished matter for the description at the head of this article.

A marked possession of superior skill and daring fortitude is established in the few incidents which connect this summary notice together; but these were not the only virtues for which the

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name of Captain Edward Cooke was cherished, or his fate lamented. There was a modesty in his private conduct, a humanity in his principles, and a moderation in the use he always made of authority, such as no one fellow-countryman can refuse to praise, though not all may choose to imitate. It was always his care to abstain, as much as possible, from making mere money prizes, from a sense of the distress which must accrue from such acts to the innocent individuals thereby ransacked of fortune. The manner, too, in which he treated prisoners, was liberal in the extreme: withholding them under restraint for as short a time as possible, he entertained them during the interval with ceremonious hospitality; and, at the moment of their liberation, declined to exact a parole, as he held it dishonourable to incapacitate any man from serving his country. In fine, upon the strength of such statements, it is not too much to aver, that his kind and brave feelings could only be balanced by one another, and his gentleness be equalled by his fortitude.

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SIR EYRE COOTE, K.B.

In the north cross aisle of Westminster Abbey, and immediately behind the lofty monument to Lord Robert Manners, and Captains Bayne and Blair,—stands a marble tribute to the memory of Sir Eyre Coote. It was executed by Banks, and, as is usual with the works of almost all our artists, the chief detraction from its merits is an allegorical design. In the centre is a trophy of armour, piled up against a palm-tree; on the left, Victory is personified in the act of hanging a portrait of the general from the tree; and on the right, a Mahratta captive appears doubled in grief. His hand leans upon an inverted cornucopia, the contents of which are falling upon a shield, traced with the arms of Great Britain. This figure has been much admired, and certainly, for attitude and expression, it deserves all the praise it has received—it is a very happy performance. The locality of the scene is indicated by the elephant beneath. The workmanship of this monument is correct and masterly, but it bears an air of nakedness and insufficiency, because the centre, comprising the tree and armour, wants both bulk and size. The inscription runs thus:—

This Monument is erected by
THE EAST INDIA COMPANY,
As a memorial of the military talents of
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR EYRE COOTE, K.B.
Commander-in-chief of the British Forces in India,
who,
By the success of his arms in MDCCLX. and MDCCLXI.,
Expelled the French from the coast of Coromandel.
In MDCCLXXXI. and MDCCLXXXII.

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He again took the field in the Carnatic,
In opposition to the united strength of the French and Hyder Ally;
And in several engagements
Defeated the numerous forces of the latter;
But death interrupted his career of glory
On the xxviith day of November, MDCCLXXXIII.
In the fifty-eighth year of his age.

Eyre, the son of Chidley Coote, by Jane, sister of George, Lord Carteret, and a lineal descendant from that ancient Irish family which was raised to the Earldom of Mountrath, in consideration of the eminent services rendered to the cause of Charles I. by Sir Charles Coote, Bart.—was born in Ireland, during the year 1726. Adopting the profession of arms, he was attached to the royal troops who were employed to quell the Scotch rebellion in 1745, and nine years afterwards accompanied his regiment to the East Indies. In that country he obtained a captaincy during the year 1757, and was ordered to take possession of Calcutta, upon the surrender made of that place, to the British forces co-operating with Admiral Watson. By the execution of this duty he ranked as Governor of the place, an authority in which he was almost immediately superseded, by the arrival of Colonel Clive. He next assisted in the reduction of Houghley and Chandenagore; and at the memorable battle of Plassey, usurped so prominent a part, as to be considered entitled to a particular share of the honours which crowned that victory.

Towards the close of the year 1759, General Lally made an effort to revive the military fortune of France in the East, by laying siege to Trichinopoly with an army of French and confederate Indians. But the hopes excited by this resolute movement were momentary; Coote, now raised to the rank of colonel, collected all the forces under his command together on the coast, and invested Vandewash. Three days sufficed to reduce the place, and on the 30th of November the garrison became prisoners of war. Thence passing on with haste to Carongoly, he urged another siege with a force so diligent, that within four days after the opening of his batteries, the garrison submitted to the restraints of subjugation on the 10th of December.

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During this short interval, Lally called in his detachments from every quarter, and made the most vigorous dispositions for recovering a place so important as Vandewash. He was already pressing a siege with considerable spirit, and had effected a practicable breach, when Coote made his appearance to relieve the attack. The battle that ensued on the 22d of July, 1760, was the consequence of these operations. General Lally counted 2200 Europeans, and somewhat more than 9000 Blacks; Colonel Coote mustered 1700 Europeans, and only 3000 Blacks; and the contest was fierce and protracted, as the great interests at stake naturally demanded. At length the French gave way, and soon fell into a total rout; they abandoned their camp, their cannon, and all the implements employed at the siege, and left 1000 men dead and wounded upon the scene of action. Lally fled in confusion to Pondicherry, and Coote prosecuted the advantages of a victory, which reflected the highest honours upon his name and talents, with unabated enthusiasm. He took Chittiput after the lapse of only a few days, and, without allowing himself the smallest repose, marched directly upon Arcot, and commenced a fresh siege. The trenches were opened on the 5th of February 1761; on the 10th, the capital of this immense province surrendered, and upwards of 300 Europeans were made prisoners of war.

Pondicherry was the next strong hold of consequence attacked: a siege of two months reduced it under the authority of Great Britain;—and with that loss the power of France was annihilated in the East. Coote was now made Governor of Fort St. George at Madras, but some differences arose between him and the local authorities, and he returned to England, high in reputation. Here the nature of his achievements was properly estimated, and promptly honoured; he was decorated with the Military Order of the Bath, and by the Directors of the East India Company presented with a sword, hilted in diamonds, and valued at 700*l*. A few years of easy service succeeded, and as his regiment happened to be quartered in Scotland, the ministers availed themselves of the opportunity to make him Governor of Fort St. George in that country. Thus a rank which he had resigned in the East was re-conferred upon him in the West.

But he was not destined to remain long absent from the sphere

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of his first victories: during the year 1779, the death of General Clavering again left vacant the chief command of the British forces in the Indies, and Sir Eyre Coote, though labouring under infirmities which made the climate almost certainly fatal, was urged to accept the station. He acquiesced in the proposal, and was accordingly gazetted a Member of the Supreme Government of Bengal, and Commander-in-chief of the British Forces in the East. Scarcely had he arrived at the seat of his authority, when Hyder Ally invaded the Carnatic, and he was obliged to hasten down to the coast of Coromandel with all the strength he could muster. In the month of July 1781, a battle took place at Porto Novo, between the troops thus drawn together, in which he struck the first blow of any great moment against the might of his rival, by giving an utter defeat to 150,000 men, with a chosen band amounting to no more than 10,000.

The operations of 1782 began under very unpromising appearances: the French availed themselves of the signal power and great talents of Hyder Ally to regain a footing in India, and a band of Frenchmen under General Lally, took the field in concert with that mighty prince. Sir Eyre Coote met with unusual obstacles in advancing his troops from Madras, and found himself so much crippled, that he was obliged to address a complaint to the minister in England, for the purpose of confirming that full authority naturally incidental to the station in which he stood. This embarrassment was soon after augmented, by the utter defeat of a gallant detachment under Colonel Braithwaite, on the banks of the Coleroon. The particulars of this action are not so directly relevant to the subject of these pages, as to warrant any description here of the bravery with which it was fought, the obstinacy with which it was maintained, or the slaughter with which it was won; but it is impossible to allude to an event so singular, without some tribute of praise to that fortitude which enabled 2000 men, wedged in a hollow square, and only strengthened by 13 pieces of cannon, to resist the charges of 20,400 able troops, during an unremitted attack of six-and-twenty hours.

Such were the unfortunate circumstances which now prompted the energy, and quickened the movements, of Sir Eyre Coote. Vandywash, so often the place of attack, again formed the point most exposed to danger, but the bare protection of a place so

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important did not satisfy the character or talents of the British general. Finding the enemy, although completely reinforced, indisposed for battle, he determined to seek him upon his own ground. Hyder Ally, however, was a wary commander, who thought little of appearances; and, as the English advanced upon him, retreated, without a care for the disgrace which such a step might mark upon his fame. Thus mortified, Sir Eyre Coote held a council of war, and proposed an attack upon the great magazines, which were deposited in the strong fortress of Arnee, suggesting that a movement which must effectually check every source of supply, would, in all probability, terrify their opponent to abandon that prudential conduct, which held the prospects of the campaign in suspense.

The plan was unanimously acceded to, and the judicious policy upon which it was proposed became apparent without delay. The English decamped, and Hyder Ally no sooner penetrated their design, than he marched down from the hills with all expedition, determined to run every risk for the safety of the only hold which afforded him his present means of warfare. On the 22d of June, 1782, the main body of the English army was within five miles of Arnee, and an advanced party was actually marking out the site of an encampment before the place, when a sudden cannonade in the rear announced the approach of an enemy, who was supposed to be several miles, distant. Critical as this surprise was, and great as the advantages were which it gave to the attack, yet did it occasion no disorder amongst our troops, and no perplexity in the conduct of the general. The fire began early in the morning, and various manœuvres rapidly succeeded, but it was half-past one o'clock before Sir Eyre Coote succeeded in concentrating the different attacks upon one plan and point. That object, however, had no sooner been effected, than the impetuosity of the British bore down every obstacle, and Hyder's army broke in several directions. A total rout ensued; the pursuit continued until evening, but a deficiency of cavalry upon our side, and a superabundance of it on the other, precluded those effective consequences which ought to have signalized to perfect a victory.

This was the last battle in which Hyder Ally and Sir Eyre Coote faced each other; it was also the last in which either of

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them took a part; and it has generally been represented, that the heavy cares imposed upon their respective commands, tended in a great degree to abridge the lives of both. In 1783, Sir Eyre resumed his command at Madras, although in a dying state; but his strength was exhausted before any measure of consequence could be effected. His body was conveyed to England, and interred in a family vault, in the parish church of Rockburn, in Hampshire, and the reputation of his name was additionally secured, by the erection of that monument which entitles him to a notice in the order of these pages. A short time before the fact of his dissolution became known in London, the House of Commons passed a resolution of thanks for the greatness of his public services; and that vote, though unacknowledged by the object to whom it was addressed, served as a just panegyric upon his memory.

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JAMES CORNEWALL, R. N.

ENTERING into Westminster Abbey from the great western door, the eye is struck by a towering monument, six and thirty feet in height. It records the name and achievements of James Cornewall, a Captain in the Royal Navy. Above the basement rises a rock, within a recess of which appears a representation, in bass relief, of the sea fight which took place before Toulon, in 1743, and a Latin epitaph. Out of this rock are springing a laurel, and a palm tree, with a medallion of the Captain suspended from them; at either side of which stands a female figure, the one attended by the lion, personifying Britannia in the habit of Minerva, and the other Fame. In the allegory of this design there is nothing superior to the insipidity natural to every subject of the sort; the execution, however, is able, and the appearance imposing. Taylor was the artist employed to erect it. The inscription may be thus translated:—

* Among the monuments of original virtue
In this sacred building, be there preserved the name of
JAMES CORNEWALL,
Third son of
Henry Cornewall, of Bradwardine Castle,
In the county of Hereford, Esquire,

* Inter pristinæ virtutis monumenta
Hac in Æde sacra, conservetur nomen
JACOBI CORNEWALL,
Henrici Cornewall, de Castro Bradwardino,
In Agro Herefordiensi, Armigeri,
E filiis natu tertii;

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Who, deriving a spirit truly primitive
From the ancient and illustrious race of Plantagenets,
Sprang forth, with ease, a commander in naval tactics, the most skilful,
Alike and deservedly adorned by the tears and praises of Britons;
For eagerly combating, in the sea-fight off Toulon,
The cause of his country,
A chain shot at one sweep shattered both his legs.
Bequeathing to his comrades that last gift of a dying sailor, his enthusiasm,
He expired unconquered,
On the 11th of February, in the year of our Lord 1743, and of his age 45.
No superior valour
Could be recommended to the emulation of posterity by an ampler eulogy,
Than that truly singular proof of honour
Through which the British Parliament desired to consecrate
This monument, to the memory of a man the most brave,
With one voice, and at the public charge.

If those expressions of concern have been concurred with, which the great deficiency of particulars in the biography of Captain

Qui de pervetusta et illustri Plantagenistarum stirpe
Animum vere priscum ducens,
Rerum Navalium Dux evasit facile peritissimus,
Britonum æque lachrymis et applausu merito decoratus;
Quippe qui Patriæ causam
In Navali illo Telonem juxta certamine strenue propugnans,
Plumbi jugalis ictu utroque pariter truncatus crure,
Ardorem suum commilitonibus supremum munus morientis legans,
Occubuit invictus,
iii Id. Feb. A.D. MDCCXLIII. Ætat. suæ XLV.
Cujus eximia virtus
Ampliori elogio ad Posteritatis incitationem commendari nequiit
Quam Honoris exemplo plane singulari;
Quum unanimi suffragio, Publicis expensis,
Hoc Monumentum, viri fortissimi memoriæ,
Senatus Britannicus Consecrari voluit.

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Edward Cooke, provoked from the author, the reader cannot refuse to drop another regret over the very imperfect account there is preserved of his fellow-sailor, Captain Cornewall, a distinguished officer, of whose early career nothing is known, but that he was made Captain of the Sheerness frigate, on the 3d of April, 1724. Of his services, or manner of life for nine years more, no fact has been recorded, and no character drawn. Being, on the 3d of March 1733, invested with the command of a small armament, he proceeded into the Mediterranean, to exact reparation for some injuries inflicted upon our merchant vessels by the pirates who have always infested that sea. Upon this trust he sailed on board of the Greyhound sloop, in which he safely reached his point of destination, the harbour of Yatuan, which is not far distant from the strong fort of Sallee, upon the mouth of the river Guero in the kingdom of Fez. The demands which he was commissioned to make, would have been amicably conceded; but discovering that a Portuguese crew had been recently captured and carried into slavery by the infidels, he availed himself of the opportunity to aid the interests of humanity, and insisted upon their liberation. Finding this requisition refused, he blocked up the port completely, and cut the corsairs from the sea. This prompt movement in a short time sufficed to bring them to a sense of the dangers incidental to resistance: the captives were released; the British merchants were compensated; and the squadron returned to England without loss or bloodshed.

In the year 1741, the Bedford, of 71 guns, attached to the fleet under Admiral Sir John Norris, in the Atlantic, was commanded by Captain Cornewall. From that ship and station, which afforded him no opportunities of distinction, he was removed into the Marlborough, serving in the Mediterranean, with Admiral Matthews, a brave but unfortunate officer, who was dismissed from his rank, on account of the events which subsequently occurred off Toulon, where Cornewall fell with so much gallantry. The battle which led to these contrary results of disgrace and glory, began to be fought at about half-past one o'clock, on the 11th of April, 1743. Cornewall was nominated one of the seconds to the Commander-in-chief, who ordered him to abandon the usual line of action, and encounter the Real, a

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Spanish ship, which was soon re-inforced by another, mounting 74 guns. The conflict between Cornewall and these vessels endured for three hours and thirty-five minutes, under unusual circumstances of resolution and bravery. So desperately did the vessels meet, that at times the yard-arms of the Marlborough and Real touched together—a closeness of action which was not for a moment removed beyond pistol shot. Opposed by a double force, the English suffered severely; Cornewall's legs were shot off; the main and mizen masts were soon after carried away, and, as they fell, crushed his mutilated body into pieces. In this emergency, his nephew carried on the engagement until the Real was silenced, and drew off with her companion, abandoning the Marlborough, in a condition far too distressed to pursue a victory which, though nobly gained, induced neither satisfaction to the government, nor credit to the survivors.

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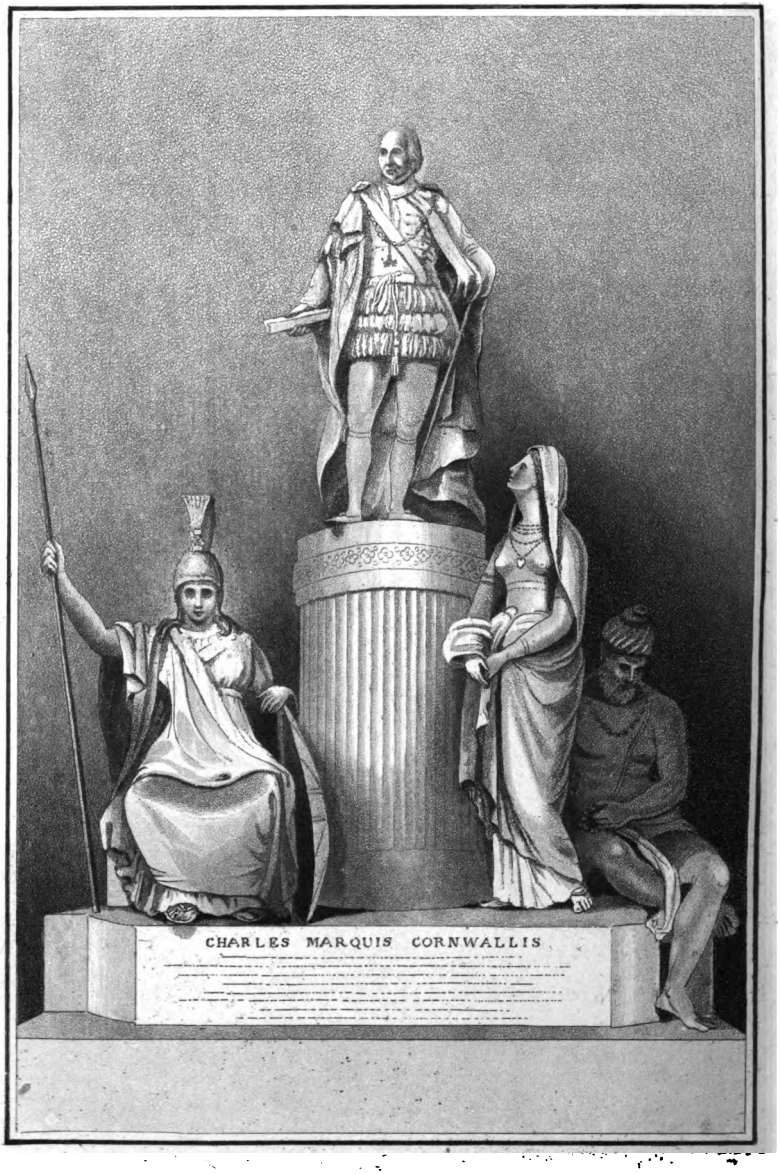

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CHARLES, MARQUIS CORNWALLIS, K. G.

AGAINST the great pier on the left entering the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral, stands a massive monument by Charles Rossi, to the memory of this eminent soldier and statesman. The statue of the Marquis, robed as a Knight of the Garter, is placed upon a truncated column, before which are personifications of the British empire, in Europe, and in Asia: the figures to the right represent the Begareth and Ganges, rivers in the East. Of these statues, that of the Marquis resembles life, and is so far good; that of Britannia is decidedly awkward and mean; and those of the other deities are expressively striking.—But the design of all together is unnatural and insignificant. The inscription is the following:—

To the Memory of
CHARLES, MARQUIS CORNWALLIS,
Governor-general of Bengal,
died 5th October, 1805, aged 66, at Ghazeepore, in the province of Benares,
in his progress to assume the command of the army in the field;
This monument
Is erected at the public expense,
In testimony of his high and distinguished public character;
His long and eminent services, both as a soldier and a statesman;
And the unwearied zeal with which his exertions were employed,
In the last moment of his life,
To promote the interest and honour of his country.

Charles Cornwallis, Viscount Browne, descended from a family which traces its lineage to a Sheriff of the City of London, in the 14th century, and obtained a peerage for loyalty to Charles II. in his exile—was born on the 31st of December, 1738. After

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having been successively a member of Eton School, and St. John's College, Cambridge, he received a stand of colours in his eighteenth year. In 1758, he was raised to the rank of Captain, and in 1760, accompanied the Marquis of Granby in the capacity of aid-de-camp, to the German war, during which his services gradually exalted him to the Lieutenant-colonelcy of the 12th Foot. This was in 1761, and it was during the same year that he sat in the first Parliament of George III. as member for Eye, in Suffolk, a borough which had been habitually represented by his family for nearly three centuries. In 1762, the death of his father left him the inheritance of the family titles and estates, and he accordingly took his seat in the Upper House, as Earl Cornwallis. Three years after he was nominated a Lord of the Bedchamber; in 1766, he received his first regiment, the 33d Foot; and in 1768 married Jemima, the daughter of John Jones, Esq. a lady exquisitely endowed for happiness.

But it was not until the English ministry took the fatal resolution of deciding their pretensions to tax America by force of arms, that we find Earl Cornwallis placed in a situation of general interest. Upon that occasion, the 33d foot formed a portion of the troops ordered upon foreign service, and he prepared to take his place at the head of his regiment. The circumstances under which he departed, reflected particular lustre upon his public character: the Countess deprecated the step with a passionate tenderness, and when she found her entreaties unavailing, prevailed upon his uncle, the Archbishop of Canterbury, to obtain an audience with the King, and solicit for him an exemption from the perils of command. The boon was conceded by the monarch, but not accepted by the subject; the Earl embarked with his regiment, under a commendable sense of his own honour, and a soldier's duty; and immediately upon his landing, merited his full share of the distinctions which were gained at the battle of White Plains. Far different was it with his lady at home; in sorrow for his absence, and fears for his safety, she languished into a consumption, which put a period to her sufferings on the 14th of February, 1779. Out of several children, she left behind her only a son and daughter living.—Her husband remained ever after a widower.

Some notice of the political principles, by which his lordship had hitherto been actuated in his public capacity, seems here in-

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dispensable from a just estimate of his character. It is therefore proper to observe, that, from the very beginning, he was opposed to the policy of coercive measures with America. He was one of the four ministerial lords who sided with Earl Camden in resisting the bill which extended the parliamentary power of Great Britain over her legislative colonies; and also took a decided part in condemning the many arbitrary proceedings by which Wilkes was excluded from the House of Commons. He was therefore an independent and liberal peer, judiciously preserving his duties as a senator and a soldier from admixture; and was therefore prepared, when called into the field, to discharge his professional offices without detraction or demur.

Being appointed by General Howe to command an expedition against the Jerseys, on the 18th of November, 1776, Cornwallis advanced at the head of a force comprising his own regiment, some battalions of grenadiers and light infantry, covered by a squadron of cavalry, and drew within a short distance of Fort Lee, which is the key of the Jerseys. Such was the secrecy and expedition with which this march was effected, that, were it not for the escape of a deserter, who apprised the enemy of his approach, he had certainly made the garrison, to a man, prisoners of war. The movement, however, was not without its advantages; a confused retreat took place, and he came into possession of all the military stores and provisions in the hold. The Jerseys immediately after fell into his hands, and he was only restrained from the pursuit, and, in all probability, the complete overthrow of the Americans, by engaging them before they could have succeeded in crossing the river Delaware, in consequence of an order from his commander-in-chief, which was severely criticised in England as a capital error in the tactics of war.

Thus was the tide of success preserved in these quarters, up to the moment when General Howe determined upon his expedition against Philadelphia. As soon as the army effected a landing in Chesapeake Bay, Lord Cornwallis was despatched at the head of a column to Brandy White River, on which General Washington was posted, in order to protect Philadelphia. His lordship's purpose was to turn the enemy's rear, and get between them and the city; and he succeeded promptly in it, by defeating the force sent to oppose him under General Sullivan:—his public entry into Philadelphia consequently took place on the 24th of

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September, 1777. Up to the close of this, and during the course of the next, campaign, though the plan of the war left no great opportunities for exertion, the conduct of Earl Cornwallis, as second in command, continued to attract considerable attention.

Many expeditions were set on foot after the reduction of Charlestown, but the chief undertaking was entrusted to his skill. He received instructions to drive out of the province a body of continental troops, under the command of General Burford, who, though too late to succour the siege, yet, by being joined to the cavalry who had escaped the last defeat, had succeeded in keeping the fire of opposition actively formidable in the neighbourhood. With this body he came into close contact on the 1st of June; and upon the same day gave it a complete rout.—The event left him undisputed in the government of South Carolina.

During the peaceful interval that now succeeded, his occupations were eminently discriminative and meritorious; and it was upon this occasion that he first developed that aptitude for civil affairs, which subsequently formed so conspicuous a trait of his capacity. A board of police was established by him to administer justice, until the regular forms of antient administration could be reorganized with safety; several arrangements were made to promote the general commerce, and facilitate as far as was prudent the exports of the province; an effective militia was enrolled for the common cause; and unremitting preparations were made to forward the attack on the northern provinces. From the gentle activity of these employments he was soon detached by the Americans, who, to the number of six thousand, rapidly advanced under General Gates, to arrest the progress of British success. Lord Cornwallis resolved to march forward and to meet the movement, and thus the two armies came in sight on the evening of the 15th of August, 1779. At the dawn of the next day, he made his final dispositions for engaging; his troops, though inferior in amount, were admirably posted: a swamp which covered his flank, narrowed itself in front of the army, so as to secure his wings, and render the numbers of the enemy less operative in the attack. Of his advanced line, the right division was commanded by Colonel Webster, and the left by Lord Rawdon, since Marquis of Hastings. Between them stood

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the artillery, to support either hand, as circumstances might require, and in the rear, covered by the cavalry, was a corps of reserve. The enemy were disposed in a manner somewhat similar; and the attack, commenced by the British, was maintained with such impetuosity, that the Americans were soon broken. They rallied, however, with great gallantry, but were again shocked, and, upon the advance of our second line, finally dispersed. The cavalry completed the defeat, in a pursuit twenty miles distant from the scene of action. One thousand of the enemy fell, and another thousand were taken prisoners; and seven pieces of cannon, with a full train of ordnance and transport waggons, added consequence to the achievement.

To render this decisive victory of still greater service to the cause, Lord Cornwallis dispatched Colonel Tarleton, upon the same evening, against a body of troops under General Souter, who had been extremely troublesome in cutting off detached parties, and intercepting our convoys. This corps had retreated with the utmost promptitude, as soon as the fate of General Gates became known, and had only halted in great fatigue, for the first time, on the 18th of August, when Tarleton presented himself before them, and, at a single manœuvre, succeeded in separating them from their arms. Submission and abrupt flight were then their only alternatives, and they immediately took place. Thus the provincial force in the South was utterly crushed, and Lord Cornwallis only waited for supplies, to prosecute his triumph in North Carolina. The interval was far from uselessly employed, and some rigorous measures, justified by the situation of affairs, were efficaciously put in force. Of the many who had sworn allegiance to Great Britain, numbers availing themselves of the hopes which the presence of General Gates and his promising army excited, had thrown themselves into active disloyalty. The estates of all who had thus violated their oaths, were declared to be forfeited; but, in order to temper justice with mercy, a sufficient provision was set apart for the maintenance of their innocent wives and children. Instant death was denounced against all those, who having once avowed their submission to Great Britain, should be afterwards found in arms against her; and a firm re-union between the colony and mother country was confidently expected.

On the 8th of September, Lord Cornwallis began his march to

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North Carolina, but the ardour of his progress was checked even at the onset, by the loss of a considerable detachment under Major Ferguson, which was surprised by a party of the enemy from the Allegany Mountains, and, almost to a man, either captured or slain. This misfortune, and the unexpected hardships which crowded on him as he advanced, gradually compelled him to turn his steps back on South Carolina, and there reluctantly wait for fresh reinforcements. This march was altogether one of most exemplary fortitude and privation; the provisions were so nearly exhausted, that every soldier was limited to a sparing allowance of corn daily, and once a week a small ration of meat—for the cooking of which there was scarcely any convenience. The country was overflowed by incessant falls of heavy rain; the men had no tents; and could but seldom find a dry spot of ground on which to kindle a fire. Rank and file, officers and generals, all suffered alike; amongst others Lord Cornwallis fell ill, but he recovered, in October, and arrived with his army safe at Wynnesborough.

The operations of the next campaign were designed upon an entensive and vigorous plan; but the success of the war was hopeless. General Arnold,* who had revolted from the cause of independence, now undertook to produce a powerful effect in the

* The revolt of this general cost the life of Major André, a gallant officer, who has received the honours of a respectable monument in the south aisle of Westminster Abbey, and has therefore a claim upon the notice of this volume. He was originally a merchant's clerk, and in that station distinguished himself by the composition of an ingenious poem, entitled "The Cow-Chase." In the army alike eminent for prudence and courage, he advanced himself, through the different grades of his profession, by merit alone. When the project of detaching Arnold from the Independents was first entertained, he volunteered his services for the purpose of carrying on a negotiation. Being captured, however, in disguise, within the American lines, he was tried as a spy, and suffered death with great spirit, on the 2d of October, 1780, in the 29th year of his age. George III. caused his monument to be erected, and by the care of Frederick, Duke of York, his remains were conveyed from America, and deposited near the same spot, on the 28th of November, 1821. The monument is of fine white marble, and consists of a sarcophagus, surmounted by a miserable figure of Britannia in lamentation, with a moping lion at her feet. In front is a piece of bas-relief work representing Washington at his tent, dismissing a flag of truce which came to treat for the Major's life, who is also introduced bound for execution. The sculpture is now in parts mutilated, and by no means a specimen of the finest chiseling.

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Chesapeak; and Lord Cornwallis, after scouring the interjacent provinces, was directed to form a junction with him, and then give battle to the Marquis of Fayette, who was at the head of a considerable force. Meanwhile, Sir Henry Clinton placed himself in opposition to General Washington, in the north. After an obstinate fight at Guilford, in which, he proved victorious, and a partial retreat to Wilmington, from a vain hope of receiving fresh supplies, Lord Cornwallis hazarded the completion of his orders, and reached Petersburgh as early as May. He had still to struggle against a much superior strength, but he eluded every obstacle, and made a rapid progress in Virginia. Such was the conjuncture at which Washington devised a scheme which effectually thwarted the campaign, and put a period to the career of Cornwallis. He managed that a packet of letters should fall into the hands of General Clinton; in which the republican leaders were assured, that the only possible means of saving Virginia from becoming the prize of an officer, fertile in expedients and vigorous in expedition, as experience had proved Lord Cornwallis, was to turn all their strength against New York, and thus prevent the English commander there from forwarding any supplies to his brother generals. No sooner was it discovered that Clinton was thus drawn into fears for his own safety, than Washington marched directly against York Town, where Lord Cornwallis, in obedience to the commands of his superior officer, was idly awaiting the long-promised reinforcements. An investment of the place was made without delay, and the works proceeded rapidly with the additional forces under the Marquis de la Fayette and General Rochambeau. Admiral Graves made an inadequate attempt to relieve the besieged, but was obliged to leave the French fleet in possession of Chesapeak Bay; and the British general was therefore hemmed in on every side, without a prospect of succour, or any sufficient means of withstanding the attack. To attempt to penetrate through such an army of besiegers with his reduced numbers, would, as he conceived, be an unavailable sacrifice of human blood; and in this predicament nothing seemed to remain but a capitulation. The anticipation was of necessity soon brought to issue; and after an absence of five years, he returned to England upon parole. A pamphlet controversy immediately took place between him and Clinton; but

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the proof of Cornwallis's estimation was the appointment of Governor of the Tower, to which he was gazetted soon after his arrival.

A state of peace succeeded, and Cornwallis lived retired; but, as early as the year 1790, a fresh opportunity presented itself for the employment of his services, in the complicated distresses to which the affairs of the East India Company were at that period reduced. Possessing more subjects than the King of Great Britain, they were nevertheless enervated by difficulties; and while menaced on the one hand by a combination of the native princes, they were on the other suffering extreme evils from the peculation and tyranny of their servants. To compose this turmoil,—to carry on that most arduous of warfares against corruption and civil insubordination, to equip a neglected army, and train it to discipline and victory, the Earl of Cornwallis was sent out to the East, invested with the order of the Garter, and appointed Governor-general of the Presidency of Madras. The celebrated Tippoo Saib had already begun to develope the extent of that ambitious policy which he inherited from his adventurous father, and which was soon destined to shake the supremacy of Great Britain in the East. A peace had suspended, but not subdued his designs; and he employed the interval in recruiting and disciplining his army; —an important labour, in which he was materially assisted by the experience of several French officers. The first act by which he gave fresh evidence of his restless views, was his invasion of the territories of the Nizam of Travancore, although a special treaty guaranteed by Great Britain had stipulated, that the monarch alluded to should enjoy his sovereignty without molestation.

Hostilities once commenced, the management of affairs was intrusted to the government of Madras; but no sooner did they assume a serious aspect, than the Governor took the field in person. Having concentrated his forces with celerity, and established a confederacy among the native powers, he promptly determined to carry the disasters of the war into the enemies' country. Early in 1791, his march brought him before Bangalore, a considerable city on the confines next to Arcot; and Tippoo, though evidently taken by surprise, appeared on the opposite heights. The British commander lost no time in investing the town; he reduced it, and in a few days after cap-

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tured the fort. To this success but little resistance was offered; the mode of warfare by which he and his father had so often triumphed, was as dear as ever to Tippoo; and it was still his policy to prevent the means of great victories by surprising detachments, and intercepting convoys, and waste the force of his enemies, without encountering their strength.

With this acquisition operations ceased for a season: Seringapatam, the capital of the Mysore, was too strongly fortified to be attacked with the troops at that moment under muster; the rainy season also came on, and Lord Cornwallis was obliged to fix his winter quarters in Bangalore, and there await the arrival of reinforcements. Early in 1792, he was again in the field, and after a day's halt he attacked the encampments before Seringapatam. On the side where he commanded himself, victory was complete; but on the other, although a rout also took place, yet some strange misapprehension of the orders which should have led to a storm, occurred; and the advantages of the day were so far forfeited. Had not this circumstance occurred, the capital of the Mysore, and the power of Tippoo Saib, might have then fallen with the same sublimity which soon after signalized their ruin. The siege prospered notwithstanding, and overtures of submission were offered. To these Lord Cornwallis consented to listen, upon the express understanding that he should dictate the conditions of peace himself. After some discussion it was agreed, on the 19th March, 1792, that Tippoo should pay three crores and thirty lacks of rupees, or about 4,125,000*l.*—a part immediately, and the rest at stated periods; that he should forfeit one half of his dominions, and cede two of his sons as hostages for the fulfilment of the treaty.

The termination of this war was most serviceable to the interests of Britain, and most flattering to the honour of her arms. Independent of the military talents displayed in thus repressing the most formidable potentate that had ever endangered possessions so productive to us of private riches and public wealth, Lord Cornwallis showed that he was possessed of even higher virtues. Contrary to the direct precedent of former generals, he accepted of no presents from the prince he had conquered, and passed the immense treasure openly surrendered to him without touching a single shilling. Unlike many other Indian governors

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and commanders, he left that country no richer than he went to it; and happier than most of them, he carried from it a conscience unburthened with the reproaches of exaction and blood. Returning home, his exemplary services were rewarded with a Marquisate; he was also subsequently appointed Master General of Ordnance, and admitted to the Privy Council.

Cornwallis now enjoyed a short period of relaxation: the exigencies of the times, however, soon called him again into active employment, and in a capacity which, even more than the former, required considerable civil, as well as military talents. The discontents of Ireland, which, though over and over again silenced by the sword, have never been extinguished, caught the reflection of successful resistance from the French revolution, and once more burst out into open rebellion. To suppress this danger, and give an earnest of better government, Marquis Cornwallis was appointed Viceroy, in 1798; and perhaps no previous Lord Lieutenant had a more arduous part to perform. He was required to punish, with the one hand, and to soothe with the other; to reconcile a whole country to the loss of that distinction and independence which the possession of a separate parliament secured; and to encourage the unhappy Catholics to peace and confidence, upon the assurance that the Government was *pledged* to put them upon an equality with their fellow-subjects. It must be admitted, indeed it has been confessed on all hands, that Marquis Cornwallis acquitted himself of this new office with singular felicity and unexampled merit. He was popular with all men; with the Catholics because he was almost the first Lord Lieutenant under whom they had received not only any share of favour and distinction, but even the common birth-right of the subject —an impartial administration of justice; and with the Protestants, because he showered fortunes and titles among them in return for their exertions in seconding the legislative enactments of the union—an important measure, now strenuously urged into execution. There were, however, acts done, and crimes perpetrated during this period which no man can extenuate, and every reader must deplore; but it has been denied that they were the deeds of the chief governor; and they certainly appeared most adverse to his counsels, and distinct from his purposes. Let it be admitted, then, that they were horrid germs of that ancient misrule

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which, thank Heaven, is fast falling into the disuse and execration which should ever accompany civil atrocities. The best proof of this is the common feeling of the country; the day is gone when even a solitary voice or two ventured to aspense the integrity of this Lord-Lieutenant.

While he was thus honourably engaged in the work of general conciliation, a body of French troops, under the command of General Humbert, effected a landing at Killala Bay, in the county of Mayo. Leaving a garrison behind on the shore, they advanced upon Castlebar, defeated some military, who had been there hastily collected together, and penetrated to Tuam. This partial success gave rise to the utmost consternation, but it was speedily counteracted. The Lord Lieutenant hastened into Connaught by forced marches, and at Ballinamuck compelled the enemy to surrender. Meantime the union was ratified, and with that event all the bright prospects and golden promises which were held forth for its completion, vanished into nothingness. The Marquis Cornwallis, unable to redeem the pledges of his administration, was superseded in his authority; but, as a mark of the satisfaction with which the Government reviewed his conduct, was appointed Plenipotentiary for signing the peace of Amiens.

Cornwallis had now encroached upon his sixty-third year, and it might be reasonably supposed that the decline of his life would elapse in peace and retirement. Important events, however, still supervened; and in 1805 he was prevailed upon to repair a second time to the East Indies, and compose the embarrassments of the Company, with the rank of Governor-General, and Commander-in-chief. After having made a variety of improvements in the civil departments, he placed himself at the head of the army, and resolved to conduct the war in person. But his constitution was unequal to the labour, and he was obliged to perform his journeys by slow and short stages. By degrees, his digestive powers began to fail, and before he could reach head-quarters, he expired, on the 5th of October, 1805, at Ghazeepoor, in Benares. His funeral was performed with great pomp, and his memory distinguished by every testimony of regard. A mausoleum was voted to him at Madras, a statue at Bombay, and at home the House of Commons erected that monument of which a description introduces this article.

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A summary of the character of Marquis Cornwallis is briefly made. He was not a man of those brilliant talents which the world distinguishes by the title of genius; but he was a nobleman of deep patient sense, considerable application and enviable equanimity. With these qualities, and, above all, a rectitude of principle which no temptation perverted, he served his country in a manner which always secured respect, and must still longer merit gratitude. His life-time comprised a memorable portion of an era the most eventful and extraordinary in the history of nations; the various situations into which he was introduced were highly emergent, and the manner in which he overcame the ordeal was eminently signal. Humane, just, and conciliating, his deserts were assayed by experience, and all parties therefore concurred in lamenting his death. He combined the remote and often discordant capacities of a general and a statesman to a degree of excellence such as few have attained, and all may safely emulate.

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ABRAHAM COWLEY.

THE monument erected to the fame of Cowley, though by no means among the most able or pleasing in the Poets' Corner, is yet somewhat coldly appropriate. It consists of an urn, begirt with laurel, and emitting fire; and is intended to indicate the celebrity with which the author's writings were crowned during his life-time, and the perpetuity anticipated for his reputation. As he was the poet of similies, conceits and emblems, so this study of signs and typified expressions are not altogether out of character. His remains were interred immediately before the tomb, and the spot may be still recognized by a blue stone, on which are inscribed the words, Abrahamus Couleius, by which latter perversion the Latin scholar meant to translate the plain word Cowley. The following version of the inscriptions on the upper stone is preferred from an old life of the poet:—

ABRAHAM COWLEY,
The Pindar, Horace and Virgil, of England,
And the delight, ornament and admiration of his age.
Lies near this spot.

While, sacred bard, far worlds thy works proclaim,
And you survive in an immortal fame,
Here may you bless'd in holy quiet lie!
To guard thy urn may hoary faith stand by—

ABRAHAMUS COULEIUS,
Anglorum Pindarus, Flaccus, Maro,
Deliciæ, Decus, Desiderium Ævi sui,
Hîc juxta situs est.

Aurea dum volitant latè tua scripta per orbem
Et famâ æternùm vivis, Divine, Poeta,

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And all thy favourite tuneful Nine repair
To watch thy dust with a perpetual care!
Sacred for ever may this place be made,
And may no desperate hand presume t'invade
With touch unhallowed this religious room,
Or dare affront thy venerable tomb!
Unmoved and undisturbed till time shall end,
May Cowley's dust this marble shrine defend!

So wishes
And desires that wish may be sacred with posterity
GEORGE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,
Who erected this sepulchral marble to that incomparable man.

He departed this life in the 49th year of his age, and was carried from Buckingham House, with honourable pomp. His obsequies were attended by the illustrious of all ranks, and he was interred on the 3d of August, 1667.

Cowley is one of those writers who have been so incomparably eulogized by his contemporaries that many of the readers who came after them, unable to sympathize with the warmth of their admiration, have suffered the subject of it to sink, as it were out of spite, almost into the opposite extreme of neglect and disrepute. Charles II., a man of no mean reading or ordinary taste, is recorded to have observed, when told of Cowley's death, that he did not leave a better writer behind him. Rymer, the learned

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Hic placida jaceas requie. Custodiat urnam
Cana fides, vigilentq: perenni lampade Musæ.
Sic sacer iste locus. Nec quis temerarius ausit,
Sacrilega turbare manu venerabile Bustum,
Intacti maneant, maneant per secula Dulcis
COULEII cineres, serventq: immobile saxum.
Sic vovet
Votumque suum apud Posteros sacratum esse voluit,
Qui Viro Incomparabili posuit sepulchrale marmor,
GEORGIUS DUX BUCKINGHAMIÆ.

Excessit è vita Anno Æ^tis^ suæ 49° et honorificâ pompâ elatus est Ædibus Buckinghamianis, Viris Illustribus Omnium Ordinum exequias celebrantibus. Sepultus est Die 30, M. Augusti, Anno D^ni^. 1667.

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author of the Fœdera, prefers him to Tasso, and Dryden, and even Milton himself is commemorated for having given him unqualified praise. Cowley is also ranked by many critics as the first of our modern poets. By this preference, however, nothing more perhaps was meant, or at least deserves to be understood, than that he was one of the first authors, in the order of time, who composed English poetry with those accents which now characterize the approved pronunciation of our verse, and without many of those coarse words and familiar phrases which, by common consent, have been long adjudged foreign to the elegance of Poetry. As for the higher attributes of poetical excellence,—true feeling and natural expression, he was anticipated by several.

Abraham Cowley was born in the year 1618, in the parish of St. Dunstan, London, where his father, who died before his birth, kept a grocer's shop. At the solicitation of an exemplary mother, he was admitted into Westminster School, and grew soon distinguished for ability. Removing to Cambridge in 1636, he published, after the lapse of two years, one comedy in English, entitled 'Love's Riddle,' which was inscribed in verse to Sir Kenelm Digby; and another in Latin, called 'Naufragium Joculare.' But it were ungenerous not to give him his proper share of merit by adding that, though only ushered before the public at this period, 'Love's Riddle' was written when he was at Westminster: thus Cowley, as well as Milton and Pope, may be correctly said to have lisped in numbers. He not only wrote, but printed a volume of poetry in his thirteenth year, which contained, amongst other learned puerilities, as Dr. Johnson calls them, the tragical story of Pyramus and Thisbe, and Constantia and Philetus, of which the first was written in his tenth year.

At the very beginning of the civil war he distinguished himself by the ardour of his loyalty, and when Prince Charles passed through Cambridge upon the occasion of his journey to the North, Cowley came forward with another comedy, entitled 'The Guardian,' afterwards altered into the 'Cutter of Coleman Street,' which was acted by the Students of the University, for royal entertainment. This production the author modestly entitled a Sketch, but it was afterwards printed, though against his will, and repeatedly acted with considerable approbation. These and other marks of his zeal for the King's service, occasioned his

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ejection from Cambridge, through the prevalence of the opposite party, in 1643, with the attainment of an A.M. degree. For some time he found shelter in St. John's College, Oxford, where he published his 'Satire of the Puritan and Papist,' and recommended himself, by the spirit of his principles, and the talents of his conversation, to all the friends of the persecuted King, and above all, won the kindness of Lord Falkland, a man whose notice was in itself a passport to general distinction. In time, however, Oxford was ceded to the Republicans, and Cowley followed in the Queen's train to France, where he settled in the family of the Earl of St. Alban's, and managed the royal correspondence—a province of confidence and honour, which occupied his time day and night for several successive years.

In 1647, he printed his 'Mistress,' which, as he simply confesses in his preface, he was induced to write, because poets are scarce thought freemen of their company, without paying some duties, or obliging themselves to be true to love. This 'Mistress' is a varied series of poems upon the subject of that passion which such an acquaintance is usually supposed to excite, and may be read with satisfaction, as containing specimens of most of the beauties and all the faults for which the style of the author and his age are notorious. Beyond this character no praise is merited, and altogether but little interest can be roused by it; for if there is any one description of writing upon which the moderns have decidedly improved, it is the poetry of Love. What with Cowley and the ancients was all darts, flames, wounds, and violent death, we have softened into courtly sympathy and fond gentleness. What they exaggerated, we have refined; and whereas they wrote all they thought, however crude and extravagant, we only express what we feel, and for the purpose of making that appear sincere, keep it always subdued.

Take the following specimens, strongly infected with rude conceits and offensive eulogies:—first, to his Mistress bathing:—

> The fish around her crowded, as they do
> To the false light that treach'rous fishers show,
> And all with as much ease might taken be,
> As she at first took me.
> For ne'er did light so clear
> Amongst the waves appear,
> Though every night the sun himself set there.

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Then,—on his Mistress's inconstancy :—

He enjoys thy calmy sunshine now,
And no breath stirring hears,
In the clear heaven of thy brow,
No smallest cloud appears.
He sees thee gentle, fair and gay,
And trusts the faithless April of thy May.

Gently, ah! gently, Madam, touch
The wound, which you yourself have made;
That pain must needs be very much,
Which makes me of your hand afraid.
Cordials of pity give me now,
For I too weak for purgings grow.

Lastly, the following illustration of the common saying, *neither dead nor alive*, though highly confused, is not quite so repugnant.

Then down I laid my head;
Down on cold earth; and for awhile was dead,
And my freed soul to a strange somewhere fled.
Ah! sottish fool, said I,
When back to its cage again I saw it fly;
Fool to resume her broken chain!
And row her galley here again!
Fool, to that body to return
Where it condemn'd and destin'd is to burn!
Once dead, how can it be,
Death should a thing so pleasant seem to thee,
That thou shouldst come to live it o'er again in me?

How Cowley came to lose his appointment at the exiled court we know not; all his early biographers state is, that, in the course of time the business passed into other hands, and that he consequently returned to London in 1656, where he was seized, imprisoned, and only liberated upon an excessive bail in the sum of a 1000*l.* He then collected his poems together in one publication, and turned his mind to the study of physic, in which science, though he never practised, he obtained, first a license to practise, and afterwards the degree of Doctor, from the University of Oxford. The assumption of this character, and the poem

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he composed upon Cromwell's death, are by some writers represented as mere feints to divert the suspicions of the government, while he was in reality a spy for the royalists; and by others again are characterized as overt acts, by which he abandoned the King, and sided with his enemies. No positive knowledge has ever been given upon the subject; that many of the royalists supposed the latter to be the true case, and reproached him for delinquency, is certain; while, on the contrary, it is hard to believe that his sincerity was ever doubted by the leaders of that party, as they not only recognized, but rewarded him, upon their return to fortune and power.

These favours, however, were not conferred immediately after the Restoration; and Cowley, like many an other old and active follower, lived on for a considerable time hoping for notice and petitioning for place, but only answered with promises, and filled with discontent. In this mood he retired, first to Barn-Elms, and then to Chertsey, in Surrey, where he trusted to find in rural solitude, that content of mind and happiness of life, which the busier conflicts of worldly interest commonly exclude. Here, however, he was again disappointed, for the dampness of his residence gave him the rheumatism; his fields were overrun by strayed cattle, his rents were ill paid, and his circumstances were even pinched by poverty; so that his complaints after this change of views were more numerous and pointed than any he had before uttered. Time, however, brought some relief; the interest of the Duke of Buckingham obtained for him an advantageous lease of some lands which had been settled upon the Queen, and he thus spent the close of his life in competence. He died at the Porch House in Chertsey, in 1667, and was removed to Buckingham House, where his body lay first in state, and was afterwards conveyed with pomp to the grave.

Cowley was the last, and is considered the best of the metaphysical poets, of which Donne, Suckling, and Cleiveland, were the chief ornaments and prototypes, and who principally figured at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Dr. Johnson characterizes them as men who only wrote to show their learning; and consequently sacrificed all melody to quaint expression. They strained every thought even to ridicule in their attempts

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to amplify it, and confused every image by tastelessly studying new similes and illustrations for its greater polish and perfection. Hence they were never sublime, because they were always subtle, and greatness only delights in generality; while they never could be pathetic, because they constantly repulsed nature for art. Their only attainment of any merit was wit; and even that was usually laborious, and still oftener extravagant.

But the greater and better part of Cowley's compositions remain to be noticed, and perhaps amongst the number his *Chronicle* is the richest specimen of all that could be happily effected by that school of writers; while his Pindaric odes are the strongest proof of the genuineness of his poetical capacity. These latter, as their name imports, are translations, or rather unbridled paraphrases of the Grecian numbers of Pindar—a species of composition which Cowley placed at his time among the lost wonders of the world, and vigorously laboured to restore. That he succeeded, both in what he directly imitated from the ancient bard, and in what he chose originally to essay himself, the following strains boldly evince:—

Begin the song, and strike the living lyre:
Lo! how the years to come, a numerous and well-fitted quire,
All hand in hand do decently advance,
And to my song with smooth and equal measure dance!
While the dance lasts, how long soe'er it be,
My music's voice shall bear it company,
Till all the gentle notes be drowned
In the last trumpet's dreaded sound.

Such was the popularity attained by these Pindarics, that for a length of time our poetry was overcome by numerous aspirants in irregular metres, and the license was abused to such an extremity that public ridicule at last scouted the extravagance; and this species of ode was again lost to us, as Cowley would say, until Gray revived it with a strength and purity which no other has combined in our language. Companions to his Pindarics are Cowley's Anacreontics, a happy style of composition devoted to woman and wine, which is better known to the generality of readers than any quotation from him can make them. We, therefore, pass on

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to a consideration of his 'Davideis,' an epic poem upon the subject of the scriptural hero David, which he began early in life, though he had only advanced to the close of the third book at the period of his death. Literature has not lost much by the circumstance, for even his warmest admirers confess that the portion he finished is a decided failure. It is chequered by all the faults of his mannerism, and the perversions of his school, and on the other hand is but sparingly studded with the beauties his curious fancy has elsewhere cherished. It is full of fantastical personifications and antique allegory; for instance, Envy concludes a dialogue with Lucifer, who is represented as *lashing his breast with his long tail,* in these lines:—

Do thou but threat, loud storms shall make reply,
And thunders echo through the trembling sky;
Whilst raging seas swell to so bold a height,
As shall the fire's proud element affright;
Th' old drudging sun from his long beaten way
Shall at thy voice start and misguide the day.
The jocund orbs shall break their measured pace,
And stubborn poles change their allotted place;
Heaven's gilded troops shall flutter here and there,
Leaving their boasting songs tuned to a sphere.

The variety of Cowley's imagery is principally that feature of his poems which attracts interest, or deserves praise; and the following description of the dress of Gabriel in the Davideis, is a favourite quotation with those who have delighted to exemplify his successful passages:—

He took for skin a cloud most soft and bright
As e'er the mid-day sun pierced through with light;
Upon his cheeks a lively blush he spread,
Washed from the morning beauties deepest red;
An harmless flattering meteor shone for hair,
And fell adown his shoulders with loose care;
He cuts out a silk mantle from the skies,
Where the most sprightly azure pleased his eyes;
This he with starry vapours sprinkles all
Took in their prime, ere they grow ripe and fall;
Of a new rainbow, ere it fret and fade,
The choicest piece cut out a scarf is made, &c. &c.

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After this comes a digression, which no one but Cowley could, under such circumstances have imagined.

> I' th' library a few choice authors stood;
> Yet 'twas well stored, for that small store was good;
> Writing, man's spiritual physic, was not then
> Itself, as now, grown a disease to men.
> Learning, young virgin, but few suitors knew;
> The common prostitute she lately grew,
> And with th' spurious brood loads now the press,
> Laborious effects of idleness.————

But to make the best bit the last: there is one passage in Cowley which has always been quoted amongst the standard beauties of English poetry; and which, in all probability, will continue unrivalled in its rank as long as the language is susceptible of ornament. It is the following example, in which sound is made to represent sense:—

> Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise.
> He who defers this work from day to day,
> Does on a river's bank expecting stay
> Till the whole stream that stops him shall be gone,
> *Which runs, and as it runs for ever shall run on.*

Cowley was also a writer of Latin verse, and it is sufficient praise for him that in this exercise some critics have raised him to a level with the classical genius of Milton. He moreover made this talent the means of conveying a species of information to his countrymen, which was at the time new, and has since been of eminent service. He was one of the first among us who perceived how essential the study of botany was to the knowledge of a physician; and therefore retired for a time into Kent to study the science and collect flowers and herbs. The result of this occupation was a Latin poem, entitled 'The Plants,' which consists of six books, in the first and second of which he relates the properties of herbs in elegiac metre; in the third and fourth, displays the beauties of flowers in different measures, and in the fifth and sixth describes the uses of trees in heroic verse. The poem, though often commended by those who lament British inferiority in these matters, is not without faults, and even solecisms, which a scholar should have avoided: he has strained the idiom of the Romans, and seldom adds perspicuity or grace to the innovation.

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WILLIAM CROFT, Mus. Doc.

Directly contiguous to the monument of Dr. Blow, in the north aisle of Westminster Abbey, is a posthumous tribute to the memory of William Croft, Mus. Doc. A quarter body bust, well wrought in academical robes, stands upon a large entablature of white marble, beneath which an organ is introduced in alto relievo. The epitaph is couched in classical Latin, and may be thus rendered —

Hereby lies interred,
William Croft, Doctor in Music,
And Organist
Of the King's Chapel, and this Collegiate Church.
His art in Harmony
Was happily derived from that great master of modulation,
Whose side he now protects:
He studiously advanced himself
By his own celebrated compositions,
Of which not a few were consecrated to Heaven;
And was not more exquisitely commendable
For the solemnity of his numbers
Than the amenity of his talents, his manners, and even his features.

With mankind,
During a space of nearly fifty years,
He was spotlessly conversant,
Nor in a duty of humanity more admirable
Than the friendliness and truly paternal charity

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With which he educated his pupils,
On the fourteenth day of August, in the year MDCCXXVII.
He emigrated to the Heavenly Choir,
With that concert of Angels, for which he was better fitted,
Adding his HALLELUJAH.*

There is no department of British Biography which has been less attended to, than that of musical composers. No enquiry, however laboured, into the causes of this neglect can retrieve any of the information thus lost; and no such pursuit, therefore, is instituted here. In this predicament, so discreditable to his country, stands the subject of this article, a man of unquestionable talents, whose monument and epitaph are sufficient to indicate that he deserved a better fate. Nor is he the only member of the same profession whose life and actions have been suffered to dwindle into insignificance, after receiving the distinction of posthumous honours in Westminster Abbey: his successor, Dr. Cooke, and Bartleman, Cooke's pupil, have been similarly

* Hic juxta sepultus est
GULIELMUS CROFT, Musicæ Doctor,
Regiique sacelli et hujusce Ecclesiæ Collegiæ,
Organista.
Harmoniam a præclarissimo modulandi artifice,
Cui alterum jam claudit latus,
Feliciter derivavit:
Suisque celebratis operibus,
Quæ Deo consecravit plurima,
Studiose provexit;
Nec solemnitate tantum numerorum,
Sed et ingenii et morum et vultûs quidem suavitate,
Egregie commendavit.
Inter mortalia
Per quinquaginta fere annos,
Cum summo versatus candore;
Nec ullo humanitatis officio conspexior
Quam erga suos quotquot instituerit alumnos,
Amicitiâ et charitate vere paternâ,
xiv die Augusti A. D. MDCCXXVII.,
Ad cœlitum demigravit chorum,
Præsentior concentibus Angelorum,
Suum additurus HALLELUJAH.

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treated; and it is with the simple intention of dismissing at one effort so many painful because defective themes, that the few matters of fact which have been preserved of all three are given under this one head: thus the succession in which they are mentioned is not strictly alphabetical, as the order of the work would require, but historical.

William Croft was born at Nether Eatington, in Warwickshire, during the year 1677. Originally a singing boy at the Chapel Royal, he received his musical education under Doctor Blow; and the first preferment we know him to have attained was the post of organist at St. Anne's Church, Westminster. In 1707 he was associated with his master, Dr. Blow, as joint organist of the Chapel Royal; and upon the death of that professor, in the course of the following year, was appointed to the seats left vacant by him both in the Chapel Royal and Westminster Abbey. In 1712 he selected, and published, under the title of 'Divine Harmony,' a collection of the anthems introduced into the service of the Chapel Royal, Westminster Abbey, and St. Paul's—a common-place work, comprising words, but no music; which, as it was in no particular respect wanted by the public, never attracted either praise or patronage. Prefixed to it was a dissertation on church music, which, though somewhat misplaced in a volume containing no music at all, was estimable for some judicious remarks. In 1715 he was admitted to his degree of Doctor in Music, by the University of Oxford, and for his exercise upon the occasion set to music two odes, written by Dr. Trappe, the one in Latin and the other in English.

But it was not until the year 1724 that Dr. Croft presented to the public that publication upon the merits of which his reputation has chiefly been founded. That was his 'Musica Sacra,' splendidly edited by subscription, in two volumes, folio, and consisting of choral pieces, and a burial service of his own composition, with a supplement of select anthems. This was the first work of the kind engraved in score on pewter plates, and is therefore prized, independent of its beauties, as a curiosity in the arts of England. By the privileges of his situation he set to music many odes, and composed several thanksgiving anthems, which were written to celebrate the victories of Marlborough, and performed whenever Queen Anne proceeded in state to return thanks to Heaven for the national success in arms—a barbarous oblation

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which man in his vanity is always prompt to submit, but which it is by no means natural to suppose the Deity can be pleased to receive.

Exclusive of his compositions for the Church, Dr. Croft is also known as the author of several instrumental solos, sonatas, and many popular songs, among which, that to Byron's words, 'My time, O ye Muses, &c.' has principally been commended. He died, as is particularised in his epitaph, on the 14th of August, 1727, in consequence of a cold, which was either caught or fatally aggravated by his professional attendance at the coronation of George II. He has been placed in the first rank of English musicians, and is characterized by Dr. Burney as one who sometimes succeeds in being grand, though he never rises to sublimity, and is always feeblest in his quicker movements.

This is a succinct memoir:—but of Dr. Cooke, who was buried, and has a memorial tablet with a coat-of-arms above and a music book below it, in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, there is far less to be told beyond the bare matter of his epitaph. The ordinary sources of biographical information only add that he was chiefly happy in the composition of glees, among which 'How sleep the Brave,' 'Hark, hark, the lark,' and 'In the merry month of May,' have been especial favourites. Besides the preferments mentioned in the following inscription, he also held the post of organist to the parish church of St. Martin in the Fields, and retained all his dignities to the period of his death, which took place at his residence in Dorset-court, Parliament-street.

The notice upon the marble tablet runs thus:—

Near this place are deposited
The remains of Benjamin Cooke,
Doctor of Music in the universities of
Oxford and Cambridge, and Organist and
Master of the Choristers of this Collegiate
Church, for above thirty years.
His professional knowledge, talents and skill,
Were profound, various, and pleasing;
In his works they are recorded, and
Within these walls their power has been felt and understood.
The simplicity of his manners,

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The integrity of his heart, and the innocence of his life,
Have numbered him among those
Who kept the commandments of God, and
The faith of the Saviour Jesus Christ.
He departed this life on the 14th of September, 1793, and
in the 59th year of his age.

Almost touching the marble from which these lines are copied, is another and nearly a similar tablet, with the following memorial, written by the present Dr. Ireland, Dean of Westminster:—

To the memory of JAMES BARTLEMAN,
Formerly a chorister and lay clerk of Westminster Abbey, and
Gentleman of his Majesty's Royal Chapel;
Educated by Dr. Cooke,
He caught all the taste and science of that great master,
Which he augmented and adorned with the peculiar powers of
his native genius.
He possessed qualities which are seldom united—
A lively enthusiasm, with an exact judgment,
And established a perfect model of a correct style in singing,
And a commanding voice, simple and powerful, tender and dignified, solemn, chaste, and purely English.
His social and domestic virtues corresponded with these rare
endowments;
Affectionate, liberal, sincere and open-hearted,
He was not less beloved by his family and friends
Than admired by all for his pre-eminence in his profession.
He was born 19th Sept. 1769, died 15th April, 1821,
And was buried in this cloister near his beloved master.

Had it been specified in this commemoration, that Bartleman's voice was a bass, the epitaph would have comprised almost all that can be said respecting the subject of it. He was brought up as a chorister of the chapel royal, and made his first appearance before the public as a singer at some concerts in the Freemasons' Hall, Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, where the great compass and singular sweetness of his tones attracted immediate ap-

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plause. Being soon after engaged at the Concerts of Antient Music, he rose with rapidity to the head of his profession, and eventually became a proprietor of the rooms in Hanover-square, and a conductor of the concerted entertainments given at them. No singer, during his lifetime, equalled him either in taste or capacity, and he has not been rivalled since his death. He was the only support of two sisters, for whose benefit a publication of the songs he used to sing with greatest effect was undertaken, when he was removed from them. His funeral, which was public, was honoured with the attendance of a long train of professional brethren and eminent friends.

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OLIVER CROMWELL.

THE plan of these pages does not include a biographical notice of the many sovereigns who lie entombed in Westminster Abbey, because such a labour must obviously involve a history of Great Britain. As for their monuments, it has happened, fortunately for this arrangement, that they are exclusively placed in private chapels, so that a description of them will be appropriately given in that historical sketch of the fabric itself, which is designed to form an introduction to the work. From this rule, however, several reasons seem to suggest that the extraordinary subject of this sketch should be exempted. Though a sovereign in all but the name, and even a more arbitrary one than the Prince he decapitated, yet out of a life of fifty-nine years, he spent fifty-four of them as a mere subject; and although by no means the first usurper whose obsequies were performed with approved pomp in Westminster Abbey, yet his remains were dislodged from a receptacle which the wildest savage holds sacred, and the greatest barbarians have feared to violate. The period of his rule forms a distinct chapter in the history of our country; and as his contemporaries with one voice gave him a grave in Henry the VIIth's Chapel, it appears but justice to rank his name among the Genii of the sanctuary, from which, if transcendant talents prove the title to its honours, he could derogate no distinction.

Oliver Cromwell, then the Protector of the English Commonwealth, was the son of a brewer at Huntingdon, where he was born on the 25th of April, 1599. Although his father carried on trade for a livelihood, his family was honourable and estated; his grandfather was Sir Henry Cromwell of Hinchinbrook, in the county of Huntingdon, and his mother was a sister of Sir Thomas Stewart of Ely. He received the first lessons of edu-

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cation at the grammar school of his native town, after which he was removed to Sydney College, Cambridge. There he was recognized as a youth of lazy habits and slow capacity, so that when his father's death soon after gave him an opportunity of returning home, the extent of his classical attainments was a vulgar knowledge of Latin. As the patrimony which he thus inherited was but small, he resolved to improve his fortune by a profession, and with this view entered himself as a student at law of Lincoln's Inn. But he had as little relish for the dry enactments of the statutes as for the elegant themes of literature—in all probability it was a qualification of his character to borrow nothing from others, but draw entirely from himself—he darted into all the dissipation of a London life, and drank, gambled and debauched to an excess, which soon injured what moderate income he possessed.

His wild oats, however, were soon sown; for at the age of one-and-twenty, he married and reformed. For a wife he chose Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir James Bourchier, of Kent, and with her took up his residence in the house formerly occupied by his father, at Huntingdon. From an excess of levities, he now turned on a sudden into the opposite extreme of austerity; from gay he passed to grave, and from being frank to demure. Adopting the religious tenets of the Puritans, he made himself one of the most exemplary of the sect, for tiresome prayers and frequent fasts. Ere long his maternal uncle Sir Thomas Stewart died, and bequeathed him another property: removing, therefore, with his family to Ely, he took possession of the inheritance, and sent notice to those companions of his former dissipation, from whom he had gained money by gaming, that he was prepared to pay back all his winnings. In every other respect his life and fortune were now devoted to the interests of his rigid creed: his house was the constant resort of enthusiastic ministers, and his purse the open support of refractory preachers; so that, in a short time, he found his revenue nearly as much embarrassed by the expenses of religion, as it had ever been by the extravagances of debauchery. In order to retrieve these difficulties, he once more changed his abode, took a farm at St. Ives, and laboured to prosper by agricultural pursuits. But here again he was doomed to failure; distresses accumulated upon him, his mind became vapourish, he brooded over

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the fanatical denunciations of his brethren, and at last, urged alike by his debts and devotion, concurred with the celebrated Hampden and others, in a resolution to emigrate to America, and enjoy the unrestricted exercise of his gloomy religion in a congenial land of dark forests and wild scenery.

This project was entertained in the year 1637: eight ships were equipped for the purpose in the Thames, and the parties had already embarked with their families, when a royal proclamation interdicted their departure. Happy had it proved for Charles, if that little fleet had escaped beyond the immediate limits of his authority! Being thus forced back on shore, Cromwell became exclusively a politician; and although neither a leader of the party, nor a distinguished colleague, he was a deep and steadfast promoter of their measures. He had already sat for several sessions in Parliament, without affording any proof of the capacity of his mind, and his friend Hampden is reported to have been the only person who at this period had the penetration to appreciate his worth. His first return to the House of Commons was in 1625, as a representative of Huntingdon, for the first Parliament of Charles the Ist; and his first speech, in perfect accordance with the bigotry of the times, was to denounce to the legislature one who, as he understood, preached flat popery. But he enjoyed no reputation with the House;—his character was that of a blunt country gentleman, forward in honesty, but confused in his address, and inelegant in expression—a labour to which he rarely aspired. He was also successful at the election of 1628, and upon being appointed one of the Committee of Religion, was again remarked for his rancour against the Catholics;—thus exhibiting that strange anomaly so frequently observable in other fanatics, that persecution engenders persecution; for while himself crippled and disfavoured by the episcopal Protestants, he seemed only to care for the utter explosion of a creed which suffered under more ignominious privations.

The circumstance upon which he first rose into any marked popularity, was the following:—The Earl of Bedford had obtained a grant for reclaiming the fens and morasses near Ely, which gave great offence to the landholders in the neighbourhood, and the more particularly, as the commissioners for working the grant were charged with violations of private property. At the head of the

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party formed to oppose this measure was Cromwell; and the obstinacy with which he disputed every point, and contested the whole powers of the prerogative, procured all that applause of his exertions which the interested in any cause are always prompt to shower down on their friends. It was a consequence of the spirit he displayed on this occasion, that he was elected to serve in the Long Parliament for the city of Cambridge, and he entered with a vivid and undivided spirit into every measure of the popular leaders, although his domestic affairs were in the extreme of disorder. As if led by instinct, he joined with that party whose zealous measures were the most likely to present to a genius tempered as his was, the surest means of eminence and triumph; and was therefore soon admitted into the secret councils of those who resolved to push the altercations between the crown and the Parliament to desperation. Thus, in 1641, he was prominently active in the passing of that memerable remonstrance which was the signal of open warfare; and as soon as a levy of men was decreed, hurried down to Cambridge, and raised a troop of horse, of which he took the command under a commission from the Earl of Essex.

Cromwell had advanced into his forty-third year when he assumed the profession of a soldier; he was as destitute of instruction as of experience in military tactics, and the great success to which he rose as an officer, is therefore to be ascribed solely to the strength and discrimination of his own talents. At this period he is described as a man ungraceful in his person, slovenly in his dress, and homely in his manners; with a voice untuneable, and an elocution equally tedious and obscure. By the well-versed leaders and polished gentlemen of the House, he was overlooked as one of no consequence; but in proportion as the cause of the Parliament became religious, his generosity to the preachers occasioned their creatures to look up to his piety with confidence and respect. The University of Cambridge was the first body that felt his power, and he exacted support from it with a rigour which signally proved his animosity to the members. After some fortunate enterprises of minor importance, he surprised a depôt of arms and ordnance at Lowestoffe, and was thus enabled to augment his troop to a regiment of 1000 men. Promoted to the rank of Colonel, he displayed peculiar judgment in the choice of his

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recruits: receiving into his ranks only substantial farmers, sturdy freeholders, and their sons, he made it a test of their probable utility that they should be men of gravity, decidedly imbued with puritanical notions, and all known to each other and their officers. His numbers once completed, he addressed himself with great prudence, to enforce a system of discipline and resolution, which rapidly distinguished his retainers; and, upon the emulation of other corps, gave that character to the parliamentary arms which ultimately ensured success. No man could be better qualified for the peculiar situation in which he was placed; ever as prompt to pray as to fight, and at all times as well prepared with a rhapsodical sermon for the pulpit, as an energetic order for the field—while he punished with one hand, he rewarded with the other, and endeared himself as much to the commonest sentinel by his familiarity, as by his palpable merits to the commanding generals.

To detail the prosperity of his career, and describe the various battles in which he shone, with the effect they deserve, were an ample task, which the fixed limits of this sketch will not permit the writer to enter on; the following summary therefore must content the reader:—The first encounter between Charles and his subjects took place at Keinton, or Edgehill, in 1642; and in the following year Cromwell was appointed to act with a separate command in the Northern counties, where he defeated a party of Royalists, near Gainsborough, under the direction of Cavendish, who perished on the occasion. During the following year he seconded the Earl of Manchester, and at the battle of Marston Moor, was nominated to the rank of Lieutenant-general of Horse. The left wing, opposed to Prince Rupert, was entrusted to his command, and after a determined assault he chased the Royalists before him, and thus achieved the first measure of that slaughterous victory. During the heat of the fight he received a wound —that only certain honour in war, which in this instance was greatly heightened by the unanimity with which all parties attributed the result of the day to his prowess.

But the troops had no sooner taken up their winter quarters for the year, than those animosities began to break out among the Parliamentary generals, which were so natural to their relative situations. As Essex and Waller had already disagreed,

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so Manchester and Cromwell now quarrelled; each leader was backed by his faction, and London became a scene of turmoil nearly as bitter and destructive as a field of unrepressed warfare. The Parliamentarians divided themselves into Presbyterians and Independents, parties so notably characterized in history, that it is only necessary to observe here, that Cromwell headed the latter. By their vehement policy the great self-denying ordinance was passed, and every member of Parliament was ousted from the army; but it was solely owing to his own dissimulation and artifices, that Cromwell, though sitting in the Commons, contrived to retain his commission, and actually direct the conduct of the army over which Fairfax obtained the chief command.

The battle of Naseby decided the superiority of the Parliament; and in this encounter Cromwell led the right wing with his usual forwardness and fortune. He was the first to push his opponents into defeat; and after pursuing them for nearly a mile from their original position, he wheeled about on the royal infantry, conducted by the King, and with another charge completed the victory.

In the year 1647 the struggle finally terminated; the King's person was bought from the treacherous Scotch, and the Parliament essayed to reduce that factious soldiery by whose means alone it had hitherto succeeded. But Cromwell's ambition was by this time fully excited; he felt that over the general ruin, one master-spirit must rise, and, though perhaps he could not clearly see the path by which the ascent was to be made, he determined to explore every avenue, and thus laid himself deeply out to counteract the designs of all parties, as they successively preponderated. Over the mind of Fairfax he had long held ascendancy; and by governing that general, was in point of fact the leader of the army, though but the second in command. How lowly he arose has been already stated, but the elevation was insignificant in comparison with the height to which he now aspired. At the beginning his talents appeared insufficient for his wants; but as his fortune brightened, his capacity expanded; and there was no danger or difficulty that impeded him in his way, for the removal of which he had not art or violence in reserve. Naturally domineering, he grasped authority wherever it presented itself; and where once he obtained a footing, no power could dislodge him. His sagacity was considerable, his

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deception profound, his intrigue the most oblique, and his courage indomitable. Thus, after spiriting up a fanatical Cornet to drag the King out of the hands of the Parliament, he roused the army to mutiny against that very body, at the very time that he pretended in the House of Commons, to be moved to the highest pitch of grief and indignation at the discontents of the soldiers, and even wept to picture the misfortunes of his country. Thus too, after deceiving the army and imposing on the Parliament, he succeeded in cajoling his imprisoned sovereign, and allured him to confidence with projects of a full restoration of his rights, while he was actually plotting to reduce both King, parliament, and soldiers to his own purposes.

Of the various means by which he finally succeeded in each of these arduous efforts, it is unnecessary to particularise the order;—the progress and result of them are minutely known to all. Promptitude and skill marked his movements in every emergency, and he crushed the second civil war raised by the Scotch and scattered Royalists for the safety of their unfortunate monarch, with instantaneous dexterity. After subduing an insurrection in Wales, he hurried up to the North, and in a single contest near Preston, in Lancashire, dispersed the Scottish invaders, to the number of 20,000, with only 8000 men. One Pride, who from a drayman had become a colonel, *purged* the House of Commons; and that climax of iniquity, the trial and execution of the King proceeded. A few words from Cromwell's address, when overtures to that crime were submitted before the House, will best exhibit the colour of his conduct throughout the business.—"Should any one have proposed," said he, "to bring the King to punishment, I should have regarded him as the greatest traitor; but since Providence and necessity have cast us upon it, I will pray to God for a blessing upon your counsels, though I am not prepared to give you any advice upon this important occasion. Even I, myself, when I was lately offering up petitions for his Majesty's restoration, felt my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, and considered this preternatural movement as the answer which Heaven, having rejected the King, had sent to my supplications."

But notwithstanding all this smooth diffidence, and equivocal delicacy, he was evidently the prime agitator of the final catas-

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trophe: he sat upon the trial, signed the death warrant, and promoted the execution with indefensible hypocrisy. Fairfax conscientiously deprecated the murder, and Cromwell, to get rid of his opposition, sent a monster to pray with him for the direction of Heaven, while the last fatal blow of the conspiracy was struck.

The monarchy of England was no sooner annihilated, than he directly pushed forward for a chief command. He succeeded in obtaining it, and passed over all the embarrassments of a most difficult and tumultuous period with resolute steadiness. The subjugation of Ireland was his first achievement, and he effected it with sanguinary dispatch, and diabolical fury. He stormed Drogheda sword in hand, and, on the morning after the assault, executed in cold blood the few wretches who, in the satiety of slaughter, had escaped the first shock:—of all the garrison and inhabitants, one miserable being alone escaped to describe the horrors of this merciless havock. Proceeding without delay down to Wexford, he battered the town, and, while the authorities tendered a capitulation, let loose his liveried blood-hounds, and swept away the population, men, women, and children, with relentless cruelty. At Carrick-on-Suir some efforts were made to resist his progress —they were repeated with greater vigour at Kilkenny and Clonmell;—but he was irresistible; and the garrisons at Cork, Kinsale, &c. &c. were terrified by his brutality into subjection. In this manner the reduction of Ireland was effected, within the short space of nine months; and no less than 40,000 men voluntarily banished themselves from the island, rather than live beneath the sword of a butcher.

Returning to London in triumph, he found Fairfax at last sick with the scruples of authority; and upon his resignation succeeded, without opposition, to the rank of Captain-General of all England. He next marched into Scotland, where Charles II. was held in thraldom by his fanatical presbyterians, and gained the battle of Dunbar, at the head of 22,000 men. The victory of Worcester followed, on the 3d of September, 1650, and by that "*crowning mercy*," as he used to style it, the struggles of Royalty were exhausted. As he drew near to London, the parliament, the council of state, and civic magistracy, came forward to meet him in triumphal procession; an enthusiastic vote of thanks

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was offered to him, in acknowledgment of his services; 4000*l.* a-year was settled upon him, and the whole nation lay unnerved at his will.

There now remained little need for the meanness of deeper hypocrisy, and he was not long in discovering his pretensions. A war took place with the Dutch, which was speedily turned to advantage by the gallantry of Blake, and the state once disarmed of enemies at sea as well as on land, he marched to the House of Commons, with 300 soldiers, and expelled the members by force. This act was virtually an assumption of the reins of government, and, strange as it may appear, the outrage was contemplated by the people not only without indignation, but with marked approbation. Congratulatory addresses poured in upon the Captain-general from all quarters; the army, as was to be expected, showed the example, the fleet followed it, and the principal corporate bodies throughout the kingdom confirmed their voices. It was thought prudent, however, to preserve the appearances of a free state, and an ignorant set of minions were constituted into a parliament, upon the sole warrant and nomination of Cromwell. But they were totally incapacitated for the dignity, and by at least one decent act resigned their bastard power into the unnatural hands from which it emanated. A council of officers was then summoned, and by them Oliver Cromwell was proclaimed Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Ireland, and Scotland; a title which was pompously conferred upon him in Westminster Hall, on the 16th of December, 1653.

Being thus formally elevated, at the age of 53, to the sovereignty of his country, Cromwell upheld the reputation of his former years by equal prudence and ability. His first care was to make a peace with Holland, against whom the Republic had for some time waged a war of unavailing destruction, and, as the terms upon which it was contracted were advantageous to the English merchants, the measure brought both credit and applause to his government. He entered into treaties with Denmark and Portugal; maintained a favourable understanding with Sweden, and, by a singular conjunction of felicity, found himself equally respected by the rival governments of France and Spain. But affairs at home did not compose themselves so harmoniously, and it was soon found impracticable to rule the country by his, or any one

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man's will: even Cromwell was obliged to summon a parliament. As if to conciliate confidence, he issued writs upon an extensive scale, and left the elections perfectly free and untampered with: but it is a genuine proof of the national spirit, that, as soon as the Commons assembled, they proceeded to attack not only the manner in which the Protector exercised his power, but even his very title to it—and this with a decision and earnestness as great as had ever been arranged against their legitimate sovereign. Cromwell for a time endeavoured to lecture this opposition into some appearance of subserviency; but the study was unproductive, and, after a session of five months, he dismissed the members, to avoid the hazard of his own deposition.

Many murmurs and great disaffection were thus excited; the rigid Puritans made no secret of declaring an opinion that Cromwell had cajoled the nation; and the Royalists conspired for a general insurrection throughout the country. The 11th of March, 1655, was the day appointed for their rising, and although, by the vigilance of his spies, the Protector was fully possessed of the design, yet he craftily permitted the gathering to come to a head, in order to justify the measures he contemplated against the party. On the appointed day many were seized and imprisoned, and a far greater number, alarmed at this circumstance, remained quietly at home. In Cornwall alone the conspiracy broke out into action. Penruddoc, with about 200 horse, entered Salisbury, while the sheriff and judges were holding an assize; and, after making the whole party prisoners, proclaimed the King. But the terror of the people was so great that not a single man joined their standard, and, after wandering about for some time in despair, they were finally routed by a troop of cavalry. Of the prisoners taken, and they were many, the gentry were tried and executed, and the remainder barbarously transported for slaves to Barbadoes. As soon as the tumult was suppressed, the severest measures were adopted against the Royalists all over the kingdom: a tenth penny was levied upon the estates of all who had abetted the late King; even those who had already compounded for a deed of indemnity were again necessitated to barter for their safety with large sums of money; and a suspicion of disaffection was enough to provoke fresh exactions, and more aggravated disasters.

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Having thus established a violent authority, he delegated to his inferior ministers, the same lawless and undefined licence by which he had himself so recklessly prospered. As his government was exclusively military, all its features were hard, and its acts despotic; the people were ruled by force, and not by principle, and the taxes levied at the point of the sword, instead of the ancient mildness of civil process. His judges in the superior courts, however, were men of learning and integrity, and their decrees gave general satisfaction. To such a character of things peace was as uncongenial, as quietude was inconsistent with the turbulent genius of Cromwell; he looked around for a scene of warfare, and, in choosing his ground, displayed that strange admixture of bigotry and sagaciousness which marked the whole tenor of his life. Attached to France by the flattery of Cardinal Mazarine, he moreover perceived there was little or no territory or plunder to be gained by a rupture with that power. From Spain and her American possessions, on the contrary, much might be wrested, and, without a shadow of provocation, he violated all his contracts with a sovereign, whose severe adherence to the Catholic religion made both him and his subjects alike detestable to the equally persecuting enthusiasm of the English Presbyterians. Impelled by these ambitious projects, he furnished forth two capital fleets, the one of which, under the mighty Blake, spread terror over the Mediterranean; while the other, under Commodore Penn, made a descent upon the West Indies, and after several repulses in other quarters, conquered the Island of Jamaica. A body of troops dispatched to aid the King of France in Flanders, contributed to other victories, and Dunkirk was soon afterwards delivered into the hands of the English.

But, notwithstanding the success of these arbitrary movements, Cromwell felt the nature of his power inadequate to the exigencies of his condition. He therefore summoned a new parliament, in the latter end of the year 1656, and disposed himself, with great address and infinite intrigue, to smooth a way for his advancement to the crown. A motion to this effect was soon after made and carried in form, and a deputation waited upon the Protector with the offer. But, though the Commons passed the bill with a most obsequious majority, the disaffection of the army interposed a mighty barrier to the completion of the plan.

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Cromwell was driven by prudence to decline the dignity, and the Commons were also emboldened by a conviction of his real desires to urge it upon him. A conference of several days took place, in which every argument and persuasion that interest and eloquence could suggest were resorted to in order to remove his avowed scruples; but he did not dare to accept from the Parliament what his more influential creatures in the army deprecated, and therefore finally rejected the tender. The main scheme being thus discomfited, an inferior one was immediately started. An humble petition and advice was framed, by the terms of which his authority was increased, his revenue adjusted, and all his rights enlarged. This deed was readily accepted, and in order to give greater effect to its conditions, he was installed anew in office, with all the pomp of a coronation, on the 26th of June, 1657.

No ratification of forms can insure the observance of deeds; and however Cromwell's dynasty was thus guaranteed by terms, it was in effect never less stable. The extent of his ambition was revealed to the country, and he became hated in proportion as that was dreaded. With a view of adding dignity to his rule, he attempted to organize a House of Peers, but the ancient nobility absented themselves, and the Commons though they had recognized the addition in their humble petition and advice, now opposed themselves to the change with such force, and in such numbers, that he was obliged to dissolve the whole body with unfeigned passion. Distractions now deepened, and he lived on in perpetual uneasiness. The heads of the Presbyterian party entered into a secret engagement, and the Royalists conspired for an insurrection, to be headed by the Marquis of Ormond. The latter movement being denounced by an informer, several executions took place throughout the streets of the City, many were imprisoned, and some others had the fortune to save themselves by flight. A confederation of the Millenarians was next formed in the army, and the most serious apprehensions were entertained of a mutiny, which must have involved consequences imminently dangerous. The merit of making away with tyrants was even advocated by the public press; a fanatical trooper undertook to murder the Protector; and so strong was his terror of assassination, that he never went abroad without a sword and pistols in his girdle, and a suit of armour under his clothes.

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While oppressed with this ferment of contagious fears, his favourite daughter, Mrs. Claypole, fell ill; and as the distempers of death preyed upon a mind of natural melancholy, she lamented to him the sanguinary atrocity of his life, and the multiplied crimes of ambition. This lady expired in 1658, and from that moment he lost all composure of mind. There was no violence by which a usurper can fall that he did not dread, and there was no safeguard the most timid could suggest, that he did not adopt. He shunned society, lest he should meet with a sudden death amongst men; but, in seeking solitude, was overwhelmed by the horrors of remorse. No condition could have been aggravated by greater misery; no guilt punished with severer retribution. At length his broken frame was confined to a bed; his physicians flattered him with hopes, his preachers supported him by fanatical prognostications, and a relic of his own enthusiasm responded to these declarations with an avowal, that Heaven itself had given him an assurance of his recovery. All was vanity and error, however; he grew daily worse, and drew his last breath unconscious of dissolution. His sickness lasted precisely a fortnight: it was first an ague, then an intermittent fever, and finally a lethargy. The curious in coincident dates have observed that he gained the battle of Dunbar on a third of September, that he gained his *crowning mercy*, the great victory of Worcester, on a third of September; that he was confirmed in his Protectorship by the Parliament on a third of September, and that he died on a third of September.

Few men ever received more signal obsequies than Oliver Cromwell: the poets, almost to a man, with Dryden, Cowley, and Waller at their head, commemorated the event in honourable verse, and the Parliament decreed him a public funeral. Of the minute style with which that solemnity was celebrated, some description may at this day be interesting. After having been embalmed and cased in lead, the body was privately removed from Whitehall to Somerset House on the night of the 23d instant, and there lay in state until the 23d of November. The public were admitted to see him through three chambers, hung with black, and ornamented with gilt scutcheons of his arms, surmounted by an imperial crown. In a fourth room, completely covered with velvet, was placed the coffin and a waxen effigy of the deceased. It lay upon a bed of state, which was covered with a pall of velvet and linen, tissued with gold, and was protected by a noble canopy

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of fringed velvet. The image was clothed in a robe of purple velvet, fastened with rich gold lace, and furred with ermine. From a finely gilt girdle depended a sword hatched with gold; in the right hand was put a golden sceptre, in the left a polished globe. The four corners of the canopy were upheld by pillars of puckered velvet, rising out of gilt pedestals embossed with armour, and topped at the capitals with supporters of the imperial arms, bearing streaming banners. Eight great candlesticks of silver, five feet high, and filled with tapers of virgin wax a yard long, were ranged at either side; and at the head of the bed was a state chair, covered with tissued gold, on which lay a velvet cushion, with an imperial crown, set in precious stones. A train of servants bareheaded and in mourning, were marshalled along the room.

Such was the style of the ceremony for several days, but the effigy was afterwards removed into a fifth apartment, and placed, standing upon an ascent, under a superb canopy of state. It was now habited in a fresh suit of royal robes, holding a sceptre and globe as before, but invested with a crown. The Protector's armour lay on one side, and on the other was collected a variety of bannerols, standards, and other ensigns of honour.

On the 23d of November, the streets from Somerset House to Westminster Abbey were railed in and covered with sand; the way was lined with regiments, carrying their colours wrapped up in cypress mourning veils, and the order of the funeral procession moved as follows:—

A Knight Martial advanced on horseback, with his black truncheon, tipped at both ends with gold; he was escorted by a Deputy and thirteen horsemen to clear the way.

The poor men of Westminster marched two and two, in mourning gowns and hoods.

A long train of servants: first came those attached to the various persons who attended the funeral in state; then those belonging to the Protector's Household; next his bargemen and watermen; and lastly the servants of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London.

The Gentlemen Attendants on the Foreign Ambassadors, and Public Ministers.

The Poor Knights of Windsor, in gowns and hoods.

The Clerks and Secretaries to the Army, Admiralty, Navy,

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Treasury and Exchequer.

The Officers in command of the Army and Navy.

The Commissioners for Excise, for the Army, and the Committee of the Navy.

The Commissioners for the approbation of Preachers.

The Officers, Messengers, and Clerks of the Privy Council, and both Houses of Parliament.

His Highness's Physicians.

The Aldermen and Chief Officers of the City of London.

The Masters in Chancery, with his Highness's Counsel learned in Law.

The Judges of the Admiralty, the Masters of Request, and the Judges of Wales.

The Barons of the Exchequer, the Judges of the Common Pleas, and his Highness's Bench, and the Lord Mayor of London.

The relatives of the Protector, and the Members of the House of Lords.

The Ambassador from the States of Holland, with his train borne by four gentlemen.

The Portuguese Ambassador, with his train borne by four Knights of the Order of Christ.

The French Ambassador, with his train borne by four gentlemen

The Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal.

The Lords Commissioners of the Treasury.

The Lords of the Protector's Privy Council.

The Coffin, in a chariot covered with black velvet and scutcheons; drawn by six horses, clothed in similar velvet, and decked with black plumes; the pall and tissued linen supported by gentlemen on foot.

The Effigy, with six bannerols at either side, borne by gentlemen.

The Protector's Armour, in eight pieces, borne by officers in the Army, with a herald and gentleman at either side.

Garter, Principal King of Arms, with a gentleman on each side bareheaded.

The Chief Mourner, with Lords supporters.

The Horse of Honour, in rich trappings of crimson velvet, embroidered and adorned with a plume of white, red, and yellow feathers; it was led by the Master of the Horse.

The Protector's Guard, and the Warders of the Tower.

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Arrived at the west gate of Westminster Abbey, the coffin and effigy were removed from the chariot by ten gentlemen, and carried into the church under a canopy of state. A sumptuous vault was prepared for its reception in Henry VII.'s chapel, and there the body remained until the Restoration. It was then dug up, hung in chains at Tyburn, from ten o'clock in the morning until sunset, and reinterred under the gallows—a scandalous outrage of impotent revenge, perpetrated in pursuance of a resolution passed in the House of Commons.

No reader of the life of Cromwell can be at a loss to form an estimate of his character; for its traits, though strange and various, are one and all palpably revealed in his actions. The strength and greatness of his general talents appear in his rise from a private station to the sovereignty of his country. His bravery as a soldier, and his superior ability as a general, are proved in repeated battles and successive victories: and his capacity as a politician and a statesman is evident in the success attending every intrigue he undertook, in the triumph of his machinations, and the respect paid to his government by foreigners. Thus it has been well observed that he was admirably qualified to rule, had he but a title to it. For his crimes, it is sufficient to remember the execution of his sovereign; and for his cruelty, the massacres which he so often rioted in after victory. To those most disgusting features of his life, base dissimulation and religious hypocrisy, it is unnecessary to allude—they predominate in every scene of his public career, from his first speeches in parliament, down to the last act of his life. Thus, to quote the words of Hume, "he was, in many respects, an eminent personage, and even a superior genius; but unequal and irregular in his operations."

In his domestic character, however,—as a son, a husband, a father, and a friend,—he will be found moral and praiseworthy. He administered the affairs of his household with a frugality both decent and prudent, and, notwithstanding the marked reserve and severity of his manners, no man could unbend with more frankness to a friend whose honesty he approved, or could even receive advice with greater patience and cordiality. A passionate lover of good wine, he would suffer no hand but his own to uncork a bottle of that he liked best. Connected with this custom, a piece of humour is told of him: one day, while about to

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open a bottle, the corkscrew fell through his fingers, and immediately his generals and courtiers dropped upon their knees, all emulous of the honour of handing it back to him; whereupon he burst into a laugh, exclaiming—"*Now, should any fool put in his head at the door, he would fancy you were seeking the Lord, and you are only seeking a corkscrew.*"

He had two sons and four daughters; Richard, a man kind, modest, and unambitious to a most virtuous extreme, succeeded him in the Protectorate, resigned it, and died a private individual, in 1712; Henry, a man equally amiable, was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and died in 1674; Bridget, married first Ireton, and then Fleetwood; Elizabeth, his favourite, married John Claypole, Esq. of Northamptonshire; Mary, married Lord Fauconberg; and Frances, married first the Earl of Warwick, and afterwards Sir John Russel, of Cambridgeshire. Cromwell is also entitled to praise for the respect he entertained for literature, and a patronage of literary men; a propensity doubly fortunate, when the ignorance of the fanatics who surrounded him is considered.

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RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

Is it not a pity that genius is not heritable like property, and that the honours acquired by a man's mind cannot be lineally entailed upon his issue, as is the dignity of a title, or the interest of money? How brilliantly would the advantages of experience and the force of example burn forth, when thus freshly handed down direct from the father to the son; and how beautiful would it be to contemplate the geometrical proportion, in which every degree of learning would deepen, and every influence of capacity expand! This, however, is an idle flight of imagination, better tempered for the vagueness of poetry than the sincerity of prose. The thought took its rise from the subject before us; for Cumberland's pedigree was one conspicuous for literary eminence in no common respect. His father, a divine remarkable for his classical attainments, was Bishop of Clonfert, in Ireland; his grandfather, on the mother's side, was the celebrated Dr. Richard Bentley, the greatest scholar, annotator, and editor of the age in which he lived; and his great-grandfather was Richard Cumberland, Bishop of Peterborough, a prelate eminent for his talents and publications; and still more deserving favourable notice as a man of singular piety and disinterestedness.

The Richard Cumberland, who is the immediate subject of this sketch, was an only son, born at the Master's Lodge of Trinity College, Cambridge, on the 19th Feb. 1732. As he diverted the decline of his days by recording his own memoirs, he has, in a great measure, facilitated the task of recounting the events of his life, and the fruits of his study. In his sixth

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year he was sent to the grammar-school of Bury St. Edmond's, which was then headed by a Reverend Arthur Kingsman, who had been a fellow collegian to, and was often visited by Dr. Bentley. He was a pedagogue of the old school, and once boasted to the great critic, that he would make his grandson as good a scholar as he (Bentley) was himself—a consummation from which the doctor dissented, by observing that he had forgotten more than ever poor Mr. Kingsman knew. But the advantages to be derived from these men were evanescent: death seized upon the relation, the master retired from his charge; and young Cumberland was removed to Westminster school, where he had the singular fortune of having Vincent Bourne, the elegant writer of Latin verse, for his usher, and Colman and Lloyd for his compeers in study. In his fourteenth year he became a member of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he devoted himself more to the pursuits of literature than of science; and though he did not distinguish himself during his collegiate course by any bright display of abilities, yet he spent his time with a perseverance highly profitable, and adopted a system of reading which stored his mind with sufficient means for a more mature distinction.

He took a bachelor's degree with great credit; but his health was severely impaired by the intense application with which he prepared for it. At that period it was his habit to allow himself only six hours for sleep; to live almost entirely upon milk, and chiefly refresh himself by frequent warm baths. A fever followed these lucubrations, and he was compelled to shut his books, and recruit his strength by a visit to his family at York. From them, however, he soon returned, and was already feeding his ardour with the prospect of a fellowship, when a readier path to independence was suggested to his ambition. This was the course of politics, to which he was invited by the offer of being made private secretary to the Earl of Halifax, who was at that time President of the Board of Trade. The manner in which his Lordship received the young aspirant was sufficiently considerate and tender; for he was attentive enough to procure lodgings for him in Downing-street, and to engage that he should mess with the chief secretary to the board, when not engaged to dine from home. Notwithstanding all this care,

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Cumberland confessed that he was entirely out of his element; his head was filled with flowers from the mazes of literature, and he felt ill inclined to exchange their sweets for the thorns which startle the intruder at every step, in the more intricate labyrinths of state affairs. The Duke of Newcastle was then Prime Minister, and to him Lord Halifax gave his protegé the honour of an introduction. But the obligation was far from flatteringly conferred: calling at the Duke's mansion in Lincoln's Inn Fields together, Lord Halifax was immediately invited into a conference, which lasted for upwards of two hours, while Cumberland was left all the time in an anti-room by himself:—when his own turn of admission came, he found Lord Halifax had departed, and the Duke, who was stripped to his shirt, too busy in washing himself to afford the humble stranger audience, beyond the duration of two minutes.

The next character of political note to whom he became known, was Bub Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe Regis, whom he had an opportunity of meeting at the Parsonage of Fulham, to which his father was then attached as incumbent. So little was he occupied by his Secretaryship, that he spent the greatest part of his time in that suburb, and from this circumstance was constantly a guest at La Trappe, the name by which Mr. Doddington designated his costly place of residence at Hammersmith. Of these visits, and the eccentric master who entertained him, Cumberland has preserved a very particular and interesting description, and nothing can be more curious than for the reader to turn from the speeches and diary of Lord Melcombe, replete as they are with keen point, and superior knowledge, and then remark the pageantry of his habits, the foppishness of his manners, and the vanities of his dress. Here was a scholar, a statesman, and a wit, who delighted every company and was an ornament to the parliament, and yet who loaded his person with a gaudy wardrobe of rich silks in the most antiquated patterns and cuts, and rivalled even that pink of peers, Lord Chesterfield, in the minute devoirs of his person.

Under this state of leisure, Cumberland obtained a lay fellowship in his college, and became an author. He wrote a play on the subject of Caractacus; and offered the 'Banishment of Cicero,' a tragic poem, in five acts, to Garrick, who declined

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to represent it. It was then printed: its reception justified the refusal; and he consoled himself by producing "St. Mark's Eve," a poem, published by Dodsley, from which the author derived no reputation, and the bookseller gained no profit. These failures, however, were compensated by the kindness of his friends: he was appointed to the place of Crown Agent for the province of Nova Scotia, and acquired a fortune of 3000*l.* by a marriage with Elizabeth, the only daughter of George Ridge, Esquire, of Kilmiston, in Kent. In this lady, to adopt his own words, he became possessed of one, whom the virtues of her heart, and the charms of her person, had effectually endeared to him. He was united to her on his birthday, February the 19th, 1758, and seems to have never repined at the choice.

The ministerial changes which took place upon the accession of George III., brought Lord Halifax back to power, with the high office of Viceroy of Ireland; and Cumberland accompanied his patron to the seat of government in the secondary capacity of Ulster Secretary. At the same time another trust was confided to his prudence, in the care of his lordship's property, which was in a very embarrassed state, and required the nicest management. The residence in Ireland was passed under circumstances highly agreeable, and particularly advantageous: lodged in the castle of Dublin, and moving in the first rank of society, he had the additional satisfaction of seeing his respectability increased, by the elevation of his father to the bishopric of Clonfert. The account he has given of his feelings during this period, represents him in a high state of gratified excitement. He found that the proverbial stories of Irish hospitality had not done justice to the people; for he enjoyed at their tables a luxury of fare, and magnificence of entertainment, such as he had never been introduced to in England. Foremost on the roll of high livers, he was much surprised to discover the clergy; and, if we are to credit his own relations, the abundance of high meats and fine claret, to which he was invited, made some inroad upon that order of temperance to which he had been bred, in the duller temperature of England. Here we have him sitting up with the printer of a newspaper, until two o'clock in the morning, and swallowing immense potations, with only one solitary sodden strawberry to redeem sobriety, which at such moments mine host's doctor used to

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recommend for its cooling properties. At the same table was a man who had received his reprieve at the gallows, and the very judge who had condemned him to them; but the harmony of the entertainment was neither embittered by reflection, nor embarrassed by contrasts—this was the golden reign of good-fellowship, and every guest sat at his ease.

Higher honours now awaited the patron, and by consequence higher honours were also expected by the protegé. Lord Halifax resigned the Vice-royalty of Ireland, to be made Secretary of State in England; and Cumberland applied for the place of Under Secretary, which was in the premier's gift. But let no man, whatever be his deserts, ever ask a favour without previously learning that it is likely to be granted. When Cumberland proposed himself for the office, he had the mortification of being told—*that he was not fit for every thing*. Thus, after an unbroken service of eleven years, he had to return to a private station, with no other reward than a pension of 200*l.* a-year. That he was chagrined and discontented was only natural, for the treatment he received was strangely offensive; but, instead of wasting his time in idle lamentation or vindictive importunity, he again turned his mind to literature, and became a confirmed writer of plays. He produced the 'Summer Tale,' which lived for nine nights, and soon after it the 'Brothers,' a comedy, which though neither marked by any great success, nor deserving it, was still received with sufficient favour to lay the foundations of a higher reputation. In the following year the theatre in Drury-lane received that most popular of his productions, 'The West Indian.' In this comedy he availed himself of his acquaintance with Irish life, to introduce a character drawn from that country, which, if less calculated to excite preposterous laughter than former delineations of the same sort, was more in unison with nature, and better entitled to commendation. His expectations of the favourable reception which this piece was likely to have, were far from excessive, inasmuch as he offered it to Garrick for a picture of the Holy Family, copied from Andrea Del Sarto. Fortunately the actor did not agree with the author, or the latter must have been a considerable loser by the exchange. The West Indian was played with eminent approbation for eight and twenty successive nights, and besides 150*l.* for the copyright, produced a very considerable amount of profit.

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By this time, his character as an author was generally respected; the University of Dublin complimented him with a degree of LL.D.; and he lived upon intimate terms with Burke, Reynolds, Goldsmith, and Johnson. From associations such as these, however, by which he would certainly have been treated with less ingratitude, and in all probability would have found greater means of fortune, he was again summoned by the great. Soon after Lord George Germain received the seals of the Colonial Department, he made Cumberland an offer of the post of Under Secretary, which was willingly accepted. From this elevation he was destined to one yet higher in honour, but as the issue proved, far less beneficial. In 1780 the ministry determined upon a diplomatic mission to the Court of Spain, with a view of detaching that power from the interest of France, and thereby opening a channel for the termination of hostilities. For this embassy Cumberland was selected; and to prevent suspicions he first proceeded to Lisbon, with the avowed purpose of recruiting the health of a sick daughter. Thence he made his way privately to Aranjuez, where he represents himself as having been favourably received by the grandfather of the present Ferdinand, a man gentle in disposition, and unpresuming in dignity. The negociations were opened, and he flattered himself he had succeeded in gaining the favour of the monarch; when intelligence of Lord George Gordon's fearful riots arrived in Spain, and every preliminary was suspended, upon an expectation that another revolution was at hand in England. Notwithstanding this interruption, he was noticed with such flattery and condescension by the King, and so courted by the nobility, that he was vain enough to hope a longer residence might lead to the completion of his wishes. He took a large house, gave expensive entertainments, was publicly recognized as a political character, but was ultimately foiled in his object. This delay and publicity displeased the ministry at home; they complained that he should have returned when the negociations at first broke off; and, to mark their sense of his imprudence, refused to pay the expenses of the mission. This was a severe blow for Cumberland: that he was little fitted for the part of a diplomatist, few can doubt; for he was easy, open and confiding: his tastes differed from mystery, and were easily diverted; and the probability is, that his object was sucked from him by the deeper politicians with whom he asso-

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ciated. Still the choice was the choice of the minister, and he was certainly bound to abide by the result, whether favourable or disastrous:—it was as unjust as immoral to ruin a man for an imprudence which they at home had failed to guard against by proper instructions. It should be mentioned, that the King of Spain, who saw how innocently Cumberland had been wrested; and knew how severely the misfortune would be visited upon him at home; had the generosity to send him an indemnification for the expenses of his mission. This the ambassador very properly declined; but, upon his return to England, had the mortification to find that no second channel for the liquidation of his losses remained open to him. He memorialised the Treasury in vain; he addressed every minister, and by each of them had a deaf ear turned to his remonstrances; and importuned Lord North with calls and complaints, until the very servants, as he himself confessed, repulsed him with insult from the door. Such was the termination of his political career: he had already expended upon it all the ready money he possessed; and was now compelled to part with the last acre of his patrimonial estate to defray the debts incurred by it.

Every hope of redress being at last smothered in his bosom, he parted with his house in Portman-square, and took up his residence, under circumstances more suitable to his diminished fortune, at Tunbridge Wells. There his literary pursuits were again resumed; the number of his plays multiplied yearly, and the reputation he had formerly acquired, was still farther encreased by the publication of the Observer, a series of essays, after the manner of Steele, Addison, and Johnson. Of these numerous performances it is impossible here to criticize all that have been censured, or to extract from those which have been well received. There is, however, one trait of his literary labours, which, as it was original in merit and deservedly successful in application, it would be highly unjust to pass over without some more particular notice. This was his exemplary attack upon those barbarous prejudices which had long been so vulgarly and forcibly entertained against the whole body of the Jews, a people whom he generously vindicated from unprovoked persecution, and ill-warranted contumely. This signal service was principally effected by the essays of the Observer, and the comedy of 'The Jew,' which is still read with

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pleasure, and acted with applause. The principle of all moral duty and religious feeling is derived from that one command 'Do as you would be done by;' and the man who violates the precept, in order to criminate or injure any sectary, whether Gentile or Christian, is the first to forfeit the benefit of that charity which no creature can expect to receive from heaven, while he denies it to his brethren on earth. It is in vain for any people, or any government, to boast the virtues of toleration, while they only suffer the performance of a few rites and forms; and heap upon all who have spirit to practise them, both opprobrium and injustice. When thus denying every honour and emolument by which honest actions can be rewarded, and sincere professions confirmed, we deter from all religious fidelity whatever. As the experience of ages has proved that no creed can be common to all; and that the profession of any one, as it results casually from the circumstances which first lead the mind to receive impressions, is, therefore, more a matter of chance than of choice,—there can be neither reason nor justice in refusing the same rank and civil eligibility to all men, whether Jews, Catholics, or Protestants. The law which, professing toleration, yet makes a belief in its own creed, and an adherence to its particular formularies, the test of merit and the means of fortune, has falsehood in its very teeth, and *intolerance* in its every end. And yet such, to this day, is the toleration of English law and English liberty.

At Tunbridge Wells Cumberland continued to reside, with the exception of a few temporary visits to London, until the close of his life; and he loved the place for the influence he was allowed to possess over its little politics. His patronage sufficed to carry the election of a master of ceremonies; and he was chosen by the volunteers, first Major-commandant and afterwards Lieutenant-colonel of their corps. The ardour with which he used to march a couple of miles at their head, and command their evolutions, has been affectionately described by his biographers.

Thus his life was easy, though not affluent, and he congratulated himself that he was at last placed in his element. It was in this condition that he met with an opportunity of exercising his good-nature in a striking manner, by forgiving the former conduct of Lord North, now Earl of Guilford, a nobleman who,

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like himself, overcome in politics and ruined in fortune, had retired from the world, and was left, in a state of blindness, to meditate upon the disappointments of ambition, the ingratitude of state friends, and the hollowness of state honours. With him Cumberland lived awhile, amusing his solitude by reading and conversation, until he was snatched away from the mortifications of this world to the ordeal of that other existence, which most men hope to find better, and few can fear to find worse.

After this loss Cumberland went on reading and writing with unwearied assiduity; but with consumptive interest, and declining popularity. His 'Anecdotes of Eminent Painters in Spain,' and 'Memoirs of his own life,' published in 1805, are to be excepted from his list of failures: they were read with satisfaction, and circulated to a reputable extent. He also undertook the editorship of a Quarterly Review, but it reached to no length nor reputation. Of a constitution originally good, his health was scarcely ever varied by the vicissitudes of his life. He had seven children, four boys and three girls; of the former, two died before him in the service of their country, and two remained in it after his death. His eldest daughter was married to a brother of the Duke of Portland, the second to a man of fortune, and the third to a German officer; and from these he had the happiness to see sixteen grand-children prolong his name. He died at London, while on a visit to a friend in Bedford Place, Russel Square, on the 7th of May, 1811, aged 80 years; and was honourably interred at the foot of Addison's monument, in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey. Up to this moment his grave has not received the tribute of any monument or commendatory inscription. That he deserves commemoration, the fact of such a burial would seem to indicate; and that he has not received it must be the fault of those who laid his remains in the paths of fame, but have since been either unable or unwilling to fulfil the natural promise of the act.

Richard Cumberland was a man than whom few have contributed more to our language, whether we consider the diversity, or the number of his writings; but he is an author who cannot be placed in the first ranks of genius, nor distinguished by the highest eulogy of praise. His essays are interesting, and his plays agreeable; yet, in all he wrote, he may be said to have pleased

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more than to have instructed; and to have excelled rather in the quantity than the quality of what he produced. In the case of the Jews, he disabused society from many an unfounded prejudice, in the happiest manner, and with the best effect. For that service he is entitled to commendation in every record of British literature: and, for the distinction of his interment, he could not be silently passed over in these pages, consistently with the professions of the work.

A catalogue of Cumberland's works would fill pages, and include almost every style of composition. In theology he composed sermons, a book of evidences of the Christian religion;—in verse, he translated fifty of the Psalms of David; wrote two heroic poems, 'Calvary,' and 'Retrospection,' and published no less than sixteen volumes and pamphlets of fugitive pieces;—for the stage he brought forth as many as three-and-thirty tragedies and comedies, of which the 'West Indian,' the 'Fashionable Lover,' the 'Wheel of Fortune,' and the 'Jew,' are now alone remembered;—he produced three novels, which were generally read and praised; and was the author of nine more miscellaneous works in prose, besides two or three controversial pamphlets. Of this stock, by far the larger portion was out of print before the author died; but there is one particular praise to which they are all entitled, such as few writers upon general subjects can be said to have deserved—there is not a thought hinted, nor an expression used, throughout his numerous volumes, at which modesty can shrink, or by which morality is not promoted.

The life of a poet ought not to close without some quotation or other: Cumberland is said to have been first nettled with the itch of versifying by seeing a daughter of the Earl of Galloway indite elegy. To this lady's effusion he addressed an answer, beginning thus:—

"True! we must all be changed by death,
Such is the form the dead must wear,—
And so when beauty yields its breath,
So shall the fairest face appear.

But let thy soul survey the grace
That yet adorns its frail abode;
And through the wondrous fabric trace
The hand of an unerring God." &c

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Such a beginning may perhaps be thought worthy of the provocation that suggested it; but it may also be added, that to the end he succeeded no farther than to do justice to the merits of female example. His character, or rather description, of Dr. Johnson, is at least apt in facts:—

"Herculean strength, and a Stentorian voice,
Of wit a fund, of words a countless choice;
In learning rather various than profound,
In truth intrepid, in religion sound;
A trembling form and a distorted sight,
But firm in judgment, and in genius bright;
In controversy seldom known to spare,
But humble as the publican in prayer;
To more than merited his kindness, kind,
And though in manners harsh, of friendly mind;
Deep tinged with melancholy's blackest shade,
And though prepared to die, of death afraid—
Such Johnson was: of him with justice vain
When will this nation see his like again?"

In fine, the following is an apostrophe to his own literary exertions; and the reader may now determine for himself how far the aspiration it breathes has been realised:—

"Some tokens of a life not wholly passed
In selfish strivings and ignoble sloth,
Haply there may be found when I am gone,
Which may dispose fair candour to discern
Some merit in my zeal, and let my works
Outlive the maker, who bequeaths them to thee;
For well I know where our perception ends
Thy praise begins, and few there be who weave
Wreaths for the poet's brow, till he is laid
Low in his narrow dwelling with the worm."

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SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

WILLIAM DAVENANT, a dramatic author and theatrical proprietor, of popular reputation, was born during the month of February, 1605, in St. Martin's parish, Oxford. Wood has a story which no one has credited, that he was a natural son of Shakspeare: the accepted account is, that his father was John Davenant, who kept a tavern, subsequently recognised by a sign of the Crown. He was first sent to a grammar-school, taught by Edward Silvester, in All Saints' parish, and there attracted some praises for quick parts, and an evident attachment to polite letters. During the year 1621, his father rose to the dignity of Mayor, and he had the honour of entering into Lincoln College, under a tutor named Hough. Of the time he continued to remain at Oxford, the improvement he made there, or the circumstances that induced him to leave it, nothing whatever is known: Wood indeed gives an opinion, that the strength of his genius was generally perceived, and that he was even distinguished by the title of the Sweet Swan of Isis; adding, however, in the same breath, that he was considerably deficient in University learning. The first station in which he appeared to the world, was in the household of the Duchess of Richmond, to whom he officiated as page. He next removed into the family of Sir Fulk Greville, Lord Brooke, but by the violent death of that literary nobleman, was left without a patron in 1628.

Being thus impelled to make some exertions for character and fortune, he turned his thoughts to the stage, and produced his first play 'Albovine, King of the Lombards,' a tragedy which was received with favour, and published, according to the fashion of the time, with several recommendatory prefaces from his literary friends. Thus encouraged, he continued to write for the theatre

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and wait upon the court, for the next eight years of his life, during which we find him enjoying the intimacy of such men as Carew, Porter, and Suckling, and the regard of the Earl of Dorset. Like most other poets in similar situations, he made the favourites of the Court subjects for occasional pieces of verse, and composed several masks and smaller dramas, which were at intervals represented by the young nobility. One of these productions is particularly memorable, from the fact that the Queen took a part in it, and by this condescension gave a capital umbrage to the affected scrupulists who drove her from a throne, and robbed her husband of life. Little can now be thought of these dramatic compositions; at that period, however, they were very well valued, and procured for the author no mean share of applause and respect. It was about this period that the looseness of Davenant's habits subjected him to a disease which consumed the cartilage of his nose, and by deforming a face hitherto handsome, afforded his enemies an abundant point for coarse raillery and scandalous reproaches.

The death of Ben Jonson, in 1637, left vacant the post of Poet Laureate, and Davenant and May, whom Charles the Ist used to call *his* poet, became candidates for the honour. May lost it; and, from a subservient courtier, became an inveterate Parliamentarian, the enemy of the King, his party, and their interests. Davenant obtained it, and pursued his wonted course, writing poems and producing plays, with the additional rank of manager and chief director of the Court diversions.

The troubles of civil warfare had no sooner begun than Davenant became involved in danger. In the month of May, 1641, he was denounced to the Parliament, as one amongst others who agitated a plot of bringing the army up to London for the protection of the royal person, and the support of his measures. Their design once discovered, the parties concerned in it took flight, and the Parliament issued a proclamation for their arrest and detention. Davenant was stopped at Feversham, sent back to town, and committed by the Commons to the custody of the Sergeant at Arms. From this durance he was bailed in the month of July following. Such was the emergency of his situation, however, that he again found it expedient to fly, and was again stopped in his progress. His second confinement was at

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Canterbury, where the Mayor subjected him to a rigorous examination, but with what immediate effect is not known. It is certain that he succeeded in reaching France, within a short interval, though the manner of his escape has never been described.

In France Davenant joined the Queen, who received him favourably, and, for some time, retained him about her person at the Louvre. No light opinion of his abilities, and no mean esteem of his integrity, could have been entertained by the Royalists; for when her Majesty sent to England the store of arms and ammunition, that for awhile raised such strong hopes amongst the Royalists, Davenant was chosen to convey the succour over the seas. Disembarking in the North, he formed a junction with the literary Earl of Newcastle, who made him Lieutenant-general of Ordnance, a promotion which gave some offence to the experienced officers of the army; for, however well Davenant might have been qualified to assist the Earl in plays and poetry, it was not unreasonably thought that he could contribute no due share of the military knowledge required in a rank so exalted. It would appear, however, that he did not disgrace his commission; for he was knighted by the King after the siege of Gloucester, and thus acquired the honours of acceptable services. Notwithstanding the cares and dangers of a soldier's life, the author still predominated in him, and he continued to versify in praise of those who patronised, and in gratitude to those who aided, his fortunes.

Such is the only account we have of Davenant's military career; nor are there any particulars on record to show the time or cause of his leaving the army. We next find him in France, where, as before, he was kindly treated by the Queen, to whose confidence he now recommended himself by becoming a convert to the Catholic religion. Clarendon took the trouble of relating this event minutely, and, as is common in all such cases, because he disliked the change, spoke ill of the motives with which it was made. In 1646, he came back into England, charged with advice from the Queen to the King, who was then at Newcastle. But His Majesty rejected the advice, and Davenant returned to Paris. In that city the leisure of misfortune supplied him with an opportunity of putting a favourite project into practice,

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by writing an heroic poem upon a new plan. As the fruit of this application, he produced, at the residence of his friend Lord Jermyn, in the Louvre, the two first books of his Gondibert, a performance which, though admitted to contain some truly poetical passages, has never been thought worthy of particular notice by the critics. The little court of his exiled King was greatly divided in opinions of its merits; but the people of England, for whom it was published, with a preface to Hobbes, and some minor poems, at London, took little or no heed of its beauties or its blemishes.

The next passage of Davenant's life was one from which ample benefits were anticipated. Understanding that considerable improvements were to be made in the trade of Virginia, provided a sufficient body of artizans could be brought to settle there, he formed a project of emigrating to that colony, with a number of French workmen. The undertaking was patronized by the Queen, and in a short time he collected together a satisfactory corps of able men, who, destitute of honest employment and a decent subsistence in their own country, were ready to run the risk of finding a better or worse livelihood any where else. But Davenant was an unlucky traveller, and this adventure nearly cost him his life. The vessel in which he set sail had scarcely cleared the shore, when it was captured by a parliamentary ship of war, and taken in tow to the Isle of Wight. There the disappointed projector was committed a close prisoner to Cowes Castle, where he found spirits enough, notwithstanding the emergency of his condition, to add a third book to his Gondibert, which was also published, and, perhaps out of sympathy for the author's misfortunes, rather favourably received.

Thus was Davenant circumstanced in 1650, when the Parliament delivered him over by ordinance for trial, before the High Commission Court; and he was removed to the Tower of London. What then took place does not appear with any certainty: it is admitted on all hands, that, for a time, his life was in great danger, but how or by whom it was saved, is unknown. Some have represented that two aldermen of York, whom he had obliged at a time when they were his prisoners in the North, now stepped forward to return the obligation with generous interest; —others again have circulated an account that he owed his

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safety to the interposition of Milton. This latter account is in some degree corroborated by a corresponding tradition, that Davenant repaid the good office by subsequently preserving Milton from the resentment of the Royalists; and these are reports which, for the honour of literature, no writer can desire to invalidate. Be the facts as they may, he remained a prisoner in the Tower for two years more, where his treatment was so indulgent, that he felt himself bound to address a very polite letter of thanks for it, to the Lord Keeper Whitlocke.

The favour thus shown improved by degrees, until his final liberation was accomplished. Once at large, a means of livelihood was to be provided, and he had the address to engage Whitlocke, Sir John Maynard, and others, to countenance a sort of theatre which he opened at Rutland House. A play-house, according to the cant of that age, was worse than a pest-house; not daring, therefore, to style the performances plays, he called them entertainments, a synonime under which he produced several pieces of his own composition; which, if they deserved no great praise, brought him what he stood much more in need of, money.

The ice was thus broken in 1656, and, growing bolder by degrees, he ventured upon the representation of several dramas; of which Dryden has remarked, that the regularity of their construction, and the scenical decorations introduced into them, after the manner of the French, were a material improvement in the business of the stage. These profitable avocations were somewhat interrupted by the commotions which preceded the Restoration. At the period of Sir George Booth's insurrection, Davenant was again imprisoned; but the government was soon restored to order, and, with his wonted promptitude of versification, he complimented Monk upon the ability with which that great end was effected, in one poem, and the return of Charles II. in another, which is not as good as it is long.

Davenant was now rewarded for all his sufferings, by receiving a renewal of the Laurel, and the patent of that theatre which first opened in Lincoln's Inn Fields, with his own drama, the 'Siege of Rhodes.' The affairs of this house have been already related in the life of Betterton: it only remains, therefore, to be recited here, that, notwithstanding all the vicissitudes of his for-

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mer days, Davenant had the satisfaction of passing his last years in ease and reputability. He continued to employ his time and talents as a theatrical writer and manager, until it was proposed to build the new theatre in Dorset Gardens. Upon that occasion he disposed of his patent, but his plays retained a distinct rank upon the stage, even when his personal authority could no longer recommend their revival. He died at his house in Little Lincoln's Inn Fields, on the 7th of April, 1688, and was ceremoniously buried, two days after, in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey; where a large blue flag, inscribed, as he had himself recommended for Ben Jonson's monument—"O rare Sir William Davenant!" indicates the site of his grave. Wood complains that an inexcusable error was committed at his interment, as the laurel, which should have rested on his coffin, was forgotten by the conductors of the solemnity.

Davenant has a particular claim to praise, for having been the first to introduce appropriate scenes and decorative machinery into the business of our stage. These improvements he borrowed from the French, at a time when they were perfectly new to this country; for although the dramatic entertainments in and preceding the reign of Charles the Ist were heightened by the use of many curious arts and rich embellishments, devised amongst others by Inigo Jones, yet were they mainly brought into action at the Court Masques, and never, on account of the expense they entailed, adopted at a public theatre.

Davenant's works were published by his widow in 1667, with a dedication to the Duke of York, subsequently James the IId. In that address, the extent of his favour at court is comprised in a statement, which asserts that "his Royal Highness's father was not displeased with the author's writings; that the queen, his mother, took him into her family; was diverted by, and often smiled upon his endeavours; and that the latter part of his life had been spent in study and labour to entertain His Majesty, and his Royal Highness." If to this be added the critique upon his powers, which his friend Dryden introduced in a preface to the 'Tempest,' which was altered by them both from Shakspeare, the character will be complete. "I found him of so quick a fancy that nothing was proposed to him, on which he could not quickly produce a thought extremely pleasant and surprising; and those

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first thoughts of his, contrary to the old Latin proverb, were not always the least happy; and as his fancy was quick, so also were the products of it, happy and new. He borrowed not of any other; for his imaginations were such as could not easily enter into any other man. His corrections were sober and judicious, and he corrected his own writings much more severely than those of any other man; bestowing twice the labour in polishing which he used in invention."

Davenant had two sons, of whom the youngest, William, was drowned in the Seine at Paris, during the year 1681, and the eldest, Charles, rose to a fair reputation in letters. When only nineteen, he wrote a successful tragedy, entitled 'Circe;' afterwards studied civil law, with a doctor's degree from the University of Cambridge; and served in parliament as member for St. Ives. He is principally remembered for a series of tracts on branches of political economy, which were published in 5 vols. 8vo. 1771, by Sir Charles, afterwards Earl Whitworth.

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SIR JOHN DENHAM, K. B.

Sir John Denham, who next to Cowley has been ranked by the critics as one of the fathers of English poetry, has received no sepulchral memorial whatever; but is entitled to a place in the order of these pages, by the honour of an interment in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey. He was born at Dublin during the year 1615, where his father was Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer. In the course of a few years, Sir John Denham, the father, was promoted to the Chief Baronship of the Court of Exchequer in England, whither he removed his family, and educated his son, who became a fellow commoner of the University of Oxford, in 1631. The character of the poet's youth was a painful earnest of the habits of his manhood: he is described as having been a dreaming young man, given more to cards and dice than study; and this enervating propensity involved him in serious distresses, when, upon coming up to London, he was entered a student-at-law in Lincoln's Inn. The expostulations and reproofs of his friends and family are said to have wrought a temporary impression upon his mind—he thought himself reformed, and, as a proof of the fact, wrote an essay on gaming, to satisfy his parents. But this was no durable improvement: his father died in 1638, he relapsed into the vice, and lost a fortune of several thousand pounds, that had been left to him for the support of an honourable character and a decent life.

Unfavourable as these circumstances appear, and partial as the good to be expected from any scholar thus addicted, must always be, still it should not be concealed, that Denham pursued the study of the law with an application which gave his friends

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great consolation; and the quickness of his talents may be appreciated, when it is stated that, notwithstanding this double avocation of law and gambling, he cultivated poetry with considerable success. In 1636, he translated the second book of the Æneid, and in 1642 published the 'Sophy,' a tragedy, which was the first of his productions that laid hold of the public attention. Waller has described the effect thus wrought, by observing that Denham broke out like an Irish rebellion, threescore thousand strong, when nobody was aware of, or in the least suspected it.

Such were the circumstances by which his fortune was recommended to the patronage and confidence of the court—an honour which he always continued to retain, and with greater benefit than has fallen to the lot of similar expectants. His first rank was the Shrievalty of the county of Surrey, after which he entered the army, and was made governor of Farnham Castle for the King. That he did not much relish the profession seems probable; for we find him disencumbered of authority in 1643, and retired to Oxford, where he first published the most popular of his poems—'Cooper's Hill.' Of the reputation which this performance was justly calculated to excite, that envy which always persecutes rising genius, sought to rob him. A report was circulated that he had bought the poem from a poor vicar for forty pounds; but he has been little injured by a representation which was vainly levelled against Addison's 'Cato,' and Pope's 'Essay on Criticism.' The style and matter of this composition has been pronounced original among us by all the critics, and its merits must be enhanced with the generality of readers, by the fact of its having been imitated both by Pope and Garth. Great as this commendation certainly is, yet the subject of it will not be found without faults, if minutely canvassed, or compared with the versifications of subsequent writers. The digressions are laboriously drawn out, the morality oppressively continued, and the sentiments often irreconcilable with taste, and irrelevant to propriety. Neither is the versification itself exempt from that crudity which marks all nascent labours.

Pope, who is fond of praising the strength of Denham, has alluded to a passage which has been reinstanced by Dr. Johnson; and Dryden, and all the critics after him, have im-

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mortalised the expressive beauty of the four concluding lines of it. That passage therefore is extracted:—

"My eye descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton vallies strays.
Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs;
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold;
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore;
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for the ensuing spring.
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay.
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the plowman's toil:
But god-like his unweary'd bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
But free, and common, as the sea or wind;
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying towers
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants.
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

In the year 1647, the predicament to which the royal family

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was reduced, brought all who were dependent upon, or interested for them, into a common state of distress. Every hand that could help was then called into dangerous employment, and Denham, amongst the rest, came in for his share of arduous duties. The Queen entrusted him with a message to the captive King, and he succeeded, though by what means is unknown, in prevailing upon Hugh Peters to admit him to an audience, of the graciousness of which he has left a description in the dedication of his printed works to Charles the II. He was next concerned in carrying on the King's correspondence, an honourable office, which he represents himself to have discharged with perfect safety to the royalists, until an accidental recognition of Cowley's hand-writing discovered the trust reposed in him. He effected an escape, however, and no particular fatality resulted from the accident. A greater undertaking was still trusted to his integrity; for, during the month of April, 1648, he was engaged to convey James, the young Duke of York, from London to Paris, where he delivered him in safety to the Queen and Prince of Wales. This too was the year in which he reduced Cicero's Cato Major into verse, a poem neither happy in idea nor execution, and of which it is enough to observe with Johnson, that it has neither the clearness of prose, nor the sprightliness of verse.

Henceforward he resided with the exiled family in France, and was much noticed by the young King, who occasionally encouraged him to divert the depression of fortune under which they all laboured, by his poetical resources. Could literature or talents console the unhappy, or compensate for the wrongs of political adversity, the weight of cares under which Charles now laboured, ought to have lain lightly upon him, for they were diversified by the conversational wit of Buckingham, and the compositions of Denham. But monarchs are seldom philosophers; and Denham was not spared for the inactivity of versifying when any opportunity of more profitable employment presented itself for the exercise of his talents. He undertook a successful embassy into Poland, to raise a subscription amongst the Scotch merchants travelling through that country, and, subsequently converted the excursion into a subject for one of those domestic compositions just alluded to. It is inserted here, as well for a specimen of his moderate aptitude for such efforts, as for a

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proof of the levity with which the needy great can reflect upon the assistance afforded to them in the hour of extreme distress.

On my Lord Croft's and my Journey into Poland, from whence we brought 10,000*l.* for his Majesty, by the decimation of his Scottish subjects there.

Tole, tole,
Gentle bell, for the soul
Of the pure ones in Pole,
Which are damn'd in our scroll.

Who having felt a touch
Of Cockram's greedy clutch,
Which, though it was not much,
Yet their stubbornness was such,

That when he did arrive,
Against the stream we did strive;
They would neither lead nor drive:

Nor lend
An ear to a friend,
Nor an answer would send
To our letter so well penn'd,

Nor assist our affairs
With their monies nor their wares,
As their answer now declares,
But only with their prayers.

Thus did they persist,
Did and said what they list,
Till the Dyet was dismissed—
But then our breech they kist.

For when
It was mov'd there and then,
They should pay one in ten,
The Dyet said Amen.

And because they are loth
To discover the truth,
They must give word and oath,
Though they will forfeit both.

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Thus the Constitution
Condemns them every one,
From the father to the son.

But John
(Our friend) Mollesson
Thought us to have outgone
With a quaint invention.

Like the prophets of yore,
He complain'd long before,
Of the mischief in store,
Ay, and thrice as much more.

And with that wicked lye
A letter they came by
For our King's Majesty.

But fate
Brought our letter too late;
It was of too old a date
To relieve their damn'd state.

The letter 's to be seen
With seal of wax so green,
At Dantzige, where 't has been
Turn'd into good Latin.

But he that gave the hint
This letter for to print,
Must also pay his stint.

That trick,
Had it come in the nick,
Had touch'd us to the quick;
But the messenger fell sick.

Had it later been wrote,
And sooner been brought,
They had got what they sought;
But now it serves for nought.

On Sandys they ran aground,
And our return was crown'd
With full ten thousand pound!

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While alluding to his burlesque essays, it is but fair to mention, that the Speech against Peace at the Close Committee, and the Petition of the Poets, are the best things he produced in this style of writing. The latter is inserted:—

To the Five Members of the Honourable

HOUSE OF COMMONS:

The humble Petition of the POETS.

After so many concurring petitions
From all ages and sexes, and all conditions,
We come in the rear to present our follies
To Pym, Stroude, Haslerig, Hampden, and Holles.
Though set form of prayer be an abomination,
Set forms of petitions find great approbation:
Therefore as others from th' bottom of their souls,
So we from the depth and bottom of our bowls,
According unto the bless'd form you have taught us,
We thank you first for the ills you have brought us:
For the good we receive we thank him that gave it,
And you for the confidence only to crave it.
Next in course, we complain of the great violation
Of privilege (like the rest of our nation);
But 'tis none of yours of which we have spoken,
Which never had being until they were broken;
But ours is a privilege ancient and native,
Hangs not on an ordinance, or power legislative.
And first, 'tis to speak whatever we please,
Without fear of a prison or pursuivant's fees.
Next, that we only may lye by authority;
But in that also you have got the priority.
Next, an old custom, our fathers did name it
Poetical licence, and always did claim it.
By this we have power to change age into youth,
Turn nonsense to sense, and falsehood to truth;
In brief, to make good whatsoever is faulty;
This art some poet, or the devil has taught ye:
And this our property you have invaded,
And a privilege of both houses have made it.
But that trust above all in poets reposed,
That kings by them only are made and deposed,
This though you cannot do, yet you are willing:

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But when we undertake deposing or killing,
They're tyrants and monsters; and yet then the poet
Takes full revenge on the villains that do it:
And when we resume a sceptre or crown,
We are modest, and seek not to make it our own.
But is 't not presumption to write verses to you,
Who make better poems by far of the two?
For all those pretty knacks you compose,
Alas, what are they but poems in prose?
And between those and ours there 's no difference,
But that yours want the rhyme, the wit, and the sense:
But for lying (the most noble part of a poet)
You have it abundantly, and yourselves know it;
And though you are modest and seem to abhor it,
'T has done you good service, and thank Hell for it:
Although the old maxim remains still in force,
That a sanctify'd cause must have a sanctify'd course,
If poverty be a part of our trade,
So far the whole kingdom poets you have made,
Nay even so far as undoing will do it,
You have made king Charles himself a poet:
But provoke not his Muse, for all the world knows,
Already you have had too much of his prose.

Of the remainder of Denham's life but little is known. When the remnant of his paternal estate was about to be sold by the Parliament in 1652, he returned to England with a vain hope of saving his last and only means of subsistence. That he did not succeed is certain; but how he concealed himself, or in what manner he lived, has never been told:—it only appears that at the Restoration he was so distressed as to be obliged to reside with the Earl of Pembroke. Soon after this event, however, his services were rewarded with the post of Surveyor to the King's buildings, and the Knighthood of the Bath. It was at this age that he took his poems of Prudence and of Justice from the Latin of Mancini—performances rather crude, dry, and unequal, but containing much to extenuate the vices which disfigure several of his minor pieces. An extract will best evidence this observation:—

Let early care thy main concerns secure,
Things of less moment may delays endure:

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Men do not for their servants first prepare,
And of their wives and children quit the care;
Yet when we're sick, the doctor's fetcht in haste,
Leaving our great concernment to the last.
When we are well, our hearts are only set
(Which way we care not) to be rich, or great;
What shall become of all that we have got?
We only know that us it follows not;
And what a trifle is a moment's breath,
Laid in the scale with everlasting death!
What's time, when on eternity we think?
A thousand ages in that sea must sink;
Time's nothing but a word, a million
Is full as far from infinite as one.
To whom thou much dost owe, thou much must pay,
Think on the debt against th' accompting-day;
God, who to thee reason and knowledge lent,
Will ask how these two talents have been spent.
Let not low pleasures thy high reason blind,
He's mad, that seeks what no man e'er could find.
Why should we fondly please our sense, wherein
Beasts us succeed, nor feel the stings of sin?
What thoughts man's reason better can become,
Than th' expectation of his welcome home?
Lords of the world have but for life their lease,
And that too (if the lessor please) must cease.
Death cancels nature's bonds, but for our deeds
(That debt first paid) a strict account succeeds;
If here not clear'd, no suretyship can bail
Condemned debtors from th' eternal gaol.

These are serious thoughts, and what is still better, they appear to have been sincerely felt by the author. He now overcame that profligacy in monied matters which had so much embarrassed his former years, and accumulated a saving of 7000*l.* out of the profits of his office. It was about this period, too, that he sought to counteract the licentiousness of some of his earlier poems, by versifying the Psalms of David, a pious work, which may have sufficed to console his declining years, but has edified no other age; for Denham's Psalms have not been thought deserving of a reprint. A state of happiness secure, because ra-

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tional, seemed at last to be within the reach of his enjoyment; but the fruits of it were quickly neutralized by another incident. He made a second marriage, which entailed so many troubles, that his intellect became affected, and he was inhumanly lampooned for a madman, by Butler. The disorder, however, was neither violent nor of a long duration; he recovered his senses, and lamented the death of Cowley in a poem, which has been greatly praised as one of the best he ever wrote. The completion of this task he did not long survive, for he was buried by the side of Cowley in the Poet's Corner, on the 10th of March, 1668.

Denham's fame as a poet is mainly founded on his Cooper's Hill, a poem from which one only extract has been made in the course of this sketch, because it is preserved entire in every work containing the beauties of English poetry. The quotations, however, which have been made here are sufficient to apprize the reader that he has other just claims to the rank he holds in the literature of our country. Judgment in all he thinks, and strength in what he expresses, are, next to the improved melody of his versification, the principal characteristics of his style. With less imagination than Cowley, he has more correctness, and with fewer beauties, fewer faults also. He is the first didactic poet in our language who can be read with a hope of satisfaction or a contingency of improvement, and enjoys the superior distinction of having been professedly imitated by Dryden and Pope.

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JOHN DONNE, D. D.

In the east window of the crypt in St. Paul's Cathedral, are preserved the remains of a monument which was erected to the fame of Dr. Donne, in that celebrated edifice which was destroyed by the great fire of London. Of this piece of statuary, which represents the Dean wrapped in his winding sheet and standing on an urn, the merits deserve a far better fate than it has of late years received, and the history is this:—Some time before Donne's death, his friend Dr. Fox prevailed upon him to design a monument, and write an epitaph for his own grave. Assenting to this proposal he sent for a painter, and directed him to colour a picture, from which the existing performance was modelled. This was a philosophical proceeding, and the manner in which the project became realized was appropriately singular. After the Dean's death, a hundred marks were anonymously forwarded to his executors, with a desire that they would cause a faithful model of the painting to be erected in the Cathedral. To this uncommon instance of modest generosity we are indebted for an image, which, according to the prophecy of Sir Henry Wotton, posterity shall look upon as a living miracle—an honour which might certainly be fulfilled were the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral to renovate the statue, and give it a place among the more modern ornaments of the building. Donne's epitaph, remarkable for a characteristic play upon words, was this:—

* John Donne,
Professor of Sacred Theology,

* Johannes Donne,
Sac. Theologiæ Professor

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After various studies to which from his tenderest years
He applied faithfully and not infelicitously,
Embracing holy orders,
At the instinct and impulse of the Holy Ghost, and the advice and exhortation of King James,
In the year of his Jesus 1614, and of his age 47,
Was invested with the Deanery of this Church on the 27th of November, 1621,
But divested of it by death on the last day of March, 1631;
And here though mouldering in the grave,
Looks up to Him whose name is rising.

John Donne was born at London in the year 1553,* of a father who was a merchant in good trade, and a mother who claimed affinity with the families of Sir Thomas More and Judge

Post variis studiis quibus ab annis tenerrimis
Fideliter nec infeliciter incubuit;
Instinctu et impulsu Sp. Sancti, monitu et hortatu
Regis Jacobi, Ordines Sacros amplexus
Anno sui Jesus 1614, et suæ ætatis 42;
Decanatu hujus Ecclesiæ indutus 27 Novembris, 1621,
Exutus morte, ultimo die Martii 1631;
Hic licet in occiduo cinere aspicet Eum
Cujus nomen est Oriens.

* Contemporary with Donne was old Parr, who lived to the age of 152, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Of a man thus extraordinary, a few particulars may prove not less interesting to the reader than relevant to the purport of the work. Thomas, the son of John Parr, husbandman, was born under his father's cottage at Winnington, in the parish of Alderbury, and county of Salop, during the year 1483. After residing at home with his parents until he was 17 years old, he went to service. In 1518, being then aged 35, he left his master, and enjoyed the interest of his father's lease, under a family named Porter, during four years. In 1543, when he was 60, the first lease renewed to him by the Porters expired. In 1569, aged 80, he married Jane, the virgin daughter of John Taylor, by whom he had a son and daughter, who both died young. During the following year the second lease renewed to him by the Porters expired; as did in 1505, at the age of 102, the third lease renewed by the same hands. Three years after, he did penance in Alderbury church, for lying with Catherine Milton, and getting her with child. In 1595, aged 112, he buried his first wife,

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Rastal. The first instruction he received was from a private tutor, under whom his advancement was so rapid, that he was re-

after a cohabitation of 32 years. At the age of 122, he entered into a second marriage with Jane, the widow of Anthony Adda, and daughter of John Loyd, of Gilsells in, Montgomeryshire: she survived him, as he died on the 5th of November, 1635, after living with her for thirty years.

Parr saw ten sovereigns ascend the British throne. When he was 140, Rubens met him at Shrewsbury, and took his picture, in which he is represented with a complexion as delicately incarnated as that of a young girl.—Some time before his dissolution, Thomas, Earl of Arundel, brought him up to London, and presented him to James I., who is reported to have said to him, 'You have lived longer than other men,—now what have you done more than other men? To which the rustic answered, 'An' your majesty will pardon me, I did penance when more than an hundred years old.' The celebrated Harvey opened his body, and ascribed his death to a change of air, and the high drink and food which he was regaled with in London.

Taylor, the water-poet, has commemorated Old Parr in strains so peculiarly descriptive, that the insertion of a few of them is irresistible:—

From head to heel his body had all over
A quick set, thick set, natural hairy cover.
* * * *
Good wholesome labour was his exercise,
Down with the lamb, and with the lark would rise;
In mire and toiling sweat he spent the day,
And to his team he whistled time away:
The cock his night clock, and till day was done,
His watch and chief sun-dial was the sun.
He was of old Pythagoras' opinion,
That green cheese was most wholesome with an onion;
Coarse meslin bread, and for his daily swig,
Milk, buttermilk, and water, whey and whig:
Sometimes metheglin, and by fortune happy,
He sometimes swigged a cup of ale most nappy;
Cyder or perry, when he did repair
T'a Whitsun ale-wake, wedding, or a fair;
Or when at Christmas time he was a guest
At his good landlord's house amongst the rest;
Else he had little leisure time to waste,
Or at the ale-house half a cup to taste:
Nor did he ever hunt a tavern fox,
Nor knew a coach, tobacco or the ——
His physic was good butter, which the soil
Of Salop yields, more sweet than candy oil;

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moved to Hart Hall, Oxford, in his eleventh year. There he studied the sciences with the same success that had before rendered his proficiency in Greek, Latin, and French, conspicuous: he was already regarded as a literary prodigy, and was adjudged to be fully qualified for a degree at the end of three years. But his parents, who were Catholics, entertained scruples about the College oath, and he declined the honour. Proceeding, however, to Cambridge, he continued to perfect his attainments, though excluded from all reward, until the year 1760, when the death of his father left him an inheritance of 3000*l.*; and by his mother's advice he came to follow the profession of a barrister in Lincoln's Inn. Great pains were now taken to secure his attachment to the religion of his family; and his mother is represented to have used all the tender arts of devotional affection in order to implant in his mind a thorough disrelish of Protestantism, and a proper conviction of the glory his predecessors had obtained in the sufferings of persecution. These pious cares, however, were all fruitless; young Donne resolved to judge for himself, and in the result he renounced his religion, and declared himself a Protestant.

Urged by a desire to travel, he accompanied the Earl of Essex on the expedition against Cadiz, and the Azores in 1566, and upon the issue of the affair spent some years in journeying through Spain and Italy. Upon his return to England, he became Secretary to Lord Elsmore, who subsequently rose to be Chancellor, and fell in love with Miss More, who was niece to his Lordship's wife. The maiden had no sooner shown a return of this partiality, than her friends interfered to prevent the completion of a match; but vows of passion too ardent to be cooled by frowns or interdictions had been interchanged between the young couple; they maintained a secret correspondence, and ultimately

> And garlic he esteemed above the rate
> Of Venice treacle, or best mithridate.
> He entertained no gout, no ache he felt;
> The air was good and temperate where he dwelt.
> While mavisses and sweet-tongued nightingales
> Did chaunt him roundelays and madrigals.
> Thus living within bounds of Nature's laws
> Of his long lasting life may be some cause.

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contracted themselves by a private marriage. This step was taken in smiles, but retraced in tears: the lady's father, Sir George More, then Lieutenant of the Tower, was so incensed at the affair, that he took his daughter home by force, and had Donne cast into prison, where he amused himself by scribbling doggrel on the walls, beginning, 'John Donne, done and undone.'

Being liberated on bail, he still found himself pursued by the displeasure of his father-in-law, who prevailed upon Lord Elsmore to dismiss him from his secretaryship—a misfortune which was in some degree softened by a complimentary asseveration, that 'he was fitter to be Secretary to a King than a Chancellor.' By this time his own fortune was exhausted, but he recovered possession of his wife, by an expensive law-suit, and found his reputation as a scholar stand well in lieu of a more tangible independence. Sir Francis Woolley invited him to his residence at Pitford, in Surrey, and there entertained him for years with honourable courtesy. Upon that knight's death, he removed to Croydon, and then to Mitcham, but afterwards settled in a house in Drury-lane, which was presented to him rent-free by Sir Robert Drury. By this time the interposition of mutual friends had so far conciliated Sir George More's anger that he gave his blessing to the match, and after a while endeavoured to restore Donne to his secretaryship under Lord Elsmore. The application, however, was unsuccessful, for his lordship observed with a specious contradiction, that 'he was sorry for what he had done, but it stood not with his credit to discharge and re-admit servants at the request of passionate petitioners.' Sir George, however, made some amends for his former conduct by giving Donne a bond for 800*l.* with a condition of paying 20*l.* quarterly, until the principal was discharged.

Donne was now fully established in the rank of a man of letters: his acquaintance was cultivated by the learned of different nations, and his society courted by the highest in his own country. During the year 1610, he became a Master of Arts in the University of Oxford, and in 1612 went to Paris as an attendant upon our ambassador, his patron, Sir Robert Drury. When he came home, great exertions were made to induce the king to confer some civil appointment upon him, but James not inaptly declared, that a sound scholar must make a good divine, and he

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therefore desired that Donne should enter into holy orders. Of his aptitude for controversial theology it is to observed, he had already afforded a proof, by drawing up at his Majesty's command a treatise upon the pending controversy between the Catholics and Protestants concerning the oath of allegiance and supremacy, which was printed in 1710, under the title of the Pseudo Martyr. James, with his usual precipitation, would have had him ordained forthwith, but Donne requested he might be allowed to devote three years to the study of textual divinity and Hebrew. At the end of that period he was made King's Chaplain, and travelled in a royal progress to Cambridge, where the University honoured him with a degree of Doctor in Divinity. During this year he had the misfortune to lose his wife, a lady who bore him twelve children, of whom only seven were then living, and who had rendered herself so dear to his feelings, that he promised at her death-bed, never to subject her offspring to the control of a stepmother, a pledge which he observed with fidelity.

His celebrity as a preacher had already grown so eminent, that no less than fourteen advowsons were offered to him in the country, but a partiality for London induced him to accept only the lectureship at Lincoln's Inn. From the duties of this situation he was called away in 1619 to accompany Hay, Earl of Doncaster, in an embassy to the German princess, in favour of James's son-in-law, the ejected Palsgrave of Bohemia. Fourteen months after his return, he was appointed Dean of St. Paul's, in the room of Doctor Cary, promoted to the Bishopric of Windsor, and was about the same time inducted into the vicarage of St. Dunstan in the West, and a minor benefice. His first act upon this acquisition of fortune was to repair, at his own cost, the private chapel attached to the deanery, and his second to return his father-in-law the bond for 800*l.* already mentioned, adding, 'It is enough: you have been kind to me and my children, and I bless God I am provided for:—therefore will I receive no more.'

Donne was in his fiftieth year when he became Dean, and in four years after he was seized with a spotted fever, which ended in a cough, and so wasted his frame, that an immediate consumption was apprehended. Amidst the dangers of this illness he solaced himself with the composition of a book of devotional

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prayers upon emergent occasions, which has been much praised for purity and fervour. There is a hymn preserved which he wrote under this affliction, and which presents so easy a specimen of his versification that it is here inserted:—

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.

"Wilt thou forgive that sin when I begun,
Which was my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive that sin through which I run,
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

"Wilt thou forgive that sin which I have won
Others to sin, and made my sin their door?
Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two, but wallowed in a score?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

"I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
But swear by thyself, that at my death thy Son
Shall shine as he shines now and heretofore:
And having done that, thou hast done,
I fear no more."

From this attack, however, he recovered, and lived on for five years with good health and pious study; but in 1630 he was again seized by a fever, while on a visit to his daughter, Mrs. Harvey, at Aubrey-Hatch, in Essex, from which he arose in a confirmed consumption. While in this reduced state, he returned to London and preached his Lent sermon in rotation, notwithstanding the earnest deprecation of his friends. After struggling through the delivery with a virtuous energy, he was immediately removed to his bed, where a confinement of fifteen days terminated his existence, on the 31st of March, 1630. There is a little discourse given by an old biographer, which he pronounced upon his death-bed, and it is here extracted, because it contains an exemplary abstract of the character of his life:—"I

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am not sad," he observed to an anxious friend, "but in a serious contemplation of the mercies of my God to me; and now I plainly see it was his hand that prevented me from all temporal employment. And I see it was his will that I should never settle nor thrive until I entered into the ministry, in which I have now almost lived twenty years, I hope to his glory; and by which, as I most humbly thank him, I have been enabled to requite most of those friends that showed me kindness, when my fortunes were low. And, as it hath occasioned the expression of my gratitude, I thank God most of them have stood in need of my requital. I have been useful and comfortable to my good father-in-law Sir George More, whose patience God hath been pleased to exercise by many temporal crosses. I have maintained my own mother, whom it hath pleased God, after a very plentiful fortune in her former times, to bring to a great decay in her very old age. I have quieted the consciences of many that groaned under the burthen of a wounded spirit; whose prayers I trust are available for me. I cannot plead innocency of life, especially of my youth; but I am to be judged by a merciful God, who hath given me, even at this time, some testimonies, by his Holy Spirit, that I am of the number of the elect. I am full of joy, and shall die in peace." He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, and his funeral was attended by an honourable train of nobles and friends. The respect with which his memory was regarded, may be understood by the fact that, long after his death, a custom prevailed of decorating his grave with curious and costly flowers.

Dr. Donne was an author equally esteemed both in prose and verse; but he has latterly been remembered only as a poet, and even for that, his name rather than his works is preserved. This has principally been done by Pope's softened, but not improved, version of two of his Satires, in which strong sense and forced wit are prominent. He is more particularly entitled to notice, for being the father of that school of poetry which Cowley urged to its highest popularity, and which has been somewhat speciously distinguished as "the witty," a term by which those who cultivated it understood a fancy for associating words in a collision of discordant imagery, contrasting literal meanings and general idioms, and presenting an idea in its most remote and capricious bearings. In this antiquated style, Donne exhibits much of the ingenuity, and

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most of the faults of his school-fellows; stern in thought, hard of expression, and close in meaning, he has all the grossness peculiar to original strength, but is somewhat less wild in his conceits than any one of his imitators.

One extract must suffice for an elucidation of this character—it is taken from the 4th Satire, which opens with an account of his having been so silly as to go to court, where he met with a traveller, whom he thus richly describes:—

"Therefore I suffered this:—Towards me did run
A thing more strange, than on Nile's slime the sun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark e'er came:
A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:
Stranger than seven Antiquaries' studies,
Than Afric monsters, Guinea's rarities,
Stranger than strangers: one who, for a Dane,
In the Dane's massacre had sure been slain,
If he had lived then; and without help dies,
When next the 'prentices 'gainst strangers rise;
One whom the watch, at noon scarce lets go by:
One to whom the examining justice sure would cry,
'Sir, by your priesthood, tell me what ye are?'
His clothes were strange, though coarse, and black, though bare,
Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)
Become tuff-taffety, and our children shall
See it plain rash awhile, then nought at all.
The thing hath travelled, and faith, speaks all tongues,
And only knoweth what to all states belongs;
Made of the accents, and best phrase of all these,
He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste;
But pedant's motley tongue, soldier's bombast,
Mountebank's drug tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are strong enough preparatives to draw
Me to bear this; yet must I be content
With this tongue, in his tongue called compliment;
In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
Make men speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
Outflatter favorites, or outlie either
Jovius or Surius, or both together.

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He names me, and comes to me; I whisper, 'God,
How have I sinned that thy wrath's furious rod,
This fellow, chuseth me!' He saith, 'Sir,
I love your judgment;—whom do you prefer
For the best linguist?' and I seelily
Said that I thought Calpine's Dictionary.
'Nay, but of men, sweet Sir?' Beza then,
Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
Of our two academies, I named. Here
He stopped me, and said, 'Nay, your apostles were
Good pretty linguists, so Panurgus was;
Yet a poor gentleman: all these may pass
By travel.' Then, as if he would have sold his tongue,
He praised it, and such wonders told,
That I was fain to say, 'If you had lived, Sir,
Time enough to have been interpreter
To Babel's bricklayers, sure the tower had stood.'
He adds, 'If of court life you knew the good,
You would leave loneness.' I said, 'Not alone
My loneness is; but Spartan's fashion
To teach by painting drunkards doth not last;
Now, Aretine's pictures have made few chaste;
No more can princes' courts (though there be few
Better pictures of vice) teach me virtue," &c. &c.

In Latin, however, he wrote verse with greater purity, as a proof of which his lucubrations in that language were collected in 1633, with the title of 'Fasciculus Poematum et Epigrammatum Miscellanearum.' In prose he is often spoken of for his Biathanatos, an elaborate treatise of subtleties upon the paradox which declares that 'suicide is not so naturally a sin, but that it may be otherwise.' This performance Donne is said to have been in the habit of enouncing as the resultance of fourteen hundred authors, all analized with his own hand. An edition of his essays in Divinity, 'Sermons,' to the number of six score, &c. &c. was published after his death, in 3 vols. folio. He is also reported to have kept from his youth a diary, in Latin and English, of every remarkable circumstance which happened during his life-time either abroad or at home. This compilation, however, was never printed; and the loss of it is much to be regretted, for, in all probability, it

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would have been valuable, and to a certainty highly quaint and original.

Dryden, who calls him the greatest wit, but not the greatest poet of our country, was the first author of celebrity who recorded his praises with any precision. This was done in the dedication of his Juvenal to the Earl of Dorset: he thus writes, with a singular admixture of critical truth and complimentary simulation:—'Donne alone of all our countrymen, had your talents, but was not happy enough to arrive at your versification. And were he translated into English numbers, he would yet be wanting in the dignity of expression. You equal Donne in the variety, multiplicity, and choice of thoughts: you excel him in the manner and the words. I read you both with the same admiration, but not with the same delight. He affects the metaphysics, not only in his satires, but in his amorous verses, where nature alone should reign; and perplexes the minds of the fair sex with nice speculations of philosophy, when he should engage their hearts, and entertain them with the softness of love.'

That far-famed angler, Isaac Walton, wrote a life of Dr. Donne, and gave the following eulogy of his character:—'His fancy was inimitably high, equalled only by his great wit, both being made useful by a commanding judgment; his aspect was cheerful, and such as gave a silent testimony of a clear knowing soul, and of a conscience at peace with itself; his melting eye showed he had a soft heart full of noble compassion; of too brave a soul to suffer injuries, and too much a Christian not to pardon them in others.'

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MICHAEL DRAYTON.

CLOSE to the door that leads into the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey is the monument of this meritorious and once popular poet. It consists of a bust wreathed with laurel, having a Minerva's cap to the one side, and a Pegasus on the escutcheon to the other: the whole is much damaged. On the marble supporting it is an epitaph originally set in gilt characters, and said to have been composed by Ben Jonson.

MICHAEL DRAITON, Esq.
A memorable poet of this age,
Exchanged his laurell for a crowne of glorye,
A° 1631.
Doe, pious marble! let thy readers knowe
What they and what their children owe
To DRAITON's name, whose sacred dust*
We recommend unto thy TRUST:
Protect his mem'ry, and preserve his storye,
Remaine a lastinge monument of his glorye;
And when thy ruines shall disclaime
To be the treas'rer of his name,
His name, that cannot fade, shall be
An everlasting monument to thee.

But little has been related of the life of Michael Drayton, and even of that the better portion rests upon no other support than

* It is observable that Heylin, who says he was invited to the funeral, affirms that Drayton was not buried here, but at a spot by the north wall, which was contiguous to a small door leading into one of the prebendal houses.

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conjecture and hearsay. According to his own account, which stands corroborated by Dugdale, he was born during the year 1563, at Hartshill, an humble village of the parish of Atherston, in Warwickshire. The condition of his parents, and the circumstances of his early days are involved in utter obscurity; and the time, manner, and place of his education, are also unknown. It would seem, however, that his talents were by no means neglected, for he boasts of having been able to construe Cato Major at ten years. It is from his own representation, too, that we become acquainted with the fact of his having been a page in some great family, when a boy; after which it is supposed that the bounty of Sir Henry Godhere, who subsequently recommended him to the patronage of the Countess of Bedford, enabled him to study at Oxford. Wood, however, does not give him a place in the Fasti, as no record either of his entrance or graduation, existed among the colleges. Heaping conjecture upon conjecture, it has been farther observed, that he probably bore arms at the defeat of the Spanish armada off Dover:—that he witnessed the event is likely, for he has described it circumstantially.

His first rise to reputation as an author took place about ten years before the close of the reign of Elizabeth, when he published a volume of Pastorals, with a dedication to Sackville, Earl of Dorset, a literary nobleman, in whose family he subsequently found an asylum. The reception of this performance encouraged him to proceed, and he finished in due course the 'Baron's Wars,' with notes; 'England's Heroical Epistles,' 24 in number; 'The Downfalls of Robert of Normandy,' and 'Matilda and Gaveston,' pieces which were separately addressed to some titled or influential character. It has been stated that he was a principal person entrusted with that correspondence between Elizabeth and James of Scotland, by which the succession to the crown was adjusted: but this can hardly be credited; for had such been the fact, it must have been known to others, and he would as certainly have made it a ground for that reward which he soon after complained of never receiving. He was, however, one of the first to welcome the new king to England, in his 'Congratulatory poem to King James,' &c. London, 4to. 1603, a tribute which obtained neither notice nor profit, and gave the author so much uneasiness that he made a public declaration of

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having been treated with indignity, and not only avoided the court, but even abstained awhile from writing at all. When he did recover his temper, he signalized his resentment by expunging from the large edition of his poems some sonnets in praise of James, which had already appeared in print.

In 1613 appeared the first part of his Poly-Olbion, a singularly original work, which had the equally rare fortune of pleasing both the poets and the antiquaries, among whom Selden honoured it with a commentary. The title is compounded of the Greek words πολυς and ολβος, *much* and *happiness*; and the contents embrace a chorographical description of England—rivers, mountains, forests, antiquities, commodities, &c. &c. In consequence of the sudden death of Prince Henry, to whom it was dedicated, the publication had been awhile deferred, and was only effected at last by the liberality of Sir William Aston, who advanced money to defray the printer's costs. It is written in Alexandrine verse, and, though from its very nature dry and unattractive, is by no means destitute of poetical beauties. The correctness with which the varied matters it included are described, has been a theme of general commendation, and a feature of principal interest.

In 1619, the first volume of his poems, in folio, was printed, and in 1622, a second edition of the Poly-Olbion came out, with a second part dedicated to Prince Charles, which completed the design in three books, or songs. Four years afterwards a poem appeared in which he is styled Poet Laureate, a complimentary style ordinarily given at that period to writers of his popularity, but no evidence whatever that the post was ever conferred upon him. In 1627, the second volume of his poems made its appearance, in folio, of which the contents were, 'The Battle of Agincourt,' the 'Miseries of Queen Margaret,' the 'Nymphidia, or Court of the Fairies,' which has been ranked by his cotemporaries as a master-piece of the grotesque; the 'Conquest of Cynthia,' the 'Shepherd's Sirena,' and the 'Moon Calf,' a satire upon the affectation of women, and the effeminate disguises of men. Of these pieces it is to be remarked, that Dryden inserted two, the Nymphigia, and Conquest of Cynthia, in his miscellany. To these succeeded his 'Elegies' on sundry subjects: they were twelve in number, and were prefaced by the 'Vision of Ben Jonson on the Muses of his friend Michael Drayton, Esq.' He

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produced a third volume of Poems, which was published in 4to. during the year 1636, and with this effort his labours terminated; for death cut short his career in 1631.

Drayton has found a place in the Biographia Dramatica as the author of the 'Merry Devil,' a comedy which obtained considerable success at the period of its representation; but it appears by no means certain that the play was his:—it has also been ascribed to Shakspeare. A selection of his poems was published in folio during the year 1748, and a complete edition of his works, in 4 vols. 8vo., followed in 1753. He has been characterised as one oftener quoted than read; and the observation may certainly be true; but he is more readable than several who immediately succeeded him. The race of standard poets, according to Dr. Johnson, commenced with Cowley; but Drayton and Carew, particularly the latter, wrote with a taste and evenness which deserve more popularity than the merit has received. Drayton was an unaffected poet, possessing much feeling, and great fertility. The effect of which many of his subjects were susceptible, and the powers he applied to them, are certainly disproportionate. His stories are not only rude and desultory, but devoid of character, situation, and those illustrations of the passions by which interest can mainly be excited, and a moral produced. They are not, however, without passages which confirm the reputation he enjoyed among his contemporaries. The following extract from the 3d Canto of the 'Baron's Wars,' will afford the reader some idea of his style—its merits and its faults:—

"Queen Isabel, then landing with delight,
Had what rich France could lend her for her ease;
And, as she passed, no town but did invite
Her with some show her appetite to please:
But Mortimer, once coming in her sight,
His shape and features did her fancy seize;
When she that knew how her fit time to take,
Thus did her much-loved Mortimer bespake:—

'O Mortimer, sweet Mortimer,' quoth she,
What angry power did first the means devise,

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To separate Queen Isabel and thee,
Whom to despite Love yet together ties;
But if thou think'st the fault was made by me,
For a just penance to my longing eyes,
Though guiltless they, this be to them assign'd,
To gaze upon thee till they leave me blind.

My dear, dear heart, thought I to leave thee thus,
When first in court thou did'st my favour wear;
When we have watched lest any noted us,
Whilst our looks used Love's messages to bear,
And we by signs sent many a secret buss.
An exile then, thought I to see thee here?
But what could'st thou be then, but now thou art?
Though banish'd England, yet not from my heart.

That fate which did thy franchisement enforce,
And from the depth of danger set thee free,
Still regular and constant in thy course,
Made me this straight and even path to thee,
Of our affections as it took remorse,
Our birth-fix'd stars so luckily agree,
Whose revolutions seriously directs
Our like proceedings to the like effects.

Only wise counsel hath contriv'd this thing,
For which we wish'd so many a woeful day;
Of which the clear and perfect managing
Is that strong prop whereon our hopes may stay:
Which in itself th' authority doth bring
That weak opinion hath not power to sway,
Confuting those whose sightless judgments sit
In the thick rank with every common wit.

Then since th' assay our good success assures,
And we, her fav'rites, lean on Fortune's breast,
That ev'ry hour new comforts us procures;
Of these her blessings let us chuse the best:
And whilst the day of our good hap endures,
Let's take the bounteous benefits of rest;
Let's fear no storm before we feel a shower,
My son a king, two kingdoms help my dower.

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Of wanton Edward when I first was wooed,
Why cam'st thou not into the court of France?
Before thy King thou in my grace had stood:
O Mortimer! how good had been that chance.
My love attempted in that youthful mood,
I might have been thine own inheritance;
Where entering now by force thou hold'st by might
And art disseizor of another's right.

Thou fool, Honour, which we fools adore,
How many plagues do rest in thee to grieve us!
Which when we have, we find there is much more,
Than that which only is a name, can give us;
Of real comforts thou dost leave us poor,
And of those joys thou often dost deprive us,
That with ourselves doth set us at debate,
And make us beggars in our greatest state.'

With such brave raptures from her words that rise,
She made a breach in his impressive breast,
And all his powers so fully did surprise,
As seemed to rock his senses to their rest,
So that his wit could not that thing devise,
Of which he thought his soul was not possessed:
Whose great abundance, like a swelling flood
After a shower, ran through his ravish'd blood.

Like as a lute that's touch'd with curious skill,
Each string stretch'd up his right tone to retain,
Musick's true language that doth speak at will,
The base and treble married by the main,
Whose sounds each note with harmony doth fill,
Whether it be in descant or in plain;
So their affections set in keys alike
In true consent meet as their humours strike."

Detached pieces generally afford the best specimens of a writer's powers; and the reader is therefore presented with one or two of Drayton's Sonnets, of which he published a variety under

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the quaint and affected title of 'Idea.' The following is numbered 35 in the old editions :—

CUPID CONJURED.

"Thou purblind Boy, since thou hast been so slack
To wound her heart, whose eyes have wounded me;
And suffer'd her to glory in my wracke,
Thus to my aid I lastly conjure thee:—
By hellish Styx, by which the Thunderer swears;
By thy fair mother's unavoided power;
By Hecate's names; by Proserpine's sad tears
When she was rapt to the infernal bower;
By thine own loved Psyche's; by the fires
Spent on thine altars flaming up to Heaven;
By all true lovers' sighs, vows, and desires;
By all the wounds that ever thou hast given:
I conjure thee by all that I have nam'd
To make her love, or Cupid be thou damn'd!"

The next is not only better but more gallant :—

56.

"Dear, why should you command me to my rest,
When now the night doth summon all to sleep?
Methinks this time becometh lovers best;
Night was ordain'd together friends to keep.
How happy are all other living things,
Which, though the day disjoin by several flight,
The quiet evening yet together brings,
And each returns unto his love at night.
O thou, that art so courteous else to all,
Why should'st thou, Night, abuse me only thus,
That every creature to his kind doth call,
And yet 'tis thou dost only sever us?
Well could I wish it would be ever day,
If when night comes, you bid me go away."

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Here is one more; a perfect instance of the learnedly barbarous:—

12.

TO THE SOUL.

"The learned father, which so firmly proves
The soul of man immortal and divine,
And doth the several offices define,
Anima, gives her that name as she the body moves;
Amor, then is she Love embracing Charity;
Animus, moving a will in us, then is she mind;
Mens, retaining knowledge, still the same in kind;
Memoria, as intellectual, it is memory;
Ratio, in judging reason only is our name;
Sensus, in speedy apprehension it is sense;
Conscientia, in right or wrong they call her conscience;
Spiritus, the spirit when it to Godward doth inflame:
These of the soul the several functions be,
Which my heart, lighten'd by thy love, doth see."

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DRYDEN.

THE fame of the first poet who combined force and melody —sweetest words and strongest thoughts together, in English rhyme, is plainly attested in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, by a bust standing on a very high and inelegant pedestal, between two Ionic pilasters, which are crowned with an apex of light grey marble. The inscription corresponds in simplicity, and merely runs thus:—

J. DRYDEN,
Born 1632, died 1700.
JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,
Erected this monument in 1720.

Few subjects can inspire thoughts more melancholy, than a recollection of the deadly struggles which occasionally take place between genius and poverty. For as it is the mind inspiring action, that can alone prove real worth and entitle to independent honour, a talented existence, darkened by disappointments and narrowed by distress, must ever appear a sort of martyrdom to the injustice of social law. Yet such was the life of John Dryden, of whom it may be well said in his own words on Charles the II.—

"—He, tossed by fate,
Could taste no sweets of life's desired age,
But found his life too true a pilgrimage."

Few persons, too, could have begun the world with stronger presumptions of success and happiness; for, exclusive of the pre-

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tensions to ease and honour, which the fact of his being the first rhythmal poet of the age gave him, Dryden was the offspring of a family titled and estated. He associated with men of the highest consequence and fortune at his earliest entrance into society; as he advanced in years he only became more intimate with the powerful and wealthy; and yet he appears to have always felt rather the possible than the positive advantages of this flattering condition, and to have only discovered the blessings of greatness, by contrasting the bitterness of disappointment with the fullness of promise. There is no poet in our language who deserves to be compared with Dryden but Pope, and he enjoyed the benefit of Dryden's example. Notwithstanding all this, however, the author of 'Alexander's Feast,' and translator of 'Virgil,' lived and died in distress, and was buried on charity.

Different statements have been made respecting the time of Dryden's birth; and the 9th of August, 1631, contrary to the assertion of his monument, is now received as the more probable date of that event. The place of it was Tichmersh, his father's seat in the parish of Aldwinkle-all-Saints, near Oundle, in Northamptonshire,—but the family was originally located in Huntingdonshire. He was the eldest son of Erasmus, who was the third son of Sir Erasmus Dryden, baronet, of Canons Abbey, in the former county, and was bred an Anabaptist. His first literary impressions were received in the country; after which he studied under Doctor Busby, as a king's scholar at Westminster; and was thence elected to a scholarship of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1650. A bachelor's degree, to which he was admitted in 1653, was his only university honour; and a worthless poem, on the death of Lord Hastings, is the only one of his collegiate exercises that has been preserved. In 1644 his father died, and he succeeded to an estate producing 200*l.* a-year, but subjected to such considerable charges, for a widow and younger children, that he was necessitated to remove to London, where he was patronised by Sir Gilbert Pickering, a relation, who served on Cromwell's privy council, and was a member of his abortive House of Lords.

The death of the Protector afforded the opportunity upon which Dryden first distinguished himself as a poet: the "Heroic Stanzas" he composed on that event present a powerful earnest of the luxuriant imagery and lofty expression by which his more ma-

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ture productions became characterised: they have always been greatly applauded by the critics. As poets have seldom considered themselves pledged to politics, so Dryden was forward in welcoming the changes of the Restoration with 'ASTREA REDUX, a poem on the happy restoration and return of his most Sacred Majesty King Charles the II,' which was speedily followed by a 'Panegyric on the Coronation.' This facility of contradictory praises was long after made a matter of reproach to his merits, and that passage in the Heroic Stanzas, where he praises Cromwell for staunching the blood 'by breathing of the vein,' was particularly instanced, as a proof that he justified the execution of Charles the I. But little weight, however, has been attached to this inconstancy: when a man is obliged to make writing a profession, and the circumstances of the age in which he lives deprive him of all reward and honour, save from the Court and its supporters, it does seem hard to blame him for indulging the only subjects which are likely to please his readers and benefit his own family. In such a predicament may he not be regarded somewhat in the same light as an actor or a pleader, who, to secure his own livelihood, lays his talents and acquirements at the command of every retainer, and makes the best of each part or case, without being considered to involve his personal conviction in the opinions he propounds or the facts he asserts? The different states of things which Dryden undertook by implication to approve of, were when he wrote, the acceptable work of the majority of his countrymen; no verse of his could influence a change, or confirm one when made; and perhaps it is a part neither dishonourable nor unpatriotic to record and exalt the avowed will of a nation. The people of England declared themselves proud of Oliver Cromwell, and immediately after better pleased with Charles the II.; Dryden only re-echoed these public voices as they were uttered. He was still a young, and probably not a most reflecting man; and it may be that the most to be said against him, even as a private individual, is, that he thought well of Cromwell and a Protectorate, until he became acquainted with Charles, and lived under a monarchy.

In 1661 he produced his first play, the 'Duke of Guise,' which was followed during the next year by the 'Wild Gallant.' These were succeeded, in a comparatively short period, by no less

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than three-and-twenty others. He entered into a contract with the Patentees of the King's Theatre to supply three plays a year; and like most others who have formed similar agreements, did not even once perform his part. Nevertheless he produced with sufficient fertility to found his first great claim to popularity on his dramatic efforts: they comprise tragedies and comedies, written in rhyme—an exploded style of composition, which, with many another indefensible fashion, was brought into this country by the courtiers of Charles II. upon their return from exile. Dryden's avowed motive in cultivating it was to please and gain money: his pieces therefore abound in those various faults which must ever attach to precipitate undertakings: the richness of his genius breathes through them all; but the cramps of a forced taste, and the enervation of hurried despatch pervert and disfigure the labours throughout. Varying in merit, they also varied in success: the most popular of the number were the 'Spanish Friar,' 'All for Love, or the World well Lost,' and 'Don Sebastian;' and perhaps the reader will have been sufficiently instructed to enable him to decide upon the character to which dramas of this structure can attain, when he is told, that not even the talents of Dryden could procure for them any permanent rank upon the stage. Rant was their fort; and to correct that, Buckingham produced the comedy of the 'Rehearsal,' a celebrated burlesque in which Dryden was overtly ridiculed under the character of Bayes. For a while the laugh was kept up loudly against the poet, but the sterling features of his other works gradually overcame the satire, and he finally balanced the account by his portraiture of Buckingham in Absalom and Achitophel.

After the 'Satire on the Dutch,' came his 'Annus Mirabilis, or the Wonderful Year,' which was published in 1667, and afforded the first clear evidence of that vigorous elocution which belongs to his style. His reputation may be considered to have been fully established about this time, for he was now, upon the death of Sir William Davenant, made Poet Laureate. The 'Essay on Dramatic Poetry' followed, and in 1679 he co-operated with Lord Mulgrave in his 'Essay on Satire.' The rules laid down in this composition were soon after illustrated in that most famous of political poems "Absalom and Achitophel," which was written at the invitation of the Monarch, and applies to Charles II. the care-

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less Monmouth, and designing Shaftesbury, those incidents which colour the rebellion of Absalom against David. To investigate this performance would only be to expatiate upon eulogy: it has never been equalled and can never perhaps lose its popularity. The severity with which it was expressed naturally raised a host of enemies against the author; but he bore the brunt of invective with firmness, while conscious of merited success; and even proved his indifference to rage, by publishing his 'Medal,' a rancorous satire on sedition, when the indictment of high treason against Shaftesbury was thrown out by the *ignoramus* of the Grand Jury of Middlesex.

Such were the services which Dryden rendered to the government, and such the poems by which he improved the literature of his country, and yet neither his abilities nor his industry could save him from that scourge of poets—abject poverty. To describe the anxiety which these straightened circumstances brought on him, or to quote his own account of his sufferings, might unavailingly move the pity of the reader. But it is sufficiently notorious that some of the greatest minds that ever adorned a nation, have in England been abandoned to the meanest pangs of distress—that shame is indelible—and it is enough to state that Dryden was one of the number. In addition to the former demands upon his purse, he had now to provide for a grown-up family, by the Lady Elizabeth Howard, sister to the Earl of Berkshire, whom he had married before the great plague broke out. His next publication consisted of some classical translations, and 'Miscellany Poems,' in two volumes. Charles the IId. soon after died, and he testified his loyalty by 'Threnodia Augustalis,' a funeral poem, which, like most other ex-officio performances, reflected no credit upon the author or his subject.

Upon the accession of King James, Dryden became a convert to the catholic church, and received an addition of 100*l.* a-year to his salary as Poet Laureate. This change was the subject of much cavilling and abuse at the time; but as Dr. Johnson honestly observes, there can be no more reason for our questioning Dryden's motives for this act, than for suspecting the sincerity of Digby, Stillingfleet, and numberless other men of the highest consideration in different ages, who conscientiously afforded a similar example. Certain it is, that up to the day of his death he gave evidence of a constant attachment to this chosen church. In

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defence of it he composed his memorable fable of the 'Hind and the Panther,' and to promote its popularity, translated the Life of St. Francis Xavier, and Maimbourg's 'History of the League.' If interest was the sole object of his conversion, in that respect he was deservedly disappointed, for he received neither place nor equivalent reward from his catholic sovereign; and upon the bare score of religion was ejected from his only post, the laureate, when William and Mary exiled their father from the throne. After all, perhaps, the best evidence we can have of a stable conviction in his mind lies in the fact of his having educated his sons in the Roman Catholic faith, and devoted them all to the service of the Papal Chair.

The idea of the Hind and the Panther, types of the Catholic and Protestant Churches, is far from being either just or happy—what can be said of that which is unnatural, but that it is absurd also? A bestial dialogue upon the choice of Religion is the *ne plus ultra* of preposterous fiction. And yet the language of this poem is so rich, the versification so beautiful, the illustrations so fine, and the characters so strong, that it has rivalled Absalom and Achitophel in reputation. What numbers can be more musical and lofty than these of the opening lines?—

A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest rang'd;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin:
Yet had she oft been chas'd with horns and hounds,
And Scythian shafts, and many winged wounds
Aim'd at her heart; was often forc'd to fly,
And doom'd to death, though fated not to die.
Not so her young, for their unequal line
Was Hero's make, half human, half divine:
Their earthly mould obnoxious was to fate,
Th' immortal part assum'd immortal state.
Of these a slaughter'd army lay in blood,
Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,
Their native walk, whose vocal blood arose,
And cried for pardon on their perjur'd foes.
Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,
Endued with souls, increas'd the sacred breed.
So captive Isr'el multiplied in chains
A numerous exile, and enjoy'd her pains.

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With grief and gladness mix'd, the mother view'd
Her martyr'd offspring, and their race renew'd;
Their corpse to perish, but their kind to last,
So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpass'd.
* * * * * *
The bloody bear, an independent beast
Unlick'd to form, in groans her hate express'd.
Among the timorous kind the quaking hare
Professed neutrality, but would not swear.
Next her the buffoon ape, as Atheists use,
Mimick'd all sects, and had his own to choose;
Still, when the lion look'd, his knees he bent,
And paid at church a courtier's compliment.
The bristled baptist boar, impure as he,
But whiten'd with the foam of sanctity,
With fat pollutions fill'd the sacred place,
And mountains levell'd in his furious race:
So first rebellion founded was in grace.
But since the mighty ravage which he made
In German forests had his guilt betray'd,
With broken tusks, and with a borrow'd name,
He shunn'd the vengeance, and conceal'd the shame;
So lurk'd in sects unseen. With greater guile,
False Reynard fed on consecrated spoil:
The graceless beast by Athanasius first
Was chas'd from Nice, then by Socinus nurs'd;
His impious race their blasphemy renew'd,
And nature's king through nature's optics view'd;
Revers'd they view'd him lessen'd to their eye,
Nor in an infant could a god descry;
New swarming sects to this obliquely tend,
Hence they began, and here they all will end.
* * * * * *
The Panther sure, the noblest next the Hind,
And fairest creature of the spotted kind,
Oh! could her inborn stains be wash'd away,
She were too good to be a beast of prey.
How can I praise or blame, and not offend,
Or how divide the frailty from the friend?
Her faults and virtues lie so mix'd, that she
Nor wholly stands confirm'd, nor wholly free.

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Then like her injured lion let me speak:
He cannot bend her, and he would not break.
Unkind already, and estrang'd in part,
The wolf begins to share her wand'ring heart;
Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
She half commits who sins against her will.
If, as our dreaming Platonists report,
There could be spirits of a middle sort,
Too black for Heaven, and yet too white for hell,
Who just dropp'd half way down, nor lower fell;
So pois'd, so gently she descends from high,
It seems a soft dismission from the sky,
Her house not antient, whatso'er pretence
Her clergy-heralds make in her defence,
A second century not half-way run,
Since the new honours of her race begun:
A lion old, obscene and furious made
By lust, compress'd her mother in the shade;
Then by a left hand marriage weds the dame,
Cov'ring adult'ry with a specious name:
So Schism begot; and Sacrilege and she,
A well-match'd pair, got graceless Heresy.

With this fable Dryden's labours for the welfare of Church and State were suspended; for he had scarcely time to congratulate the country on the birth of a Prince, when William and Mary rose to the Crown, and he lost every hope of Court favour, and every chance of preferment. He was a Catholic, and therefore displaced; or in other words, that very revolution which was to have overthrown bigotry, and made the nation liberal, cast up a broad rampart of exclusion, and bound all dissenters from its creed with rigid chains of intolerance. The protestant again became a bigot, lest the catholic might find a chance of being one in his stead. Thus was the plenteous hand of freedom inconsistently shrivelled, and the charity of religion once more sacrificed to the selfishness of power. Such, too, must be the crime of all governments, so long as the simplicity of that code which was promulgated to cultivate humility, correct avarice, and confirm universal peace, is perverted into a test for the prosperity of ambition, and the aggrandizement of wealth, and made the common bone of general altercation.

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According to some, one honourable circumstance attended Dryden's dismissal, and, where so much is discreditable, that ought not to be suppressed. It has been said that the Duke of Dorset, who was then Lord Chamberlain, accompanied his notice of the change made in his department with an assurance that the salary should be allowed out of his private purse. There exists, however, no proof of this bounty; or rather the fact seems to stand completely negatived by those declarations in which Dryden took credit from the public for the patience with which one who had always been poor, bore the loss of a little fortune. The most mortifying part of the calamity, however, remains to be told: his old rival Shadwell, the hero of 'Mac Flecknoe,' that most exquisite of his satires, which became the acknowledged prototype of the Dunciad, was created his successor; and what virtue could have brooked that triumph without spleen?

Being thus doubly necessitated to write, he produced in 1698, with some assistance from his sons, translations of Juvenal, and Persius; and meditated an heroic poem on the achievements of the Black Prince. This conception, from the few observations dropped by him on the subject, it is highly to be regretted he had not perseverance to finish; for it cannot be doubted that, independent of the novelty of introducing, as he intended, guardian angels to supplant the heathen machinery of the antients, he would even, in other respects, have done additional honor to the age, and unexampled service to the literature of his country. How proud a thing would it not have been that the same period should have produced 'Paradise Lost,' and a poem by Dryden, which, though confessedly modelled from the antient epics, should have surpassed their greatest desert.

It was not until 1694 that Dryden began, and until 1697 that he finished, the most important and most celebrated of his works —the translation of Virgil, for which he received a sum of 1200*l*. In reviewing this labour it will be readily perceived, that by his preference of the Roman to the Grecian heroic, he certainly made his judgment most happily subservient to his powers. For however critics may differ in opinion as to the superiority of Homer over Virgil, or the equality of Virgil with Homer, there can be little or no question that there is a rotundity in Virgil peculiarly adapted to the splendour of Dryden. The work was one of no common difficulty and hazard: it had been undertaken before, and was only

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made doubly arduous by the failure of those very efforts. The reputation of the poet magnified the undertaking; the author had to contend with himself, and triumphantly did he come forth from the engagement. Dryden in this exertion may be said to have surpassed himself, for he produced the most spirited translation at that period existing in any language in the world. The critics then and the critics to this day find fault with it; and it is not to be denied that in many passages the verse is defective, and in others the sense extremely vague; but the voice of the public still loudly approves it; it is the common standard of Dryden's fame; and though Pitt undertook to render the whole performance into English more faithfully, and more equably; while in our own time, Sotheby has made a more perfect version of the Georgics; still Dryden's Virgil remains as popular as ever.

Dryden's last undertaking, from which however he snatched leisure to translate Fresnoy's Art of Painting, was his Fables, a series of compositions which contain some of the most beautiful illustrations of his art and powers. Contrary to the import of the title, they comprise only a version of the first book of the Iliad, and several of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales; and were rapidly produced in consequence of an agreement which his necessities constrained him to enter into with Tonson, the bookseller, to write ten thousand verses for 300*l.* In addition to this humble remuneration, however, he received an honourable present of 500*l.* from the Dowager Duchess of Ormond. As there has been, as yet, no extract quoted into this sketch, proportioned either to the ability of the author, or the singular variety of his subjects, one liberal insertion is here taken from the Fables, in order to compensate for omissions, which have only occurred in consequence of the great difficulty there is in making a selection from superabundant excellence.

THE

CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON.

A PARISH priest was of the pilgrim train;
An awful, reverend, and religious man.
His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace,
And charity itself was in his face.
Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor
(As God hath cloth'd his own ambassador);
For such, on earth, his bless'd Redeemer bore.

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Of sixty years he seem'd; and well might last
To sixty more, but that he liv'd too fast;
Refin'd himself to soul, to curb the sense;
And made almost a sin of abstinence.
Yet had his aspect nothing of severe,
But such a face as promis'd him sincere.
Nothing reserv'd or sullen was to see;
But sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity.
Mild was his accent, and his action free;
With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd;
Though harsh the precept, yet the people charm'd.
For, letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky;
And oft with holy hymns he charm'd their ears
(A music more melodious than the spheres):
For David left him, when he went to rest,
His lyre; and after him he sung the best.
He bore his great commission in his look:
But sweetly temper'd awe; and soften'd all he spoke.
He preach'd the joys of heaven and pains of hell,
And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal;
But on eternal mercy lov'd to dwell.
He taught the gospel rather than the law;
And forc'd himself to drive; but lov'd to draw.
For fear but freezes minds: but love, like heat,
Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native seat.
To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
Wrapp'd in his crimes, against the storm prepar'd;
But, when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away;
Lightning and thunder (heaven's artillery)
As harbingers before th' Almighty fly:
Those but proclaim his style, and disappear;
The stiller sound succeeds, and God is there.
The tithes, his parish freely paid, he took;
But never sued, or curs'd with bell or book.
With patience bearing wrong; but offering none;
Since every man is free to lose his own.
The country churls, according to their kind,
(Who grudge their dues, and love to be behind,)
The less he sought his offerings, pinch'd the more,
And prais'd a priest contented to be poor.

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Yet of his little he had some to spare,
To feed the famish'd, and to clothe the bare;
For mortified he was to that degree,
A poorer than himself he would not see.
True priests, he said, and preachers of the word,
Were only stewards of their sovereign Lord;
Nothing was their's; but all the public store;
Intrusted riches, to relieve the poor,
Who, should they steal, for want of his relief,
He judged himself accomplice with the thief.
Wide was his parish; not contracted close
In streets, but here and there a straggling house;
Yet still he was at hand, without request,
To serve the sick, to succour the distrest;
Tempting, on foot, alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark tempestuous night.
All this, the good old man perform'd alone,
Nor spar'd his pains; for curate he had none,
Nor durst he trust another with his care;
Nor rode himself to Paul's, the public fair,
To chaffer for preferment with his gold,
Where bishoprics and sinecures are sold.
But duly watch'd his flock, by night and day;
And from the prowling wolf redeem'd the prey:
And hungry sent the wily fox away.
The proud he tam'd, the penitent he cheer'd:
Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.
His preaching much, but more his practise wrought
(A living sermon of the truths he taught;)
For this by rules severe his life he squar'd:
That all might see the doctrine which they heard:
For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest
(The gold of heaven, who bear the God impress'd:)
But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
The sov'reign's image is no longer seen.
If they be foul on whom the people trust,
Well may the baser brass contract a rust.
The prelate for his holy life he priz'd;
The worldly pomp of prelacy despis'd.
His Saviour came not with a gaudy show;
Nor was his kingdom of the world below.

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Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
These marks of church and churchmen he design'd,
And living taught, and dying left behind.
The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn:
In purple he was crucified, not born.
They who contend for place and high degree,
Are not his sons, but those of Zebedee.
Not but he knew the signs of earthly power
Might well become Saint Peter's successor;
The holy father holds a double reign,
The prince may keep his pomp, the fisher must be plain.
Such was the saint; who shone with every grace,
Reflecting, Moses-like, his Maker's face.
God saw his image lively was express'd:
And his own work, as in creation, bless'd.
The tempter saw him too with envious eye;
And, as on Job, demanded leave to try.
He took the time when Richard was depos'd,
And high and low with happy Harry clos'd.
This prince, though great in arms, the priest withstood:
Near though he was, yet not the next in blood.
Had Richard unconstrain'd, resign'd the throne,
A king can give no more than is his own:
The title stood entail'd, had Richard had a son.
Conquest, an odious name, was laid aside,
Where all submitted, none the battle tried.
The senseless plea of right by Providence
Was, by a flattering priest, invented since;
And lasts no longer than the present sway;
But justifies the next who comes in play.
The people's right remains; let those who dare,
Dispute their power, when they the judges are.
He join'd not in their choice, because he knew
Worse might, and often did, from change ensue.
Much to himself he thought; but little spoke;
And, undepriv'd, his benefice forsook.
Now, through the land, his cure of souls he stretch'd:
And like a primitive apostle preach'd.
Still cheerful; ever constant to his call;
By many follow'd; lov'd by most; admir'd by all.
With what he begg'd, his brethren he reliev'd,
And gave the charities himself receiv'd,

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Gave, while he taught; and edified the more,
Because he show'd, by proof, 'twas easy to be poor.
He went not with the crowd to see a shrine;
But fed us, by the way, with food divine.
In deference to his virtues, I forbear
To shew you what the rest in orders were:
This brilliant is so spotless and so bright,
He needs no foil, but shines by his own proper light.

At the conclusion of the book of Fables was first printed the 'Ode on Alexander's Feast,' which has so long been, and in all likelihood must ever remain, the best as well as the most popular Lyric in our language. It was written at the solicitation of the society for whom he had previously composed the Song on St. Cecilia's Day, and was rewarded with a present of 40*l*. To print here what almost every reader knew by rote when even a school-boy, were superfluous; but it may not be unsatisfactory to give the first ode, a performance which has been rather undeservedly overlooked in the greater splendour of the second:—

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687.

I.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
When nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead.
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

II.

What passion cannot music raise and quell!
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His list'ning brethren stood around,
And, wond'ring, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.

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Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

III.

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

IV.

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

V.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame.

VI.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

VII.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre:
But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appear'd,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

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GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays,
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the bless'd above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And music shall untune the sky.

Dryden died of a mortification in one of his legs, in Gerard-street, Soho, on the 1st of May, 1700; and if the only account extant be true, the circumstances of his burial were as perverse as those of his life had ever been. The Earl of Halifax, and Lord Jefferies, son of the Chancellor, are both said to have offered a public funeral to his remains; and the one nobleman to have promised 500*l.*, and the second 1000*l.* for a monument to his memory. The latter lord, however, assumed to himself the preference originally given to the former, and actually contravened the orders which had been given for the funeral. A public disappointment of the ceremony was thus occasioned, at which Lord Halifax took so much offence, that he withdrew his bounty, and was again imitated by young Jefferies, who was now mean enough to confess that he was drunk when he first spoke, and could not think of keeping a word pledged in that state. In the midst of this confusion, poor Dryden's corpse lay for three weeks at the undertaker's; and, in all probability, the poverty in which he died would have made it necessary for the parish to interfere, had not Doctor Garth honourably stepped forward, and proposed a subscription-funeral, for which he set the first example by putting down a liberal contribution. The design succeeded, and the mortal remains of the immortal Dryden were removed to the College of Physicians, where Garth delivered a Latin oration, and then conducted them to the Abbey.

Of the private habits and domestic circumstances of Dryden's life, nothing can be told, because nothing is known; and the absence of all information upon such a point may be justly taken as an additional proof that his home was most severely harassed by the poverty he so often complained of. That man must

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have borne much who could vent the story of his wants as bitterly as Dryden was used to do, in his prefaces and dedications; and he must have been acutely pinched in the economy of his table, of whose hospitality no contemporary has spoken a word. For the causes of this distress it were now equally vain and difficult to account: he is not described even by his enemies as one vain or extravagant, and therefore could never have been so much straightened if he had been at all moderately remunerated for the prolific testimonials he has left us of his genius. Some authors have been complacent enough to thank his poverty for the quantity he wrote; but would it not have been juster to have wished that his circumstances had permitted him to have written less, and made that more perfect? No one can doubt but that what Dryden tells of himself is true, namely, that he wrote upon the spur of necessity, not what his own judgment preferred, but what his fancy led him to hope would please the people.

One of his enemies makes him confess—

> Nor wine nor love could ever see me gay,
> To writing bred, I knew not what to say—

But this censure, if admitted at all, must be admitted with much reservation; for Congreve represents him as one pleased to advise and instruct by his conversation: the probability is, that habits of thought and study, by giving him fewer opportunities to cultivate conversational powers, left him less happy in the exercise of their splendour. Of his temper and amiability as a man and a father, we have the kindest assurances; of his mind the character he has himself drawn of Charles the IId. has been held by Dr. Johnson to be as good a description as we can possess;—it therefore follows here:—

> His conversation, wit and parts,
> His knowledge in the noblest useful arts,
> Were such, dead authors could not give
> But habitudes of those that live;
> Who lighting him did greater lights receive.
> He drained from all, and all they knew;
> His apprehension quick, his judgment true;
> That the most learn'd with shame confess
> His knowledge more, his reading only less.

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To review the works of Dryden with that fidelity and attention which their importance and variety demand, would require a space at least equal to that which has already been devoted to his life. So great an extension of any one subject cannot be expected in a series of mere sketches: it must therefore suffice to state generally that he was the first Englishman who laid down the rules of poetical criticism with justice and elegance; who wrote satire with severity and taste combined; who launched into every description of style and every flow of numbers, and snatched success from each; and that he was the only Englishman who found the versification of our poetry immature, and had the genius to raise it to all the effect of which the language is susceptible. Nor was he less commendable in prose: his numerous prefaces abound with merits both of style and doctrine. Honours so complex no second author has to this day acquired amongst us: Shakspeare alone exhausted tragedy, but Dryden perfected satire, essay, ode, and fable. The best editions of his works are those in prose edited by Malone, in 4 vols. 8vo. 1800; those in verse, edited by Todd, with notes by Warton, in 4 vols. 8vo. 1812; and those both in prose and verse, edited together by Sir Walter Scott, in 18 vols. 8vo. 1818.

As a public man Dryden has been severely censured for servility—an invidious reproach, which is rather inconsistently thrown upon most authors who happen to be government supporters. But the rule, however cynical, by which one author criticises the character of another is precisely that rule by which his own conduct should be scrutinised; and perhaps, if brought to such a recrimination-test, it will be found that mental prostitution is the vice of every party writer. For are not all such advocates, to a man, partial in their feelings and interested in their views? the one labours to usurp the place and emolument which the other enjoys: truth therefore must suffer equally from both. It must then be certainly more charitable, and probably fairer, to give every author credit for his professions until he contradicts them himself, or betrays their insincerity by actions irreconcilable with his creed. Now, what is there in the writings of Dryden, which, if canvassed upon this principle, can subject him to the ignominious charge of unconscientious subserviency? Except his sudden transition from the panegyrist of Cromwell to the pane-

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gyrist of Charles, absolutely nothing. His political satires are unquestionably rancorous, but who has justified the intrigues that embittered them? Arbitrary as the policy of those reigns was, it had, nevertheless, honest supporters, who died in numbers for the cause. Why then may not he also have been sincere in his politics? Had he really been the sycophant that some would imply, he would have seized one of the various opportunities which so many noble men availed themselves of, and have trimmed to the revolution.—The excessive flattery of Dryden's dedications, however, is not so easily excused: in those performances he displays an art in adulatory fictions which cannot easily be equalled.

Dryden's widow and three sons survived him: of the latter, Charles was the eldest, who after publishing some Latin poems and translations, went to Italy in 1692, became Chamberlain to Pope Innocent the XII. and wrote a poem at Rome, entitled, 'On the Happiness of a retired Life.' Returning afterwards to England, he was drowned in an attempt to swim across the Thames at Datchet, in 1704. John, the second son, was educated at Westminster, whence he was elected to Oxford. Imitating his father's conversion, he went to Rome, and obtained a place under his brother in the Pope's household. There he wrote a comedy, entitled, the 'Husband his own Cuckold,' which was subsequently acted at London. He was also the author of a 'Tour in Malta and Sicily,' printed in 8vo. seventy-five years after his death, which was occasioned by a fever in 1701. Erasmus Henry Dryden was educated in the Charter House, and followed his brothers to Rome, where he obtained a captaincy in the Pope's guards. Upon the death of his kinsman, Sir John Dryden, he came back to England, inherited the baronetcy of the family, and died in 1710.

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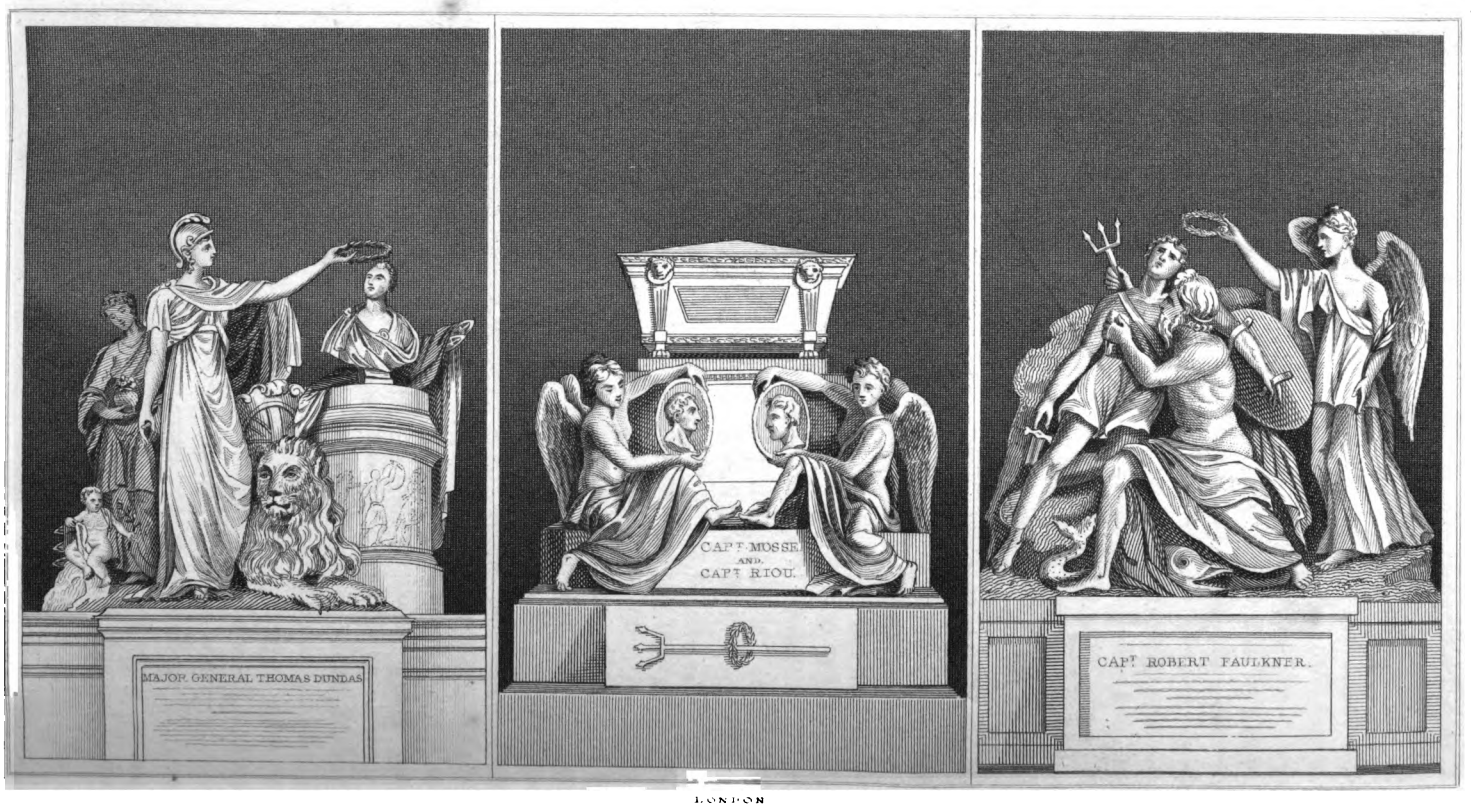

LONDON

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MAJOR GENERAL THOMAS DUNDAS.

THE pretensions of this work are truly humble: the writer of it has proposed to himself nothing more than to condense those facts which have been already given in standard volumes respecting the subjects of whom he has to treat; and to recommend the relation with what little effect of style he may be master of, and the few opinions of literature and morality which immature years and only desultory reading have enabled him to form. No uncommon resources are within his reach; no ample means are in his possession; no very deep or varied research can be spared to a weekly periodical; and perhaps a greater labour might prove beyond his capacity. Such is the apology he has to submit before stating, that of the officer whose name heads this page, he has no account whatever to offer. In those publications which are ordinarily devoted to biographical information, no particulars of General Dundas are preserved; and as the author of this book, one of the most private of individuals, is destitute of the fortune and influence which might enable him to step beyond the common path, and effect what no one before him has executed, he can produce nothing from a theme which he has found singularly barren. It does certainly appear somewhat inconsistent, that the most public honours should be lavished upon a man, respecting whom no public record, generally accessible, affords intelligence. Such, however, in the present instance appears to be the fact: and should this casually meet the eye of one who, resting on the lap of ease and plenty, has also availed himself of those opportunities of knowledge which a state so happy must command, and who may thus be competent to correct the ignorance here lamented—let him not be too severe on another, who feels all the passion to please, and would prove all those labours to succeed, which humility can inspire, and misfortune excite.

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The monument which occasioned this, perhaps misplaced, confession, stands in the north transept of St. Paul's Cathedral, and is the work of Bacon, junior. The design is thus explained:—An excellent statue of Britannia attended by a figure of Sensibility, who does not, however, appear equally engaging, is introduced in the act of crowning an expressive bust of the deceased with a wreath of laurel. Upon the pedestal there is a representation of Britannia defending Liberty from the violence of Fraud and Rebellion. Of all this labour it can only be observed, that it is neatly executed, but most insipidly allegorical. An inelegant inscription throws no light upon the darkness which envelopes the subject it affects to commemorate.

Major General THOMAS DUNDAS,
Died June 3, 1794, aged 44 years:
The best tribute to whose merit and public services
Will be found in the following vote of the House of Commons
For the erection of this memorial.
June 5th, 1795. Resolved Nemine Contradicente,
That an humble address be presented to his Majesty
That he will be graciously pleased to give directions
That a monument be erected in the Cathedral Church
of St. Paul, London,
To the Memory of Major General Dundas, as a
Testimony of the grateful sense entertained by this House of
The eminent services which he rendered to his country,
Particularly in the reduction of
The French West India Islands.

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DEVEREUX, EARL OF ESSEX.

ROBERT DEVEREUX, Earl of Essex, and the first general of the parliamentary forces, during the civil war, was born in London, during the year 1592. His father was the rash but generous Earl of the same title, who lost his head under the reign of the passionate Elizabeth, and his mother the widow of the accomplished Sir Philip Sydney. In 1603 an act of grateful conciliation on the part of James I. reversed the attainder, and restored the estates of young Devereux, who was so precocious a scholar as to be admitted into Merton College, Cambridge, where he studied under Archbishop Whitfield, when only in his tenth year. The better to evince the feelings which the new monarch retained for all those offenders against the severe policy of his predecessor, whose fates were generally thought to have been precipitated by their partiality for his unhappy mother, a match between Essex and the Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, was soon after proposed by the Earl of Salisbury; and the parties were actually contracted when the bride was no more than thirteen, and the bridegroom fourteen years old. Cohabitation at such an age was out of the question, and the immature husband was therefore sent to travel on the continent, where he remained for four years, and then returned to assume a character which he never after held with satisfaction or decency.

Of the events which now took place, it cannot be necessary to speak at any length: they founded one of the most curious incidents of domestic tragedy which diversify the pages of our history, and as such must be currently known. It may be

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enough, therefore, to repeat that Essex found his wife full of beauty and passion, and likewise full of aversion for his love. At first she flatly objected to live with him: being constrained, however, by her relations to accompany him into the country, she pertinaciously refused to admit his embraces, though forced to share his bed. This extraordinary conduct was persisted in for some time; the husband continued all vain solicitation, and the wife all rigid obstinacy, until Essex became disgusted with a suit so offensive. Yet he had no sooner abandoned the lady to her own sullenness, than it was discovered that her heart was pre possessed with an affection for Carr, Earl of Somerset, the vicious minion of the puerile James. A criminal intercourse between the lovers quickly succeeded; and ere long all parties, weary with shame, concurred in desiring a divorce.

The proceedings by which this alternative was obtained are as strange and disgraceful as any others upon our judicial records. The alleged ground for the measure was impotency; and Essex admitted, that he felt such an infirmity with the Countess, though unconscious of it with any other woman. To remedy the defects of this equivocation, evidence of fascination and sorcery was adduced; and finally, a young girl, with her features veiled, was submitted before a jury of matrons, who returned a verdict of virginity. Thus far the credulity of the age respecting witchcraft effected something; the influence of the court supplied the rest; a sentence of divorce was passed, and the guilty lovers were married under the special patronage of the monarch.—The reader will not fail to remember the full measure of crime that attended this alliance: Carr enjoyed the friendship of Sir Thomas Overbury, a man of high character and learning, who had remonstrated against the infamy of such a step from the beginning. The nature of this counsel Carr was so weak as to communicate to the Countess. She, fired with indignation and revenge, goaded him on to importune the King with misrepresentations of Overbury's public conduct, until at last the honest friend was committed to the Tower. This stratagem ensured his neutrality while the divorce was pending, but even after that point had been gained the Countess remained still unappeased. While Overbury lived, she could not rest, and when a woman is thus vindictive, what horrors may not be feared? Overbury was poisoned; but

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nearly two years passed away before the murder was detected and punished. Somerset, his wife, and four others, were then tried and convicted: the meaner culprits were executed, but the partiality of the king spared the lives of the great offenders. They dragged on an existence of remorse and obscurity, and if the common report of history be correct, their days entailed no ordinary weight of retribution. The love that had made them guilty corroded into a deadly hatred, and they spent years under the same roof without sharing a familiarity, or exchanging a word.

From the scandalous notoriety of these unhappy incidents Essex retreated into the country, and passed some years in the amusements of rural life. Finding the inactivity of such habits uncongenial to his spirit, he afterwards went into Holland, which was at that time the first seat of European arms; and upon the equipment of an expedition into the Palatinate, in 1620, formed a junction with the Earl of Southampton, Lord Willoughby, and the Earl of Oxford, and took the command of a regiment. From an undertaking producing no consequence, there are no laurels to be won: the English troops were discomfited, and Essex withdrew to the United Provinces, where he led a regiment with some repute in 1624.

The accession of Charles I. was distinguished by a sudden descent upon Cadiz, under the direction of Viscount Wimbledon and Essex. This was another disastrous affair: the fleet had scarcely put to sea ere it was heavily damaged by a storm; and, although upon reaching its destination, the admirals succeeded in firing some ships, and capturing a fort; yet the men plundered and drank wine to an excess which brought on a pestilence, and wholly unnerved them for duty. To escape the butchery which must ensue if the enemy sallied forth upon an army in this condition, Wimbledon set sail again, and proposed to intercept the Plate-fleet upon its return from the Indies. But in this achievement he was also disappointed: the pestilence under which the troops already suffered raged into a plague, and he was forced to ply a passage home to England with precipitate dispatch, and scarcely hands enough to navigate the ships.

The expedition had no sooner returned than a violent outcry was raised amongst the people, and the conduct of the command-

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ers, and of Wimbledon in particular, was severely stigmatised. Essex could have suffered little from disfavour, for he was sent into Holland, and there acquired considerable applause for gallant resolution and successful skill. He seems, however, to have been never destined for continuous prosperity: revisiting England, he entered into a second marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Paulet, of Wiltshire; but soon found his second choice as unpropitious as the first had been. The lady formed a criminal intercourse with a Mr. Udal, and was repudiated by divorce. One child, a son named Robert, was the fruit of this marriage: he died in 1636. Essex hid his head awhile in retirement; but soon after chasing away all uxorious passion, he also suppressed the chagrin which its mortifications had occasioned, and devoted his thoughts to public affairs with an undivided energy that at last procured distinction for his name.

The qualities which seem to have recommended Essex to political fortune in the conflicting scenes that now began to be acted, were prudence and integrity; for his talents were none of the quickest, or most shining. Though by no means destitute of personal ambition, and even excited by a strong thirst for popularity, his views were patriotic and his intentions good: thus, to whichever side he appeared to lean, he was always the friend of moderation and a constitutional government. In 1639, he was nominated Lieutenant-general of the army that marched against the rebellious Scots, and took possession of Berwick; but had no share in the pacification that followed—a display of impartiality which, to all appearances, advanced him no degree towards the confidence of his perplexed sovereign. In 1641, popular measures were deemed to be for the interest of the court, and Essex was made Lord Chamberlain. No ordinary opinion of his merits could have been entertained at this period, for the two great contending parties were equally strenuous in their exertions to secure his influence. The King declared him Lieutenant-general of all the forces south of the Trent; the Lords elected him Chairman of their standing committee, and the House of Commons requested a guard under his command. The tumult encreased, and the King was obliged to leave London, and on his retreat issued an order requiring all the household lords to follow him. With this Essex declined to comply, on account of the fixed duties to

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which he stood already nominated in the capital; and for his disobedience, was dismissed from all his places, and rashly driven into the open arms of the Parliament.

What were really the designs of the men, who now took up arms against their king, it were impossible to determine. The majority of historians are inclined to believe that Essex was one of those who imagined the contest might be brought to an issue without any pernicious change in the government: he has, therefore, generally received credit for a liberal attachment to the standard principles of the constitution. Being chosen general of the parliamentary forces, a rank in which he had had no rival, he commanded at the first civil encounter at Keinton, or Edgehill. This and the subsequent actions are so essentially a part of general history, that it will not be decent to do any thing more here than briefly characterise their separate fortunes. The battle of Edgehill was fought earnestly, and almost equally on both sides; for, although the King retained the field, his losses balanced the honour. An overture for peace was immediately set on foot, but while it was in agitation, a second engagement took place at Brainford. Essex was sitting in the House of Lords, when the report of the cannon roused him from the debate; but speeding alertly down to the spot, he arrived just as the royalists were at the point of victory, and turned the fortune of the day. The season was now far advanced, and both armies suspended their first campaign for the winter.

Early in the spring Essex was the first in motion: he laid siege to Reading, and was approached without delay by the King and his nephews, the Princes Rupert and Maurice, at the head of a considerable force. These bodies met at Causham Bridge; the royalists were beaten, and Reading surrendered to the Parliament. Upon this point of success, however, the cause of the latter hovered for awhile. The army under Essex caught an epidemic sickness; the Marquis of Newcastle effected great advantages in the north; Sir William Waller was worsted in the west; Bristol was taken by Prince Rupert, and the King began an auspicious march to London. Gloucester was the only place which held out against him on the road, and he determined to urge a siege where the opposition to his progress appeared to be so feeble. But the ardour of the citizens of London made amends for the sickness of the army; they sent forward their trainbands, and with that

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raw but furious body Essex relieved the city. The first battle of Newberry followed: it was the longest and bloodiest fight that had as yet occurred between them, and although the question of victory was pretty fairly balanced, yet the many great names that were counted lost through it to the King's cause, created impressions the most unfavourable to his ultimate prosperity. Another winter drew on, and Essex returned to London amidst the triumph of his followers, where he received a warm vote of thanks from the two houses.

The opening of the third campaign was distinguished by a series of fortunate movements on the part of Essex, such as neither party had as yet attained. Sitting down before Oxford, he terrified the King into a midnight flight, and at the onset of his pursuit compelled Prince Rupert to abandon the siege of Lynne, at which he had long been engaged. Weymouth next submitted; the minor garrisons yielded to the blast of his trumpets; the country all around flocked with acclamations to his standard; and at Chard 4000 men volunteered to fight or die in the cause of the Parliament. Nor did the brightness of his career, or the enthusiasm of the people stop here: Barnstaple revolted; he beat Sir Richard Grenville; took Taunton Castle by assault, and soon after came into possession of Mount Stanford, Plimpton, Saltash, and divers small garrisons. In his advance to Tavistock, he seized upon Sir Richard Grenville's house, and found two pieces of cannon, a stand of eight hundred arms, a large store of ammunition, and rich furniture, and three thousand pounds in money and plate. Moving next upon Cornwall, he forced a passage at Newbridge, and again encountered Sir Richard Grenville at Listowel, where he obtained a second victory over that officer. Bodmin, Tadcaster and Foy, immediately fell before him.

During this momentous interval the King was far from idle: he had spared no exertions to raise a force capable of resisting the successful army, and he now came down upon Essex prepared to dispute all the recent acquisitions. There is a secret charm in the presence of royalty, which seldom fails to overcome the affections of a generous people; and upon the present occasion, the Parliamentarians saw those men who had crowded to their ranks, when on the high road to victory, slipping fast and numerously away to the royal camp. Essex therefore dispatched earnest messages for reinforcements to London, but before any recruits

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could be levied, the King succeeded in cooping him up on every side. In this extremity a council of war was called, and it was resolved that the horse, 3000 strong, should cut their way to Plymouth—a brave attempt, which they executed with a partial loss—while the foot, who were constrained to inactivity, should yield themselves up prisoners of war. Essex found a ship at Foy, in which he sailed to Plymouth, and thence proceeded to London, sick both in body and mind.

Thus by one sudden stroke were all the honours and advantages blasted, which it required the pains and hazard of three years' fighting to obtain. Impelled by this vicissitude of things to think ill of the consequences of a protracted warfare; he now rather evinced an inclination for peace, and ere long perceived that his influence was on the wane with the rising leaders of the army. The Self-denying Ordinance was passed soon after, and he resigned his commission with ill-concealed displeasure. A fear of risking any greater dangers to the cause through the workings of these accumulated mortifications, induced his friends to start a project for soothing his feelings with a dukedom, and a large pension: but a title could not be very consistently bestowed by such a party, and money was the last thing they could spare; the idea therefore never rose to a form. Essex, however, continued to attend to his duty in Parliament until the period of his death, which took place rather suddenly, on the 14th of September, 1646, when he had attained his 56th year. His funeral was solemnized with great pomp in Westminster Abbey, where a public monument was erected to his memory—but to borrow the words of an old biographer, who has been looked into during the composition of this sketch, *a mad villain soon after most uncivilly defaced it.*

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ROBERT FALKNOR, R. N.

ROBERT FALKNOR, Captain of the Blanche frigate, has a monument, executed by Charles Rossi, R. A. in the south transept of St. Paul's Cathedral. The design represents Neptune seated on a rock in the centre, and turning eagerly round to the right, to catch into his arms a naked figure of the dying sailor, who is pourtrayed with a shield on one arm, and a broken sword in the other hand. To the left is a personification of Victory advancing with a wreath of laurel. These figures all exceed the size of life, and it may suffice for any degree of merit displayed on them to observe, that the style in which they are executed is as plain and uninviting as the fable in which they are introduced is common-place and unnatural. The inscription is engraved in this order:—

This monument was erected
By the British Parliament,
To commemorate the gallant conduct
Of Captain ROBERT FALKNOR,
Who, on the 5th of January, 1795,
In the thirty-second year of his age,
And in the moment of victory,
Was killed on board the Blanche frigate,
While engaging La Pique, a French frigate
Of very superior force.
The circumstances of determined bravery that distinguished this action,
Which lasted five hours, deserve to be recorded.
Captain Falknor having observed the great superiority of the enemy,
And having lost most of his masts and rigging,
Watched an opportunity of the bowsprit of La Pique coming athwart the Blanche,

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And with his own hands lashed it to the capstern,
And thus converted the whole stern of the Blanche into one battery;
But unfortunately soon after this bold and daring manœuvre
He was shot through the heart.*

* Facing this is the monument of Richard Rundell Burgess, another captain in the Royal Navy. It was executed by Banks, R.A. and introduces the deceased in the act of receiving a sword from the hand of Victory, who stands separated from him by a cannon. So far the design resembles almost all the performances of our modern sculptors, who appear to be chiefly depressed by a penurious imagination. Banks, however, was decidedly a master in the art; and probably addicted himself to fabulous personification, because it is classical in the grammar school. There remains nevertheless a broad distinction to be drawn in this respect between the antients and the moderns. With those, mythology was a religion, and allegory therefore sublime; but to these, as Christians, the former creed is a falsehood, and any illustration of it consequently repugnant and nonsensical. One inconsistency of the present work strikes the eye at a glance—the mortal is naked, but the goddess clothed. Overlooking this, however, the statue of Burgess cannot fail to command praise; the attitude is fine, and the air brave. The pedestal, too, projects boldly, and is profusely enriched with prows of ships and allegorical representations of Defeat and Captivity, in basso relievo. The inscription is as follows:—

Sacred to the memory
Of Richard Rundell Burgess, Esquire,
Commander of his Majesty's ship Ardent,
Who fell in the XLIIIrd. year of his age,
While bravely supporting the honour
Of the British flag,
In a daring and successful attempt to break the enemy's line
near
Camperdown,
On the 11th of October, 1797.
His skill, coolness, and intrepidity
Eminently contributed to a victory,
Equally advantageous and glorious to his country.
That grateful country,
By the unanimous act of her Legislature,
Enrols his name
High in the list of those Heroes
Who, under the blessing of Providence,
Have established and maintained her naval superiority
And her exalted rank among nations.

Of this officer but a few particulars have been preserved. He was a

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The officer thus ennobled was the eldest son of Robert, and nephew of Jonathan Falknor, of whom the former was a Post Captain, and the latter an Admiral in the Royal Navy. Nor were these the only members of his family who figured with peculiar distinction in the same profession; for it appears on the records of the Admiralty, that no interval has occurred during the last two hundred years in which some one of his predecessors or another was not honourably employed in the same service. Robert, the immediate subject of this sketch, was born at Northampton in 1760, and lost his father when only three years old. After spending some time at the grammar school of his native town, he was removed to the Royal Academy at Portsmouth, where he was the first scholar admitted upon the establishment: favourable mention has been made of the success in study by which he returned the distinction. The course of education in the Portsmouth Academy is completed in three years, and at the expiration of that term young Falknor was appointed to the Isis of fifty guns, then commanded by the Hon. Captain Cornwallis, and attached to Lord Howe's fleet in North America. His commission, bearing date March the 9th, 1777,—he was present at that attack of Ford Island, in the river Delaware, during the month of November following, for which the crew of the Isis received praise from the commander-in-chief. It was upon this station that he passed into the Chatham, and almost immediately after into the Bedford of fifty guns, in which Captain Cornwallis described him as one

native of Port Glasgow, in Scotland, and originally belonged to the merchant service of that neighbourhood. His first commanders in the Royal Navy were Admirals Rowley and Barrington, to whose notice he is said to have recommended himself by a strong thirst for scientifical investigations. In these pursuits he distinguished himself by several valuable improvements in naval tactics—amongst which, a method of warping ships when becalmed out of moorings, has proved essentially beneficial. He was wounded in the London, during the American war; and, according to all accounts, seems to have well deserved the praise bestowed on him in the preceding epitaph, for his conduct during the battle off Camperdown. The Ardent, carrying sixty-four guns, was nominated one of the seconds to Duncan, and such was the forwardness with which Burgess launched her into action, that the ship was almost immediately environed by no less than five opponents. Nevertheless she proved superior to all odds, but her Captain fell before she had fully decided her share of the victory.

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perfectly good, and bidding fair to be as great a credit to the service as his father had been.

The course of the next twelvemonth presents Falknor on board of the Ruby, the Medea, and the Lion, which formed part of a squadron conveying our autumnal trade to the West Indies. On the 28th of December, 1780, he was made a lieutenant, and nominated to the Princess Royal of ninety-eight guns, Rear-Admiral Rowley, Captain J. Duckworth. Remaining on the same station until the 22d of August in the following year, he obtained leave to take his passage on board of the homeward bound trade from Jamaica. Upon this occasion the rising merit of his career was testified by a letter from Sir Peter Parker to his mother, in which she was assured that her son more than answered the hopes entertained of him.

Returning to active duty on the 7th of April, 1782, he sailed in the Britannia with the squadron under Admiral Barrington, that intercepted a French convoy to the East, within the very same month: he was afterwards despatched to strengthen Lord Howe in the relief of Gibraltar. The peace of 1783 followed, and Lieutenant Falknor was reduced to half-pay. But he was not left inactive for any length of time; for on the 17th of April in the same year he was again employed on board of the Merlin sloop, from which, at different dates, he passed into the Daphne of twenty guns, the Impregnable, the Hero and Carnatic, all of seventy-four guns. Early in 1790, he remained awhile on half-pay, but was recalled to service during the same year, and appointed to the Royal George of one hundred guns, Admiral Barrington, in which he continued until the month of November, when he was gazetted a commander.

After another interval of half-pay, Captain Falknor obtained the Pluto, a fire-sloop of fourteen guns, in April 1791. In her he continued until the year drew to an end, then remained without employment for about nine months, and was promoted to the Zebra sloop of sixteen guns, on the 12th of June, 1793. Upon this command he entered with the best auspices, and his conduct fully justified even greater favours than those awarded to him. The Earl of Chatham chose the scene of operations in which he was to be engaged, and Sir John Jervis, the admiral in command of the station, received him under his special protection.

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By such interest no mean hopes could have been excited, and no common merits were displayed. The island of Martinique was the first place assailed by the fleet; and within a short period, the only points unconquered in it were the Forts Bourbon and Royal. The latter was the next object of attack, and to Falknor belonged the principal honours attending its reduction. After supporting a severe discharge of musquetry and grape-shot with singular firmness, but without any prospect of being able to return any decided injury, he took the gallant resolution of intereepting the duty of the Asia, which failed in her object of closing upon the fort, through the ignorance of a Frenchman, who had been engaged to steer her passage in. Accordingly, running his sloop directly on shore, he leaped overboard at the head of his little crew, and carried the place by escalade, before the boats destined for his support could reach the spot. Nor was the alertness of this success more remarkable than the moderation with which it was exercised; for as soon as he found himself mounted on the walls, and perceived that a panic was struck, he forbade his men to strike another blow, although he had then full power to retaliate the effects of that fire to which his ship had been exposed at the beginning of the fight. This intrepid movement was honoured with three cheers from the fleet, which Sir John Jervis was the first to begin; and when the Zebra returned with the colours of the fort and the Governor's sword, the same admiral publicly embraced her Captain on his quarter deck, while the band played up "See the conquering Hero comes;"—slight, but ingenuous honours, which are mentioned here, because they produced an excitement upon Falknor's mind, which he often used to rejoice in at subsequent periods.

In this encounter Falknor was wounded; a grape-shot grazed his arm, and shattered a cartouche belt that hung round his waist, just at the moment he jumped ashore. To the fortunate resistance of that cartouche belt, he ascribed the preservation of a life which was still doomed to be the price of victory. This accident was preceded by another even more extraordinary, and therefore somewhat entitled to be noticed. As the Zebra was approaching the walls of Port Royal, Falknor thought he observed evident marks of confusion in the countenance of his pilot. In order to

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satisfy himself of this, he approached the man, and putting some indifferent questions to him, discovered the agitation under which he laboured to be so intense as to render him incapable of uttering a rational or continuous answer. A moment or two of reflection ensued on the part of the Captain, when the man added, in a low voice, and without raising his eyes, "I see your honour knows me; I am unfit to guide her; I don't know what is come over me. I dreamt last night I should be killed, and am so afraid I don't know what I'm about. I've been twenty-four years in the service, and never felt afraid before." "Then give me the helm," replied Falknor, "and go and hide your head in whatever you fancy to be the safest corner of the ship! But, mark me, fears are catching; if I hear that you speak to one of the crew, your life shall answer for it to-morrow." The poor pilot slunk away overcome with shame, and sat down upon the arm chest, with his head resting on his hand. Falknor laid the ship close to the shore, but before he had time to leap on land, a grape-shot struck the arm chest and blew the prophetic pilot to atoms.

Among the prizes taken at Martinique was the Bienvenue, a French frigate, mounting twenty-eight guns, to the deck of which Falknor was immediately promoted, with the rank of Post-captain, by Sir John Jervis, who renamed the vessel the 'Undaunted,' out of compliment to her new commander. The seizure of St. Lucie followed without much difficulty, but the conquest of Guadaloupe was only effected after a resistance of some bravery. At the storming of Fleur de L'Epée, the principal fort on the island, Falknor commanded a body of sailors, who were directed to clamber up the side of an almost perpendicular mountain, while the grenadiers and light infantry approached by the open road. This was a labour so arduous, that upon gaining the ramparts, the detachment was to a man so exhausted as to be obliged to halt for breath. Precisely at this conjuncture, and while the sailors were still scattered about, a sally took place. Two French officers made a simultaneous attack upon Falknor, of whom the one thrust a bayonet through the sleeve of his coat, but without grazing the flesh; and the other, after an exchange of parried blows, sprung upon his neck. Falknor still stood alone, and the latter Frenchman, fixing his teeth in his shirt, tripped up his heels,

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and as they fell together, wrenched the sword from his hands. At this moment of peril, and while a dagger was uplifted against his breast, two seamen sprung to the relief of their captain, and levelled his antagonist on the earth. The storm proceeded awhile with considerable vigour and loss; but the enemy soon broke into a flight, which, once commenced, admitted neither of rally or caution, and the English marched over the island without farther opposition.

Falknor next passed into the Rose frigate, but was almost immediately transferred to the Blanche, on board of which he conveyed his Royal Highness, the late Edward Duke of Kent, to the government of Canada, in May, 1794. Remaining upon the same station, he chased a national corvette into the Bay of Deseada, towards the close of the same year; and although exposed to the annoyance of a powerful battery, followed the enemy to the shore, silenced every opposition, and quickly towed her out again a prize. A movement so daring cannot be supposed to have taken place without loss: the Blanche suffered in her hull, masts, and rigging, and lost a midshipman and some sailors; but the damage done to the enemy was stated to have been far severer. Falknor had scarcely recovered from the effects of this enterprize, than he engaged in another, which was almost precisely similar in circumstantial intrepidity. On the following morning he got sight of, and gave sail to, an armed schooner laden with powder, which took refuge from him under Fort Louis. It is, perhaps, needless to add that he ran in upon her, and soon sent her off as a prize to St. John's, at Antigua.

These occurrences happened in December 1794, and in the following month that engagement took place in which he lost his life. The Blanche carried only two-and-thirty guns, but the La Pique mounted eight-and-thirty, besides a number of brass swivels on deck. The action endured most brilliantly for five hours, and the victory was as decisive as could possibly be gained. Twice did the Blanche lash her bowsprit to the capstern of her opponent; and when the main and mizen masts fell, she payed off before the wind, and took the other in tow. Then only was it discovered that the stern ports were too small; but the crew blew the upper transom beam away, ran the guns out, and poured volley after volley for three successive hours into the enemy's

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bows. Resistance only ceased on board of the La Pique when every means to continue it were exhausted.

Falknor was killed towards the close of the second hour of fighting: a rifleman, from the bowsprit of the La Pique, shot him in the breast; the bullet entered his heart, and he expired instantaneously. It is memorable, that he had but just lashed the bowsprit of the enemy to the capstern with his own hands, when the fatal discharge was fired. The impression made upon the public mind by the death of an individual, is no indifferent testimony of the value set upon his character. It may, therefore, be not inappropriate to mention that the fall of Captain Falknor was made the subject of an historical picture by West, and of a dramatic interlude at Covent-garden Theatre. The former work was executed in a style worthy so popular a master; and the representation of the latter was successfully attended by interested audiences. But a more positive testimony was borne to his merits, when the ministry proposed the erection of the national monument which associates him with the genii of our country; for upon that occasion the most authoritative voices pronounced his panegyric.

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SAMUEL FOOTE.

SAMUEL FOOTE, a comic writer and actor, not exceeded in wit and mimicry by any rival, was a native of Truro, in Cornwall. The precise date of his birth has never been discovered, but it is generally supposed to have taken place during the year 1721. The family was honourable and estated; his father, John Foote, enjoyed the posts of Commissioner of the Prize Office and Fine Contract, and represented Tiverton in Parliament; and his mother was descended from the families of Dinely and Goodere, to whose joint estates she succeeded upon the concurring deaths, in a duel, of the last male heirs—Sir John Dinely Goodere, Bart. and Samuel Goodere, Esq., Captain of his Majesty's ship Ruby. Young Foote received his education at Worcester College, formerly called Gloucester Hall, Oxford, which stands indebted both for its foundation and altered name, to the liberality of Sir Thomas Cocks Winford, Bart. who was his second cousin. Thence he removed to London, and became a student-at-law in the Temple; but, in reality, paid no attention to that or any other serious pursuit. Inheriting a moderate fortune, he gave himself up to a life of pleasure, with all the vivacity and carelessness peculiar to his character. In this vain career he obtained all that convivial applause, which a singular flow of eloquence and great powers of volatile humour can never fail to excite. A very short period, however, sufficed to exhaust his patrimony, and he then turned his thoughts to the theatre, as the place most likely to supply him promptly with the resources of competence.

It has been remarked that actors of genius are often the last to discover the style in which nature destines them to excel. Foote, for one, exemplifies the saying, for he made his first appearance on the stage in the character of Othello. That he gave little satis-

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faction as a tragedian may be easily conjectured, and that he should soon tire of an uncongenial labour was natural. He was not long however, in putting forth his strength from a genuine vein: during the year 1747, he opened the little theatre in the Haymarket, with a dramatic entertainment of his own composition, entitled the 'Diversions of a Morning,' which was acted before crowded audiences for a run of forty days. This piece has never been printed: it consisted of detached scenes, into which were introduced imitations of several individuals who were then well known about London, for oddity of manner or peculiarity of character. All these Foote mocked and took-off himself, with matchless precision; he not only caught the tone of voice and style of dress and action, but even succeeded in disguising his figure so as to resemble exactly the persons of his various subjects. The principal performers of the day were accurately mimicked; and Woodward, the physician, and Chevalier Taylor, the oculist, stood amongst the prominent of the select caricatures.

The novelty of this undertaking occasioned as much excitement, as the daring personalities on which its popularity rested begot serious opposition. The police magistrates of Westminster attempted to arrest the performance, by virtue of the Act of Parliament for limiting the number of theatres; but the current of general patronage emboldened the innovator to defy the law, by altering his advertisement into a notice of "*Mr. Foote giving Tea to his Friends.*" The pretext answered the purpose, and he was suffered to proceed without interruption. In 1748, he brought forward the 'Auction of Pictures;' in which the chief characters from real life were Cocks, an auctioneer; Henley, the well-known orator; and Sir Thomas de Veil, a justice of the peace for Westminster. This composition was never printed, nor can the loss of it be much regretted; for out of all the dramas he did publish only a few retain places on the stage; and the reasons for this altered fortune are evident. Written for ephemeral purposes and applied to individual eccentricities, or depending for success upon the art of the actor, instead of the imagery of the dialogue, or the fidelity of the plot, these pieces could only be understood by a key, and lost all attraction as soon as the hapless objects of their satire withdrew from the public eye, or ceased to exist.

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Persevering in his course, he had the 'Knights' ready for the season of 1747, and in the four characters of Sir Penurious Trifle, an incessant prater of stale stories, Sir Gregory Gazette, an insatiable caterer of news, without the capacity to understand the most familiar paragraph, and a courting couple, Tim and Miss Suck, afforded the usual measure of entertainment. The finale of this piece was rendered excessively ridiculous by a burlesque upon the Italian Opera, in a vocal concert between two cats.

Foote's reputation was now established upon the most money-making basis, and the proprietors of the greater houses found it advantageous to avail themselves of his popularity. Accordingly he abandoned the Haymarket Theatre in 1751, and during a series of years continued to appear for a stated number of nights at one of the royal theatres, in little sketchy pieces of his own composition. This change was almost necessarily marked by some improvements in the construction of his dramas—he now filled up his scenes with characters more appropriately connected, and took some pains in developing his fable in better order, and with a greater stage effect. 'Taste,' a comedy in two acts, was the first of the performances thus offered to the public. It was acted and printed in 1752, and was intended to expose the impositions practised under that folly for articles of virtú, which was so much in vogue about this period. But whether the audiences were too infatuated with the prevailing fashion, or whether they did not choose to see the author make any deviation from the caricaturing of men to the ridiculing of things, certain it is that 'Taste,' met with a very indifferent reception. For the first night or two the opposition was considerable, and during the whole run, which was by no means a long one, the applause was neither loud nor hearty. Still it should not be omitted that Foote's view of the subject was correct, and his treatment of it humorous. He gave the profits of the piece to Worsdale, the painter and actor, as an acknowledgment of the talent displayed in the part of Lady Pentweasle.

'The Englishman in Paris,' a comedy in two acts, followed: it was performed at Covent-garden in 1753, was printed during the same year, and met with highly favourable hearers. Macklin, for whose benefit it was produced, and his daughter, were the

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original Buck and Lucinda; but Foote himself assumed the former part during the season, and it then became a dispute amongst the critics, which of the two did greater justice to the character.

During the next two years he seems to have reposed a little from his labours; his entertainment for the season of 1754 consisted only of a revision of the 'Knights,' which he now brought out at Drury-lane; and in 1755 he nothing had to offer. For 1756, however, he prepared the 'Englishman Returned from Paris,' a comedy in two acts, which was a sequel to the 'Englishman in Paris.' It was acted at Covent-garden with great advantage, and has received the praise of being more dramatic, varied, and complete than any of the preceding pieces. 'The Author,' a comedy in two acts, was his novelty in Covent-garden, for 1757. In this piece he returned to personality, and polished a caricature of a Mr. Aprice, under the name of Cadwallader, with such pungent fidelity, that a complaint was made to the Lord Chamberlain, and the performance interdicted. The 'Author' however claims the distinction of having been occasionally revived.

Notwithstanding the success of these various performances, and the handsome emoluments derived from them, Foote's improvidence kept him systematically in a disgraceful extreme of debt and persecution. This perplexity of affairs increased so heavily upon him, that in 1760 he was driven into a speculation for retrieving his competence, by opening the Haymarket Theatre during the summer months—a practice so successful that it has never since been once abandoned. Foote began this new system of operations with the 'Minor,' a comedy in three acts; and, although his company was as indifferent as it was hastily collected together, this play drew him full houses for five-and-thirty successive rehearsals, and remained for many years after a standard piece at the winter houses. His own personifications were the principal attractions in it, and the reader may therefore desire to know that in the characters—of Mr. Smirk, an auctioneer named Langford was ridiculed—of Mrs. Cole, the well-known Mother Douglas was taken off—and of Shift, George Whitfield, the popular methodist, was burlesqued. The coarse humour thus applied to the sect of which Whitfield was an ornament, created violent outcries

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and much controversy: his flock, however, could have felt but little of the stigma, as they have never been theatrical visitors; and Foote, profiting by the scandal, cared little for any thing else. There is an anecdote told of this piece which seems worth extracting. When the play was finished for the stage, Foote sent a copy of it to the Archbishop of Canterbury, requesting that if his Grace should see any thing objectionable in it, he would exercise a free use of his pen, either in the way of erasure or correction. The Archbishop, however, returned it untouched, assigning as a reason to a friend, that he was sure the wit had only laid a trap for him, and that if he had put his hand to the manuscript, either for correction or objection, Foote would have advertised the publication as *corrected and prepared for the press by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.*

Foote now resolved to settle himself yearly in the Haymarket Theatre, as soon as the winter establishments closed; and so well did the scheme answer, that he persevered in it uniformly down to the season before his death, and as regularly derived from it a considerable income. Fortune, however, never availed him much; a slave to his passions, the more he got the more he spent; and therefore the longer he lived, the more deeply he sunk into embarrassments.

In the summer of 1762, he stood forward prepared with two plays, the 'Orators' and the 'Lyar,' both comedies in three acts. The former met with a kind reception, but the representation of the latter was deferred until the following winter, when it was brought out at Covent-garden, and gave but little satisfaction. It is a borrowed plot from several hands, which has since been reduced to a farce, and under that title been frequently revived by John Palmer, who obtained singular praise for his acting in it. Reverting to the 'Orators,' it is to be added that, as he was still under the power of the magistrates, Foote thought it prudent to advertise this entertainment as 'Lectures on English Oratory,' and in truth the first act of the 'Orators' fully justified the announcement. It was little more than a disquisition on styles of elocution, interpersed with personal imitations. The second act contained a humorous trial of the Cock-lane ghost, and the last, a portraiture of the noted Robin Hood Society. The leading personification was one of George Falkner, the Dublin printer

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and alderman, who pushed himself into some notoriety, as the proprietor of an Irish newspaper. But though a signal boaster, and intense lover of fame, he was so deeply offended with the liberties thus taken with his favourite airs, that he took advantage of a professional visit which Foote soon after paid at Dublin, to institute an action for libel in the Court of King's Bench. The offender for awhile pretended to resist the proceedings, but finding it probable that the business would run hard with him, he posted quietly back to England, and left his bail to pay the penalties of their bond for his appearance at the trial. This breach of confidence was loudly and deservedly censured; but the stain has been in a great degree wiped away by a prevailing belief that he subsequently returned the money. Here too, it may be observed, that although Foote's vices are by all declared to have been numerous, their enormity has been opposed by the credit he received for the possession of many virtues—like other squanderers, he was not incapable of generosity.

For the seasons of 1763, 1764, and 1765, 'The Mayor of Garratt,' the 'Patron,' and the 'Commissary,' were successively produced with the happiest effect. Of the first, which was called a comedy, but like all the series, is really a farce in two acts, it will be enough to mention, that it is genuine in its drollery, and has remained a constant favourite with the public down to the present day. We are told that Foote's Major Sturgeon was inimitable, and every reader might also tell that Jerry Sneak has been the master-piece of many subsequent actors. 'The Patron' was borrowed from Marmontel's Tales, and applied to Lord Melcombe, that strange compound of wit and frivolity, fashion and talents. This trifle, Foote, in the dedication to Lord Gower, declares to be the best of all he had written down to the date of its appearance. The 'Commissary' abounds with veins of the same personal and general ridicule which made the preceding pieces so popular, and is chiefly remarkable for the introduction of the celebrated Arne, under the name of Dr. Catgutt. Could any merit prove a shield from satire, the talents of the most perfect musician the English nation could boast of, would certainly have stood reverenced and untouched; but wit is ever heartless, and mimicry without taste. Thus it is that the satirist so seldom fails to mar his own moral, by seizing traits which, though weaknesses in the great and good,

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are nevertheless purely harmless, and exhibiting them with the same glaring colours and coarse effect which apply to the worst habits and most pernicious examples. As the indistinct must always remain confused, so the indiscriminate must ever continue graceless. Foote seems to have never possessed a feeling of delicacy, or a sense of principle.

The year 1766 was to Foote an era of great revolutions. Being on a visit at the Earl of Mexborough's country-seat, he fell from a horse and fractured his leg so severely that amputation was required to save his life. This accident at first appeared to augur fatally for his professional fortune, and enemies were not wanting who exclaimed upon the fitness of that retribution which had maimed the mimic of cripples—the reader should know that Falkner, the Dublin alderman, wanted a leg, and that Foote's imitation of the old man's lameness was considered about the best feature of the personification. Mocking, therefore, was here shown to be catching—but there is nothing like suffering in good company. Foote recovered his health and spirits, and the Duke of York, who happened to be at the Earl of Mexborough's at this conjuncture, took such an interest in his case as to patronise an application he made for a patent. A suit thus favoured soon found grace: Foote's fall took place in the month of February, and in the month of July a patent was made out, by the terms of which he was authorised to build a theatre in the city and liberties of Westminster, and therein exhibit performances from the 14th day of May to the 14th day of September, during each year of his life. Emboldened by this grant, he bought and pulled down the old house, and quickly built a new theatre, which was thrown open to the public in May 1767.

The new establishment flourished rapidly, but it was not until the summer of 1770 that the proprietor came forward with a novelty of his own composition, and that gained no popularity. It was entitled 'The Lame Lover,' and had an appropriate character for the author, in the person of Sir Luke Limp. 'Piety in Pattens,' however, his next production, which was first acted in 1773, but never printed, so fully compensated for this failure, that the reader is presented with an account of it from the Biographia Dramatica. The extract is somewhat long, but an idea of the manner in which these original pieces were managed

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cannot be tiresome. It was styled a sentimental comedy, and was introduced to the stage in an entertainment called 'The Primitive Puppet-show.' The novelty of a design which undertook to put down the prevailing rage for such sentimental comedies as 'False Delicacy,' &c., brought a crowd around the house, who rendered the Haymarket impassable for more than an hour. The doors were broken open, and great numbers entered the theatre without paying any thing for their admission. Hats, swords, canes, cloaks, shoes, &c. were lost among the mob; ladies fainted, &c. &c., and sharpers triumphed. The entertainment was divided into three parts, viz.—an Oration, a Comedy, and a Scene with Punch; at seven o'clock the curtain drew up, and Foote addressed himself to the audience as follows:—

"'Ladies and Gentlemen,

"'As I have taken the liberty to solicit your presence this evening at the representation of a new kind of entertainment, it becomes necessary for me to explain to you what is its nature, and what is its intention. I have the honour, gentlemen, to produce to you that species of the drama, which, from the corruption of its original principles, and the inability of its latter professors, has sunk into such disrepute, and appeared of so little importance to the public, that it escaped the jealous and prying eyes of that minister, who, under the pretence of reformation, had laid every other theatrical representation under the severest restraint.

"'It is an exhibition at which few of you have been present since your emancipation from the nursery; and to so low a state has it been reduced, that, like the Thespian comedy, it has been carried about in carts to harvest-homes, wakes, and country fairs; or if it has approached our capital cities, it has appeared in no nobler place than a neglected garret, or a dilapidated suburbian stable. Such, gentlemen, has been the fate of that purer part of the drama, which gave employment to the wit and invention, and mirth and manners to the minds, of the first ages of the world: with Rome it flourished, and with Rome it fell. When the Goths compelled the wives and children of the Patricians to solicit alms at the doors of their own palaces, genius, science, elegance, arts, and puppet-shows, sunk in one universal ruin.

"'You will perceive, gentlemen, by this exordium, that my intention this evening is to produce, or rather restore to the present age, the pure, the primitive Puppet-show.

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"'But, first, let me be indulged with a word or two on the antiquity and utility of this truly elegant art.

"'It came to Rome from Egypt, through Grecian strainers; for what in reality but puppets were the Esopuses, the Rosciuses, the Dionysiuses, of the Roman theatre? Every part of them, in order to make their figures conspicuous to a numerous audience, was stuffed and raised beyond the natural proportion; their heads covered with masques, and the mouths of those masques lined with brass, in order to convey the voice to the remotest part of their immense theatres; nothing human was visible; the whole appearance was but a puppet; and whether the voice proceeded from within, or from behind the figure, the difference could not be very essential.

"'This, gentlemen, was the first state of the stage in Italy; but in the five hundred and fifteenth year from the foundation of Rome, this art, by an accident, was brought nearer the puppet perfection. Livius Andronicus, who, like your present servant, was both author and actor, upon delivering a popular sentiment in one of his pieces, was so often encored, that, quite exhausted, he declared himself incapable of a further repetition, unless one of his scholars was permitted to mount the stage, and suffered to declaim the passage which he would attempt to gesticulate: to this the public assented; and from that period the practice was established, of one actor giving the gesture, whilst another delivered the words. This fact will not admit of a doubt, as we receive it from the best authority, that of Livy the historian. Here, gentlemen, by the separation of the personages, you have the puppet complete: at this period he reached his utmost pitch of perfection, and to that lustre we wish this night to restore him. He flourished with the republic, was honoured and protected by the emperors, nor expired, till, with the other elegant and imitative arts, he lay buried under the ruins of Rome.

"'Having thus, gentlemen, established the antiquity of the art we wish to restore, let me beg your indulgence for a few words on its utility. And, first, as to the extensive abilities of a puppet; his talents in proper hands are universal; he is equally fluent in every language; Italian, Spanish, nay, even Dutch, are as easy to him as English. Our modern authors will therefore be spared the trouble of translating, and the public the mortification of hearing, those miserable, melancholy French translations with which our theatres are at present infested: here the muse may appear in her native garb; this will not only save our own tongue from the torture, but do justice to the original author; for the flimsy farces which a French head is formed to invent, French language is only fit to convey.

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"'The elegant amusement, too, exhibited at the opposite theatre, may here be produced with equal advantage; as we sing full as well as we speak, without subjecting any of our performers to those infamous artifices, which, under the pretence of improving the talents of the actor, condemn him to a living grave; arts equally a dishonour to the subject, and disgraceful to humanity.

"'As to the figures of our performers, though they may not be objects of temptation, yet we flatter ourselves that their persons will be pleasing at least; but should we be so unfortunate as to fail in this instance, you will be kind enough to give the same allowance to them as to other performers, and consider that they did not fashion themselves. One advantage we cannot help thinking we have over the rest of our race is, that if our persons should not please you at present, we can alter them till they do; and as to the roses and lilies, the real flesh and blood of the face, you will see full as much of it here, as upon any other lady's in the same situation. Our imitative powers and docility, no man must pretend to dispute; whatever is given us, we faithfully execute: if we err, it is the fault of our teachers; and so rooted and firmly fixed is our virtue, that the looser parts of Congreve or Vanbrugh may proceed from our mouths without ever tainting our morals; and such, gentlemen, is our sobriety and temperance, that though we increase population, we shall not add by personal consumption to the present high price of provisions.

"'As a proof too, gentlemen, that we possess that first of the social virtues,—the love of our country, no foreigners can be received on our stage: all our actors are the produce of England; we have not ransacked Europe for expensive exotics; this is their native country, the soil from which all of them sprung. To their various families you are none of you strangers. We have modern patriots, made from the box; it is a wood that carries an imposing gloss, and may be easily turned: for constant lovers, we have the circling ivy, crab-stocks for old-maids, and weeping willows for methodist preachers: for modish wives, we have the brittle poplar; their husbands we shall give you in hornbeam: for the serenity of philosophic unimpassioned tragedy, we have frigid actors hewn out of petrefied blocks; and *a theatrical manager upon stilts, made out of the mulberry-tree;* for incorrigible poets, we have plenty of birch; and thorns for fraudulent bankrupts, directors, and nabobs; for conjugal virtue, we have the fruitful, the unfading olive; and for public spirit, that lord of the forest, the majestic oak. Of such materials, gentlemen, are our performers composed; and that the purity of our stage may not be sullied, we have

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banished that nimble-footed gentleman, that offspring of an incestuous marriage between Folly and Extravagance, entirely from the scene.

(*Pointing to Harlequin.*

"'Nor, gentlemen, though we have been often accused of choosing the comedies of Aristophanes for our model, will we suffer that facetious gentleman, who was unquestionably one of the personages of the ancient drama (*Pointing to the figure of Punch*), to sully our scenes. Indeed, his manners are too rude and licentious for the chastity of the present times: not a single expression shall escape from our mouths that can wound the nicest ear, or produce a blush on the most transparent skin, not even a double entendre from an *Irish Widow*.

"'As I have the honour, during the summer months, of appearing before you decorated with the royal livery, my present employment may to some seem ill-suited to the dignity of that situation: though I am no friend to monopolies, I could wish there was no other Puppet-Show in this town but my own, and that no nobler hands were employed in moving wires and strings than what are concealed by that curtain. There are puppets, though formed of flesh and blood, full as passive, full as obedient as mine; but that mine may not have the disgrace of being confounded with those of that composition, permit me to desire, that you will profit by the error of a raw country girl:

"'Being brought by her friends for the first time to a puppet-show, she was so struck with the spirit and truth of the imitation, that it was scarce possible to convince her, but all the puppets were players; being carried the succeeding night to one of the theatres, it became equally difficult to satisfy her, but that all the players were puppets.

"'But the infinite difference that will be found between the different performers will, I flatter myself, make it impossible for any of my present hearers to commit that mistake; to which of us the superiority is due, your voices this night will determine.

"'Permit me just to observe, gentlemen, that our theatre is yet in its infancy, but that its progress must depend upon you. The imagination of an individual may give rise to an elegant art, but it is the sunshine of public favour only that can mature it.'

"He then informed the audience, that the piece about to be performed was a sentimental comedy, called 'The Handsome Housemaid; or, Piety in Pattens:' that the audience would not discover much wit and humour in it; for that his brother-writers had all agreed it was highly

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improper, and beneath the dignity of a mixed assembly, to show any signs of joyful satisfaction; and that creating a laugh was forcing the higher order of an audience to a vulgar and mean use of their muscles:—he had, therefore, like them, given up the sensual for the sentimental style.

"When the curtain drew up, a figure, admirably well made and dressed, was discovered bowing to the audience; and, according to the usual contrivance at a puppet-show, he spoke a humourous prologue; in which he personated a sapling, declared himself the offspring of an oak, that had been made into a vessel, which was now laid up to rot in a dock; and that he stood forth a cudgel for the present follies of the age. The piece was in two acts; the story, a servant-girl, whose master had fallen in love with her; and being offered a settlement by him, is warned by Thomas, the butler, who loves her also, to beware of her master; for if she once loses her virtue, she will have no pretensions to chastity. She takes his advice, and slights her master, who, overcome by her honest principles, and the strength of his passion, offers to marry her. Begging that Thomas may be by, to hear her reply to such a noble offer, she immediately bestows her hand upon him for counselling her so well. The Squire, in his turn, is vanquished by such goodness, and gives his consent to their junction; when the heroine, out of gratitude for this double condescension, resolves to marry neither, and to live single, although she loves them both.

"Just at the conclusion of the piece a constable enters to take up the puppets, and carry them before Justice Girkin, an oilman in the Strand, who has issued his warrant for their apprehension as vagrants, together with Foote. A most laughable examination-scene ensues at the Justice's house, where the puppets are brought, and the Counsellors Quirk (a Scotch advocate) and Quibble appear, one against, the other for the puppets. It is agreed, that the puppets cannot be committed or punished under the vagrant act, as all the whipping in the world could never make them labour; and the food prescribed to be given, viz. bread and water, nothing could induce them either to chew or swallow. An argument ensues, what shall be done with Foote: the Scotchman says he ought to be sent to the house of correction, as *he* is surely no puppet: the other declares he will not altogether agree to that, for that Foote is certainly, a fourth part of him, a puppet, his left leg being composed of the same materials as his figures; and if he is committed as a man, the puppet part of him has a right to his action for damages; on the other hand, if he is committed as a puppet, the body may sue for false imprisonment. The case is

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at length decided, by learnedly consenting that the best way will be, to wait till they can catch his body without his leg, or his leg without his body."

"This entertainment was rather too short; the comedy too, as was premised in the exordium, was occasionally insipid. The humour and originality of the matter, however, was alone sufficient to ground a claim for liberal encouragement. Some truly laughable ridicule was thrown on the stale, hash-meat truths which modern writers are so eternally cramming their pieces with, under the name of *sentiment*. The audience, however, did not universally relish the matter; they perhaps did not at first entirely conceive the drift of the representation before them, nor distinguish that it was a burlesque upon a very insipid species of dramatic writing, then too prevalent and too successful; and that the subject therefore would not afford an opportunity of throwing in the quantity of humour with which Foote's productions generally abounded.

"As soon as it was concluded, Foote told the audience, that during the performance he had observed several essential improvements which he could adopt in future, if it was their pleasure that he should persevere in his attempt to revive this species of the drama; but that he paid too great a deference to the sense of the public to obtrude any entertainment upon them to which they could object. A general plaudit ensued, and he quitted the stage; but the music striking up with a design to play the audience out of the theatre, they thought something more was about to be produced, and therefore stayed in the house; and on a performer's telling them that all was finished, a great noise began: Mr. Foote was called for, and made an apology, which satisfied many. The galleries, however, would not be contented, but began rioting, and tore up a bench or two. Some few in the pit also were rather troublesome, and broke down the orchestra.

"By the advice of a friend, Foote was preparing to speak his prologue to 'The Author,' as a matter apposite to the present disturbance, but the gallery would not suffer him to go on with it. At length it was agreed, that the contest relative to the repetition of the puppet-show should be decided by holding-up of hands; when three to one appeared in favour of it. The gentlemen in the boxes, and the greater part of the pit, behaved with candour and propriety; but from the illiberal conduct of the gallery, it seemed as if some of the persons there had come to the theatre not in hopes of seeing a *primitive* but a *modern* puppet-show; and that they grew out of temper because Punch, his wife Joan, and little Ben the Sailor, did not make

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their appearance. The figures were nearly as large as life, constructed with admirable skill, all exceedingly well dressed, their action managed with great adroitness, and their features made striking and expressive.

"On Saturday, March 6th, Foote again opened his theatre, for a renewal of his attempt to revive the Primitive Puppet-show. The sentimental comedy of the 'The Handsome Housemaid; or, Piety in Pattens' (in which two new songs were introduced, and sung by Mrs. Jewell), was performed in a manner more regular and perfect than before: the audience tasted the salt of the satire, and loudly approved what might justly be termed 'Foote's Mirror for Sentimental Writers.' On its first exhibition the entertainment was too short, but it was now very considerably lengthened. After the exordium, the comedy, and the justice-scene, Punch was introduced, who complained loudly of Foote's interfering in his immediate province, without calling for *his* assistance: he attacked the humourist, as having been *touched* to be silent on some characters whom it had been reported he meant to satirize, and particularly mentioned a barrister of considerable fame and practice: Foote, however, replied, 'He is too fond of a fee himself, to part with one to silence me.' Punch then declared himself well qualified to succeed in the drama, both as an author and an actor; as a proof of the former, he produced to the manager two theatrical performances; Mr. Foote read the titles; the first of which was, 'The Bastard Baronet; or, Punch in a Puddle;' on which Foote remarked, that this was a dangerous subject, and expressed a dislike of the word 'puddle,' for fear it should lead to too gross an idea. The second piece was called 'The Ceded Island; or, the Carribees cribbed.' This Punch declared was a tragedy after his very best manner; for what with the *sword* and the *season*, the actors on each side must be left dead on the stage. After this, Punch insisted on being engaged as a principal performer; and, as a proof of his merit as an actor, he imitated the manner and voice of Mr. Barry, Mr. Reddish, Mr. Cautherley, Mr. King, Mr. Hartry, Mr. Weston, Mr. Bannister, and Mr. Vernon. Foote paid him some compliments on his mimickry; but Punch, as a part of his bargain, demanded that his wife Joan also should be engaged: a jest or two was cracked on the deformity of her face and person; but Foote positively refused to engage her, and gave his refusal in words, form, and manner, so similar to the language and method of Mr. Garrick, that the house could not but see the imitative intention, and applaud the successful imitator."

Proceeding with the list of Foote's plays according to the order

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in which they were acted or printed, we find "The Bankrupt" attracting great applause in 1776: it was a comedy excellent in its object and strong in characters. "The Devil upon Two Sticks," an extremely popular comedy, printed in 1778, is memorable for a personification of Sir William Browne, then President of the College of Surgeons, who took the ridicule so good-naturedly that he disarmed even the parent satirist. For while praises of the performance were re-echoed from all parts of the town, Sir William sent a card to Foote, complimenting him on the accuracy of the imitation in general, but reminding him that he had forgotten the Doctor's muff, which was forwarded as a present. "The Maid of Bath," also printed in 1778, can hardly be supposed to have failed when it is stated, that the circumstances of the piece were generally known to be real; and that Mr. Long, who left the great heiress Miss Tilney Long, late Mrs. Wellesley Pole, a fortune of £200,000, was the hero of the story. Next in the printed volumes come the "Nabob," and the "Cozeners," both good and successful pieces. Mr. Simons, in the latter, was accepted as a satire upon Dr. Dodd.

Hitherto the licentiousness of Foote's theatrical caricaturing had flourished without interruption, but it was now destined, like every thing human, to receive the bridle of adversity; and such was the severity of the application, that what remained to him of life was embittered by the change. About the year 1775, the Duchess of Kingston made herself a topic of general conversation; and Foote, ever prompt to avail himself of a palpable subject, unscrupulously brought her Grace under the character of Lady Kitty Crocodile, into a new comedy, entitled the "Trip to Calais," upon the composition of which he was then employed. Taking care to give publicity to his intentions, he was soon gratified with proposals of a pecuniary compensation for suppressing the exposure. But his demand was so exorbitant, that the negociation broke abruptly off, and the lady resorted for protection to the Lord Chamberlain. Over him her influence prevailed: the character was officially interdicted, and Foote was forced to condense all the innocent parts of the 'Trip to Calais' into a new piece, which he called 'The Capuchins,' and made attractive by advertising, after his fashion, the characters, of a friend to her Grace, and that of the Rev. Mr. Jackson, who, in 1795, committed suicide while under a charge of high treason at Dublin.

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While the fate of "The Trip to Calais" remained undecided, the propriety of the Lord Chamberlain's interference was discussed in a public epistolary controversy, remarkable for the gross violence with which it was waged, and the abominable vilifications with which it abounded. One horrible imputation thus bruited acquired a fatal colouring from a prosecution which was soon after instituted against Foote for unnatural criminality with a discarded servant. In subjoining the fact of his acquittal, in full accordance with the opinion of the presiding judge, it is but fair to explain that the affair was generally supposed to have originated in the malice of a revengeful female. Nor was his personal bearing, that last criterion, barren of evidence for believing him innocent of such infamy: his vivacity flagged under the odium of suspicion, his mind became perceptibly troubled, and his health rapidly decayed. Urged by the weight of these afflictions, he disposed of his theatre to Mr. Colman the elder, for an annuity, and some special privileges as an actor. But he was in every respect incapable of his former exertions: in the course of a few months he was seized with paralysis on the stage, and though he found himself sufficiently recovered to spend the remainder of the summer at Brighton, he could never once return to the stage. As the winter approached, his physicians recommended a warmer climate, and he repaired to Dover, with the intention of passing into the south of France. That journey, however, was not to be performed: he fell into a second fit on the 1st of October, 1777, and quietly expired during the course of the day. His body was conducted to London, and honoured with a public funeral in Westminster Abbey. The grave is indicated by no stone, nor has any memorial of his name been erected under the fabric.

Over and above the dramatic pieces already mentioned in this sketch, Foote put his name to a work entitled the 'Comic Theatre,' taken from the French, and published in 5 vols. 12mo. during the year 1762; but out of the sixteen plays it contains, only one, 'The Young Hypocrite,' is understood to have been his composition. Of his own works, printed in 4 vols. 12mo. to the number of six and twenty, 'The Mayor of Garret' alone retains rank on the modern stage: it is therefore reasonable to infer that they owed their popularity solely to the subtle mimicry of their singular author. For this talent no follower has surpassed him in reputa-

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tion; he was perfectly a Proteus in changes and imitations, and is described to us dancing from character to character, and person into person, with the agility of a puppet. Metamorphosis seems no fable when we read of the simulations practised by Foote; he was an automaton of Pythagorean transmigrations. But at this praise his panegyric ceases: the actor was inimitable, the man insufferable. A spendthrift in fortune, and prodigal in talent, he prostituted his powers to gain, and cared nothing for the effect of his performances beyond the amount of money which they brought to his purse. Moral or immoral, he would make any hit that could tell; and although his writings may not offend with the grosser vices of our early dramatists—although his dialogue does not abound with profane oaths and naked obscenity, the spirit of his compositions will be found to have been more treacherously injurious. His language was defamation, and his actions were crimes; his wit poison, and his sport death. He pounced upon his victim as a cat paws a mouse, with humorous eccentricity. How he *would* have been bribed not to expose the Duchess of Kingston has been related; and how he could be deterred from mocking others through fear of a beating, Dr. Johnson rendered notorious. Can any conduct then be more frigidly heartless, or any vice more meanly abject? Yet was his address so arch, and his flattery so fine, his conversation so prompt, fertile, and jocose, and his every point so brilliant, that he was the delight of society, and a charm to all who heard him. Such is the magic of the mind—Foote was the Harlequin of Genius.

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RIGHT HON. CHARLES JAMES FOX, M.P.

THE cases are innumerable in which successful ambition has elevated individuals of inferior mind to greatness; the instances are also many in which happy genius has added brightness to the lustre of successful ambition; but the examples are few indeed in which the consistent voice of popularity alone has established a deserving man in fame. Honours thus compared indicate the rank in which they should stand preferred by their intrinsic worth. Ambition claims a double means of support; first, from the influence which the pomp in which it proceeds is always sure to exercise over the multitude; and secondly, from the power to reward and punish, which promotion usually confers. But popularity rises from one only source—the voluntary applause and natural affection of mankind. Thus derived from the heart, and founded on conviction, it becomes the most generous of distinctions. Nor is this its greatest praise; the fickleness of human nature, and the instability of public opinion, render it at all times a precarious tenure: it can never be retained, therefore, but by constant integrity and incessant meritoriousness. Such, nevertheless, are the signal pretensions to commemoration possessed by the subject of this sketch, a statesman, whose standard title pre-eminently was, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

Charles James, the third son of Henry Fox, first Lord Holland, by the Lady Georgiana Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond, was born on the 24th of January, 1748. Lord Holland is remembered in history as a paymaster of the forces, in which place he was the butt of many severe aspersions, a Secretary of State, and an opponent of the great Earl of Chatham; and it is a fact somewhat singular, that two sons of these statesmen resumed the career of political hostility persisted in by their parents,

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and even urged it to a far more signal extreme, with this memorable difference, however, that the son of the Tory Fox swelled to a staunch Whig, while the son of the Whig Pitt degenerated into a Tory. The childhood of Charles James Fox was marked by unusual indications of talent: he was therefore early destined to public life. His father was naturally the first to discover the superiority of his mind, and no time, no money or encouragement were spared to aid the development of his powers, or confirm the greatness of his character. A fatal indulgence was exercised in this respect, which ultimately tended to vitiate in no small degree the splendid merits of the favourite son. While yet a mere boy, he was allowed to sit at table with the general visitors, and there contradict, dispute, and correct his superiors. Nor was his own home the only place in which he was exhorted to forestall manhood; for it is generally represented, that when only thirteen years old, he was allowed five guineas a night for a play-purse at the Faro-table. Two consequences seem to have been properly inferred from this laxity of tuition: the first, that although habits of thinking freely and speaking boldly must have contributed to that promptitude of elocution which distinguished his parliamentary career; yet they also occasioned that precipitance in judgment, and inconclusiveness of argument, which were often charged as detractions from his sterling abilities; and secondly, that a premature possession of superfluous money, and familiarity with gambling, occasioned that recklessness of his pecuniary interests and inveterate attachment to dice, which threw so long and deep a shade upon the brightness of his general reputation. Thus the laurels of a military campaign or two were all that were wanting to render Charles James Fox the Alcibiades of Great Britain.

The first place that has to boast the honours of having instituted him in letters, is Wandsworth, where he was for a time sent to a private seminary. At Eton, to which he was next removed, he formed his first intimacy with the Earls of Fitzwilliam and Carlisle, and the Duke of Devonshire; and, notwithstanding the affectionate licence to which he had been previously habituated, distinguished himself far above his cotemporaries for quick perceptions and assiduous study. Several proofs of this proficiency are inserted in the Musæ Etonenses; and the promise of his

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reputation is attested in the following lines by the Earl of Carlisle, which were written at this period:—

"How will my Fox, alone, by strength of parts,
Shake the loud senate, animate the hearts
Of fearful statesmen; while around ye stand
Both Peers and Commoners listening your command!
While Tully's sense its weight to you affords,
His nervous sweetness shall adorn your words.
What praise to Pitt, to Townshend e'er was due,
In future times, my Fox, shall wait on you!"

It remains to be added, that the Rev. Edward Barnard, who subsequently became head master of the school, was the tutor under whom these distinctions were earned.

The education which had thus far auspiciously prospered, was appropriately completed at Hertford College, Oxford. At Eton Fox principally distinguished himself in Latin; at Oxford he now perfected himself with equal credit in Greek. He took no degree, however; such an honor was in all probability held to be of little avail for a political aspirant; but the extent of his classical attainments may be fully appreciated, when it is remembered that they ever after secured him a high rank amongst the literary umpires of his country. The man whose critical knowledge secured the respect of Dr. Johnson, and the praise of Dr. Parr, could have been no ordinary scholar.

Upon leaving the University, Fox was sent to enjoy the fashionable folly of the day, by making the tour of Europe. His father's impatience to witness the opening of his political career did not allow him much time for this pursuit; nor was much time necessary for it: he was already eminent for all the vanities and vices which were then almost unavoidably contracted in this finishing course. Nothing could rival the etiquette of those minute elegancies for which he was complimented upon his return home; and more than one flowery description has been given of the style of the chapeau de bras, red-heeled morocco shoes, and blue hair-powder, in which he then delighted. Yet these were pardonable infirmities, when compared with the excesses to which the gaming-table precipitated him. It has been affirmed that his father threw away a fortune upon his youth—perhaps, then, it ought not to be a wonder that he followed the

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example; and perhaps, too, our censures on the improvidence of the one, and the imprudence of the other, ought to be spared, out of gratitude that he did not waste away his brains as unprofitably as he squandered his money.

Fox took his first seat in the House of Commons during the year 1768, and, like Waller, was a minor at the time. Adopting his father's politics as a matter of course, he sided with the ministry, and delivered his maiden speech, full of fire and ingenuity, against the reception of a petition, in which Wilkes prayed that he might be allowed to satisfy his constituents by attending his duty in the house. Talents directed and supported as these were soon obtained a place; he was made a Lord of the Admiralty in 1770, and promoted to the Commission for the Treasury in 1772. Upon this stage of his life it does not seem necessary to dilate: he stood before the public trained to a given part, perhaps by the conviction of others, but hardly by his own. Yet it is one thing to infer the efficacy of a system from reason, and another to discover by experience that it is rendered abortive by a vicious operation: we may not be able to refute the logic of a man's professions, and still be easily convinced of the inconsistency of his actions. Such, perhaps, was the case with Mr. Fox, in the present instance. To show that he fully supported the character for extraordinary ability which his earliest youth had inspired, it may be enough to mention that he already attracted the notice of Junius. Then as to his doctrines, he was precipitate enough to maintain that the voice of the people of England was only heard in the House of Commons, and generous enough to advocate the cause of religious independence by speaking and voting in favour of a bill introduced by Sir William Meredith, for the purpose of giving relief from the thirty-nine articles.

This latter step was taken in opposition to the avowed sentiments of Lord North, and a coldness is said to have originated from it which was soon after encreased by a difference of opinion between them respecting the committal of Woodfall, the printer. Any departure from the partialities of his party was at that period sufficient to render a statesman obnoxious to his fellows; but a still greater source of solicitude for the steadfastness of Fox's adherence to Toryism was excited by the intimacy he now began to cultivate with Edmund Burke. Deeply sensible of

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the fulness of his powers, and the value of his support, Lord North is represented to have often remonstrated with him upon the dangers of any association with the leading members of the opposition. "If," said he upon one occasion, "we see a woman frequently coming out of a bagnio, though we cannot swear she is not virtuous, yet we should judge of her by her company." Fox, however, lost his father in 1774, and being possessed of an ample fortune, was perfectly free to follow the course most congenial to his nature. Frank in disposition, and generous in temper, he had already divested himself of every symptom of the coxcombry that tarnished his talents upon his return from the continent, and now bore himself with the ease and freedom becoming his constitutional tastes and feelings. The illiberal cautions of the minister were disregarded; Burke seized him by the sympathy of genius, and a friendship of the most memorable importance was cemented between them.

A year had not elapsed before the Treasury was remodelled, and his name omitted in the commission. To what extent resentment or conviction may have operated over the step which he was now in a manner necessitated to take, no one can determine; it only appears certain, that after joining the opposition and becoming a Whig, he remained ever truly firm to the principles upon which the change was made, and continued to enforce them with steady elocution, and earnest perseverance. The adversary with whom he oftenest contended was his late patron, Lord North, and the policy upon which he was mainly challenged to expatiate, involved the serious loss of America. As there are now none to doubt that he was as much Lord North's superior in senatorial effect as in his judgment of the fatality which the war was calculated to produce, there can be no interest in describing single speeches, or commending particular views, however correct the one, or brilliant the other. Be it enough, then, to state here, that although the measures he recommended were systematically rejected, he was recognised as a great parliamentary leader, and in conjunction with Burke, Barre, and Dunning, displayed the highest abilities, both as a statesman and an orator. Nor did his reputation solely rest on parliamentary merits; he became a member of the Literary Club, and, like Burke, exchanged tastes and criticisms with Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gibbon, and Dr. Johnson.

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The effects of this general estimation were more distinctly proved in 1780, when, upon the occasion of a general election, he was powerfully invited to become a candidate for the representation of Westminster. Though returned by a majority of 700 votes and upwards, his ministerial opponent, Lord Lincoln, demanded a scrutiny, but the result only confirmed his success—a success the more triumphant because it was carried against all the influence of the crown, and the strength of its dependants. What dignity the representation of a city, rich, populous, and commanding as Westminster, could confer on a man of his consideration, he now enjoyed, and his vigour redoubled with the acquisition. Events as they succeeded, established the truth of its prophecies; the war was calamitous, and consequently unpopular; Lord North, and his infirm party, tottered on to a final discomfiture; and in 1782, a new administration was formed under the auspices of the Marquis of Rockingham. By this arrangement, Fox obtained the Secretary's Office for Foreign Affairs; and the nation conceived a hope that a body of men was seated in power, pledged to adopt a liberal line of action, and effective enough to enforce their views. Nor were the new ministers lax in performing their promises: a series of bills and resolutions was proposed and carried, which purified the constitution in several of its most essential branches. Peace was offered to the Dutch; all contractors with government were excluded from seats in the Commons; custom and excise officers were incapacitated from voting at elections; the arbitrary proceedings against Wilks were expunged from the journal of the House; Burke's reform bill was again introduced, and numberless useless places were abolished by its enactments; while the distractions of Ireland were judiciously appeased by an honest recognition of the independence of her legislature. Great satisfaction was felt, and warm confidence expressed at these fortunate proceedings, when the sudden death of the Marquis of Rockingham put an unforeseen period to all existing advantages. The ministry became divided in their choice of a leader, to fill the vacancy: Fox, Burke, Sheridan, and their friends considered the appointment to belong to the Duke of Portland, by virtue of a previous understanding; but the Earl of Shelburne obtained it

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from the Crown, and they forthwith threw up their places in resentment.

This sudden retirement involved some consequences of peculiar interest; the first was the nomination of William Pitt to be Chancellor of the Exchequer; the second, a peace; and the third, a coalition between the friends of Fox and Lord North. The session of 1783 had no sooner opened, than the opposition, now doubly strong, commenced a resolute attack upon the ministry. Little praise, however, was elicited by their eloquence, for the inconsistency of their conduct was severely reprimanded by the nation. Nor can the odium excited by it be considered unreasonable: a union of two parties who for years had maintained different principles, and pursued contradictory measures, bore evidence of no other purpose than a forcible resumption of power. It must also be admitted, that upon the part of Mr. Fox and his adherents, the step amounted very nearly to an act of tergiversation; for their declaration had all along been that Lord North, as a minister, was incapable and corrupt; pernicious in his principles, and ruinous in his projects. In the new state of things, Lord North scarcely deviated from any plan which he had formerly enforced; whereas, Mr. Fox now appeared to hold that course right which he had recently opposed as wrong. The coalition, therefore, was deservedly unpopular, but prevailing in both houses, it carried a censorious majority, which soon displaced the ministry. In the change, Mr. Fox again obtained the Secretary's Office for Foreign Affairs, and secured their former places for his intimate friends.

The fate of the coalition ministry supplies a lesson to statesmen; for, though established to all appearances upon the most promising foundation, it was as short-lived as the weakest association could prove. In Lord North and his associates, were found all the prudence of experience; in Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Dunning, and Barré, all the power of genius, and the invention of knowledge; and in the rank and property of the general connection, all that aristocratic influence which is considered necessary to the stability of an administrative body in this country. Nevertheless, there was a secret poison in the very nature of its constitution: forced upon the crown, and indifferent to the peo-

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ple, it received a violent dissolution from the suspicions of these two estates. And yet the uses to which Mr. Fox's party, for it certainly predominated, applied their authority, were liberal, just, and beneficial; for, after opening a way to the conciliation of America, they addressed themselves to the purification of our Indian government, and thus evinced the sincerity of their attachment to those principles which had originally recommended them to the favour of the country. The famous bill introduced by Mr. Fox for this latter end is well known to have disclosed the rock upon which he split; it was opposed by Mr. Pitt in the Commons, because it violated the Charter guaranteed to the Company by all the forms of law, and rejected by the Lords because the King conceived its provisions to be so many infringements upon the prerogative of the crown. It is therefore clear, that as he had just acquired, so he now forfeited, his place by indirect circumstances.

As this East India bill was the first, and perhaps the greatest measure of original legislation upon which Mr. Fox ventured, it may not be misplaced to review with brevity the principal opinions which have been advanced for and against the measure. It was admitted, then, on all hands, that our East India affairs had been most grievously mismanaged,—that the Company, if not in a state of insolvency, was at least so deeply embarrassed as to be incapable of preserving their possessions for any length of time; and that the greatest wrongs were practised upon the natives. The imperious necessity of some radical cure for these disorders was evident, and it may be added that the nature of Mr. Fox's remedy was judicious, because when Mr. Pitt afterwards came to legislate upon the subject, he only modified the intentions of his rival, and accomplished circuitously what the other would have directly effected. Between the two bills there was less a difference of the object to be realised, than a distinction of the means employed. Mr. Fox proposed that the affairs of the Company, both territorial and commercial, should be taken out of the hands of the Court of Proprietors, and Board of Directors, and be vested in eight commissioners, who were to hold their places upon the same tenure as English judges, and be appointed, in the first instance, by the Parliament, but afterwards by the Crown. Mr. Pitt, on the other hand, allowed the Company to conduct its

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commercial affairs, but placed the government of its territories under a board of control, which is solely constituted by, and during the pleasure of the Crown. Of the objections urged against Mr. Fox's proposal, those which seemed to have carried the most weight, were, first, that the infraction of the charter granted by the Crown, guaranteed by Parliament, and paid for by the Company, was unjustifiable;—that argument, however, was not ill answered by observing, that any contract, however sanctioned, must become morally vitiated, when it operates to the misery and oppression of mankind: Burke remarked with reason, that the Parliament had sold an exclusive privilege to trade, but not a license to rob and tyrannise. The second objection was, that the administration of a government by a Board of Commissioners was new and unconstitutional: but this might have been better disproved than the first, for the political government of Ireland had been repeatedly superintended by a Board of Lords Justices; and a precedent for a commercial administration of the same sort, was to be found in the institution of the Board of Trade during the reign of King William. The third objection was, that a nomination to office by any authority, save the crown, as well as the establishment of commissioners to officiate for life, were things unknown to the constitution, and inconsistent with its interests:—that they were unknown is undeniable; that they would have proved inconsistent with its interests remains a problem. In fine, Mr. Fox's proposal was characteristic of the man; it was spirited, uncompromising, liberal, and pure; and it is doubtful whether he would have diminished the influence of the crown more than the other encreased it. It should not be forgotten that the speech in which he introduced the measure, is universally considered one of the most brilliant he ever delivered.

No sooner was Fox's India Bill rejected by the Lords, than the King availed himself of the discomfiture to dismiss the obnoxious coalition, and appoint Mr. Pitt Prime Minister. But, as the former party still retained a majority in the House of Commons, the new administration was outvoted in a series of motions, which tended to prove that no minister ought to remain in office without the support of the Commons. Pitt resisted this opposition manfully; but when he found it working the obstruc-

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tion of all public business, procured a dissolution of the Parliament, and thus appealed to public opinion for a judgment of the late proceedings. The election took place in 1784, and by the result of it he saw himself firmly established on that eminence where he continued to sit for years, if not with unanimous, still with considerable applause. No less than seventy of Mr. Fox's friends were rejected by their former constituents, and even his own return for Westminster was vehemently objected to by a numerous and influential body of citizens. At the final close of the poll, the received numbers were, for Lord Hood, 6694; for Mr. Fox, 6233; and for Sir Cecil Wray, 5998. But such was the desperation of the contending partisans, that a protest against Mr. Fox's return was handed to the High Bailiff, who, moved, according to the common report, by partiality, left it to a scrutiny of the House, to determine the fortune of the secondary candidates. So much time was purposely devoted to the adjustment of this difference, that Mr. Fox's friends found it necessary to procure him an intermediate election for a borough, and, upon the final declaration in his favour, to bring an action against the High Bailiff for his remissness. Two thousand pounds were obtained from him in damages, and distributed by Mr. Fox amongst the different charities of Westminster.

But though Mr. Pitt now carried every question with a decided majority, Mr. Fox still headed an opposition strong in numbers and great in powers, and the politics of the country were debated for a series of years, with a display of energy and talent, such as had seldom been witnessed and never surpassed. Whatever too might have been the principles with which Mr. Fox set out in public life, or the motives that brought about his first change, or the views which led to his more recent connexion with Lord North, it cannot be doubted, that mature reflection had now brought him to an entire conformity with that party which is peculiarly attached to the popular features of the constitution, and regards the inviolability of personal freedom as the most important vital of the British constitution. These ideas he now extended to government in general; or rather enlarged, with a lively interest, to the cause of liberty throughout the world. Nor can we, in noticing his weaker, forget his better parts: no second instance, perhaps, can be pointed out, where a

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statesman carried with him, into the seat of power, more of those just and noble feelings which actuated him while a competitor for place. In that seat he had not, indeed, a long experience; it was his lot to pass by far the greatest portion of his life in the ranks of opposition; and it is in the character of a leader to that essential portion of a legislative assembly and British administration, that he takes his stand in political history. This, therefore, may be the most appropriate place to observe upon the particular quality of that eloquence, by which he attained so much credit and praise, amidst a host of most brilliant speakers. Devoid of the dazzling and varied imagery of Burke, the bright conceit and flowery elegance of Sheridan, the fine and florid punctuality of Pitt, it yet possessed those original features which can never fail to create a powerful impression upon a popular audience, even of the most cultivated description. With sufficient fervour to denote earnestness, and enough of passion to prove courage, he showed that he felt more than he acted; and borrowed little or no effect from the richer beauties of speech. As tropes and figures gave no charm to his style, so his delivery was seldom studiously impressive, or his action elegantly relieved. An ease of manner and frankness of disposition were the most perceptible traits of his nature; and a peculiar happiness of simplification was the leading characteristic of his eloquence. He divested the most intricate subject of its difficulties in the fewest and most intelligible terms, solved the doubts it involved with the nicest facility, and placed its strength in naked purity before the apprehension of his hearers. Perhaps, in this respect, he may be considered to have shown the way to that gentlemanly style of fastidious familiarity which distinguishes the subdued declamations of our existing orators in the House of Commons. To this excellence was superadded much of close reasoning and acute logic, though rather episodically introduced than systematically arranged, and an ample exhibition of those generous views which superior understandings can alone conceive or illustrate. Never trifling, and seldom desultory, he proceeded direct upon the most vital points of every great question, and aimed at an immediate triumph of conviction—but it is impossible to describe here how often the success was repeated.

The circumstances under which Fox began this, his second

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course of opposition, were highly disfavourable: the voice of the public was loudly declared against the measures he had lately adopted; the influence of the government was powerfully applied to unhinge every organ of his greatness, and, by consequence, it was not without a severe and expensive struggle that he obtained his election for Westminster, as just described. But as he soon reverted, with that energy so peculiarly his own, to the advocacy of every popular measure, and persevered in his system of attacking every act and principle of the minister that afforded a cause of dispute, or pretext for censure, he by this course gradually recovered his hold on the affections of his countrymen; and, if Mr. Pitt continued the most powerful, Mr. Fox remained the most popular, subject of the realm.

The prosecution of Warren Hastings was the next memorable proceeding that engaged a share of his exertions; but, long as that affair engaged the public attention, no minute account of its origin or end is offered here, because the capital subject himself being commemorated in Westminster Abbey, his cause may be more properly noticed in the following order of the work. That the object did not succeed, is universally known—that it ought to have succeeded, may be admitted—and that it effected essential good, few can be so hardy as to deny. The most fatal circumstance attending such investigations, is the tardy length to which the forms of Parliament necessarily subject all bills of pain and penalty. The country at large becomes weary of the prolixity, and incensed at the expenditure thus occasioned; men grow worn out, some by doubts and others by vexation, until at last one and all agree to put an end to the case, because they are sick of contrarieties, rather than assured of innocence.

From this course of popular service Fox proposed to seek relief during the year 1788, by a journey into France and Italy. For the companion of his travels he took Mrs. Armstead, a lady to whom he allied himself by a private marriage, and for whom he continuously evinced a very warm affection. But the pleasures of the excursion were suddenly interrupted by the King's illness, and he returned with speed to London. Upon the parliamentary debates that now ensued, respecting the choice of a Regent, it cannot be desirable to dilate: both parties distinguished themselves by a rich glow of eloquence, and a fine dis-

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play of logical acuteness, but the recovery of the monarch put a period to differences, respecting which it may perhaps be declared, with the disputant in the Vicar of Wakefield, that much is to be said on both sides. Great objections were made to the line of proceeding adopted by Mr. Fox and his adherents, in maintaining that the Prince of Wales had an inherent *right* to the Regency, and nearly as much offence was taken at the declaration of Mr. Pitt, that his Royal Highness had no more *right* to a preference than any other subject. If, however, Fox's meaning may be explained in the sense of *claim*, and the construction is by no means forced or violent, his views will not appear so unreasonable; for assuredly the heir apparent had an irresistible claim to fill that vacancy for which both by law and nature he was designed. Be this as it may, the sense of the nation appears to have coincided with the policy of Mr. Pitt's affirmation, that Parliament alone had a right to provide for the emergency.

A greater epoch now approached, and Fox acquired higher reputation under the singular events that characterised it. In the years 1790 and 1791, Mr. Pitt proposed to carry on wars with Spain and Russia; but was successfully controlled by Mr. Fox, who evinced the impropriety of any such measures to the clear satisfaction of the country.

The French revolution next broke out, and he earned his title of the "Man of the People." Warmed by the apparent triumph of those liberal ideas of government which he had always disseminated, he stood forth, without hesitation, one of the first and most enthusiastic advocates for the cause of the French, and even continued his friendship long after the promises it held out had sunk, disparaged by violence, bloodshed, and crime.—"The evil," he said, "was strong, and must receive a strong cure: it were best, therefore, to let the change work its own consequences." Thus he retained his interest in the principles of the revolution, even when the infatuation of its leaders provoked the English ministry into a war. Earnest and powerful arguments were adduced to justify this step, but he opposed them all, reprobating with peculiar force the policy of a foreign interference with the domestic business of any nation, condemning the injustice of fighting against principles, and ridiculing the idea of preserving the constitution at home from the contagion of example, by protract-

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ing hostilities abroad. But the excitement produced by the conduct of the French was so uncommon, and the language expressed by the friends of civil and religious freedom so bold and uncompromising, that many former advocates of liberal measures were terror-struck by the anarchy that overspread the continent. In England, a cry of self-preservation was vehemently raised, and, in the fears to which it gave birth, Fox had the mortification to see himself abandoned by many old and most influential supporters. The most malignant abuse was heaped upon his character; and some writers were so profligate as to pronounce him a reckless partisan of the worst political heresy, and an open enemy to the chartered government of his country.

The first and most important of these breaches took place with Burke, who may almost be termed his political father, and perhaps be described as a statesman too poetically regal to derive any pleasure from the overthow of a noble monarchy, and the substitution of a vacillating democracy upon its ruins. Upon this issue it may also be remarked, that, although the condition of France has been immensely improved during the vicissitudes of the last thirty years—a fact which approves Mr. Fox's opinions of the revolution—yet that the extent of good designed by the original agitators has never, not even for a day, been attained, and that no friend to humanity would again sacrifice the host of sufferers, or risk the multiplicity of sacrifices it involved, for the problematical attainment of all the benefits it has established. Reverting, however, to the strict matter of this sketch, Fox and Burke ceased to meet often or intimately in 1790, and, early in the next year's session, the former took occasion to allude to the new state of things in France, to express an opinion favourable to their success, and regret the inconsistency of the latter in not coinciding with him. Burke instantly replied, with all the heat characteristic of his oratory, and perhaps no scene more passionately affecting than that which ensued is to be instanced in our Parliamentary history. "Mr. Fox and I have often differed," said he, "and there has been no loss of friendship between us; but there is something in this accursed French constitution that envenoms every thing." "There is no loss of friendship between us," whispered Fox,—"But there is!" replied Burke: "I know the price of my conduct; our friendship is at an end."—In this al-

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tercation, the tenderness of Fox's nature was amiably evinced; he burst into tears upon adverting to their severed friendship, and made repeated concessions. But the severe constitution of Burke resisted every offer of reconciliation—offers too, which were reiterated even to his death-bed.

Momentous years of strife abroad and discontent at home passed over, and Fox remained stedfast in the duties imposed upon the leader of an opposition, whose avowed boast it was to support the declining fortune of civil and religious freedom. In this capacity he, at different times, lent the influence of his talents to several questions which were too important in their ends not to be separately mentioned. In 1790 he moved the House of Commons to relieve the dissenters, by a repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, but found his overtures baffled by a disheartening resistance from overwhelming numbers. A better fortune, though one not better deserved, attended his exertions to regulate and improve the law of libel, by giving juries a right to bring in a general verdict of guilty or not guilty, upon the whole matter charged before them in the indictment, and thus elude the fatal prescription up to this period enforced, that the proof of a publication supplied evidence of a guilty intention, and sufficed for a conviction. The act now passed, made the jury equal judges of the law and the fact of the case, and afforded nearly equal content and security to the people: it is still gratefully distinguished by the name of its author. Nor was he less zealous in enforcing the necessity of a Parliamentary reform, that vital question, which was abandoned by Mr. Pitt, as a bait to the confidence of royalty, and the corrupt courtiers who fatten upon its favours. He also appeared with enviable assiduity and happy eminence, in the support which he gave first to Mr., now Earl Grey, and then to Mr. Wilberforce, in those noble aspirations of philanthropy by which the slave-trade was originally denounced.

The independence of this conduct begot a corresponding spirit in his constituents, and at the election for 1796 he headed the poll for Westminster by a considerable majority: the numbers stood, for Mr. Fox, 5160; for Lord Hood, 4814; and for Mr. Horne Tooke, 2819. In the new session, matters proceeded in their former course, the ministry were decisive and superior, the opposition compact and energetic. Great violence was used and deep rancour shown

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by both parties, while the nation at large split into factions espoused their differences with unusual passion. Clubs were formed, associations cemented, and public meetings held; grievances and reformations seemed to constitute the only care of the people; and all the tumult, and declamation of contending opinions and hostile feelings prevailed throughout the island. In this contest Mr. Fox's party, as the more liberal, made unprecedented impressions; *the sovereignty of the people* became a favourite doctrine, and for toasting this principle at a public dinner, Mr. Fox's name was cancelled from the Privy Council in May 1798. By degrees, however, his patience failed and his courage flagged; notwithstanding all the popularity with which his exertions were crowned, the administration stood deaf to protestations and unmoved by opposition, and at last he ceased to frequent the House, and left his rival to enjoy an undivided triumph. Things remained nearly in this state until the Union was declared with Ireland, and the perfidious treatment experienced by the Catholic majority of that persecuted country, occasioned a change of ministers. Mr. Addington succeeded to power, the peace of Amiens was negociated, and Mr. Fox came forward to bear testimony to the merits of that measure.

The restoration of tranquillity having thus secured the great objects for which he had so earnestly contended, Fox expressed a wish to retire from the fatigues of public life, at the concurrent dissolution of Parliament. But the ardour of his friends overruled the desire, and he was prevailed upon to stand another contest for the representation of Westminster in 1802; when the voters were in number, for Mr. Fox, 2673; for Sir Alan Gardiner, 2434; and for Mr. Graham, 1691. It was after this election that he paid the visit to Paris, which was so much noticed on account of the distinguished reception he met with from Buonaparte, then decorated with the wreath of First Consul, who entertained him at a public dinner, and procured his bust for the library of the Thuileries. It was also during this year that he pronounced in the House of Commons his celebrated eulogy upon his friend the Duke of Bedford: it is here inserted as a specimen of his style, principally because it is said to be the only speech he corrected for the press.

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"If the sad event which has recently occurred were only a private misfortune, however heavy, I should feel the impropriety of obtruding upon the House the feelings of private friendship, and would have sought some other opportunity of expressing those sentiments of gratitude and affection, which must be ever due from me to the memory of the excellent person, whose loss gives occasion to the sort of motion of course, which I am about to make to the House. It is because I consider the death of the Duke of Bedford as a great public calamity, because the public itself seems so to consider it, because, not in this town only, but in every part of the kingdom, the impression made by it seems to be the strongest, and most universal, that ever appeared upon the loss of a subject; it is for these reasons that I presume to hope for the indulgence of the House, if I deviate, in some degree, from the common course, and introduce my motion in a manner which I must confess to be unusual on similar occasions. At the same time, I trust, Sir, that I shall not be suspected of any intention to abuse the indulgence which I ask by dwelling, with the fondness of friendship, upon the various excellencies of the character to which I have alluded, much less by entering into a history of the several events of his life, which might serve to illustrate it. There was something in that character so peculiar and striking, and the just admiration which his virtues commanded was such, that to expatiate upon them in any detail is as unnecessary as upon this occasion it would be improper. That he has been much lamented and generally, cannot be wondered at, for surely there never was a more just occasion of public sorrow. To lose such a man!—at such a time!—so unexpectedly!—The particular stage of his life too in which we lost him, must add to every feeling of regret, and make the disappointment more severe and poignant to all thinking minds. Had he fallen at an earlier period, the public to whom he could then, comparatively speaking at least, be but little known, would rather have compassionated and condoled with the feelings of his friends and relations, than have been themselves very severely afflicted by the loss. It would have been suggested, and even we who were the most partial must have admitted, that the expectations raised by the dawn are not always realised in the meridian of life. If the fatal event had been postponed, the calamity might have been alleviated by the consideration, that mankind could not have looked forward for any length of time to the exercise of his virtues and talents. But he was snatched away at a moment when society might have been expected to be long benefited by his benevolence, his energy, and his wisdom; when we had obtained a full certainty that the progress of his life would be more than answerable to the brightest hopes con-

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ceived from its outset; and when it might have been reasonably hoped that, after having accomplished all the good of which it was capable, he would have descended not immaturely into the tomb. He had, on the one hand, lived long enough to have his character fully confirmed and established; while, on the other, what remained of life seemed, according to all human expectations, to afford ample space and scope for the exercise of the virtues of which that character was composed. The tree was old enough to enable us to ascertain the quality of the fruit which it would bear, and, at the same time, young enough to promise many years of produce. The high rank and splendid fortune of the great man of whom I am speaking, though not circumstances which in themselves either can or ought to conciliate the regard and esteem of rational minds, are yet in so far considerable as an elevated situation, by making him who is placed in it more powerful and conspicuous, causes his virtues or vices to be more useful or injurious to society. In this case, the rank and wealth of the person are to be attended to in another and a very different point of view. To apppreciate his merits justly, we must consider, not only the advantages, but the disadvantages, connected with such circumstances. The dangers attending prosperity in general, and high situations in particular, the corrupting influence of flattery, to which men in such situations are more peculiarly exposed, have been the theme of moralists in all ages, and in all nations; but how are these dangers increased with respect to him who succeeds in his childhood to the first rank and fortune of a kingdom, such as this, and who, having lost his parents, is never approached by any being who is not represented to him as in some degree his inferior! Unless blessed with a heart uncommonly susceptible, and disposed to virtue, how should he who has scarce ever seen an equal, have a common feeling, and a just sympathy, for the rest of mankind, who seem to have been formed rather *for* him, and as instruments of his gratification, than together *with* him for the general purposes of nature? Justly has the Roman satirist remarked,

> Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa
> Fortuna.——

This was precisely the case of the Duke of Bedford, nor do I know that his education was perfectly exempt from the defects usually belonging to such situations; but virtue found her own way, and on the very side where the danger was the greatest, was her triumph most complete. From the blame of selfishness no man was ever so eminently free. No man put his own gratification so low, that of others

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so high, in his estimation. To contribute to the welfare of his fellow-citizens was the constant unremitted pursuit of his life, by his example and his beneficence to render them better, wiser, and happier. He truly loved the public; but not only the public, according to the usual acceptation of the word; not merely the body corporate (if I may so express myself) which bears that name, but man in his individual capacity: all who came within his notice and deserved his protection, were objects of his generous concern. From his station, the sphere of his acquaintance was larger than that of most other men; yet in this extended circle, few, very few, could be counted to whom he had not found some occasion to be serviceable. To be useful, whether to the public at large, whether to his relations and nearer friends, or even to any individual of his species, was the ruling passion of his life.

"He died, it is true, in a state of celibacy, but if they may be called a man's children whose concerns are as dear to him as his own—to protect whom from evil is the daily object of his care—to promote whose welfare he exerts every faculty of which he is possessed; if such, I say, are to be esteemed our children, no man had ever a more numerous family than the Duke of Bedford.

"Private friendships are not, I own, a fit topic for this House, or any public assembly; but it is difficult for any one who had the honour and happiness to be his friend, not to advert (when speaking of such a man) to his conduct and behaviour in that interesting character. In his friendship, not only was he disinterested and sincere, but in him were to be found united all the characteristic excellencies which have ever distinguished the men most renowned for that most amiable of all virtues. Some are warm, but volatile and inconstant; he was warm too, but steady and unchangeable. Never once was he known to violate any of the duties of that sacred relation. Where his attachment was placed, there it remained, or rather there it grew; for it may be more truly said of this man than of any other that ever existed, that if he loved you at the beginning of the year, and you did nothing to forfeit his esteem, he would love you still more at the end of it. Such was the uniformly progressive state of his affections, no less than of his virtue and wisdom.

"It has happened to many, and he was certainly one of the number, to grow wiser as they advanced in years. Some have even improved in virtue, but it has generally been in that class of virtue only which consists in resisting the allurements of vice, and too often have these advantages been counterbalanced by the loss, or at least the diminution,

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of that openness of heart, that warmth of feeling, that readiness of sympathy, that generosity of spirit, which have been reckoned among the characteristic attributes of youth. In this case it was far otherwise: endued by nature with an unexampled firmness of character, he could bring his mind to a more complete state of discipline than any man I ever knew. But he had, at the same time, such a comprehensive and just view of all moral questions, that he well knew to distinguish between those inclinations, which, if indulged, must be pernicious, and the feelings which, if cultivated, might prove beneficial to mankind. All bad propensities therefore, if any such he had, he completely conquered and suppressed, while, on the other hand, no man ever studied the trade by which he was to get his bread—the profession by which he hoped to rise to wealth and honour—nor even the higher arts of poetry or eloquence, in pursuit of a fancied immortality, with more zeal and ardour than this excellent person cultivated the noble art of doing good to his fellow-creatures. In this pursuit, above all others, diligence is sure of success, and accordingly it would be difficult to find an example of any other man to whom so many individuals are indebted for happiness or comfort, or to whom the public at large owe more essential obligation.

"So far was he from slackening or growing cold in these generous pursuits, that the only danger was, lest, notwithstanding his admirable good sense, and that remarkable soberness of character, which distinguished him, his munificence might, if he had lived, have engaged him in expenses to which even his princely fortune would have been found inadequate. Thus the only circumstance like a failing in this great character was, that, while indulging his darling passion for making himself useful to others, he might be too regardless of future consequences to himself and family. The love of utility was indeed his darling, his ruling passion. Even in his recreations (and he was by no means naturally averse to such as were suitable to his station in life) no less than in his graver hours, he so much loved to keep this grand object in view, that he seemed, by degrees, to grow weary of every amusement which was not, in some degree, connected with it. Agriculture he judged rightly to be the most useful of all sciences, and, more particularly, in the present state of affairs he conceived it to be the department in which his services to his country might be most beneficial. To agriculture, therefore, he principally applied himself, nor can it be doubted but with his great capacity, activity, and energy, he must have attained his object, and made himself eminently useful in that most important branch of political economy. Of the particular degree of his merit in this

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respect, how much the public is already indebted to him—how much benefit it may still expect to derive from the effects of his unwearied diligence and splendid example, is a question upon which many members of this House can form a much more accurate judgment than I can pretend to do. But of his motive to these exertions I am competent to judge, and can affirm, without a doubt, that it was the same which actuated him throughout—an ardent desire to employ his faculties in the way, whatever it might be, in which he could most contribute to the good of his country, and the general interests of mankind.

"With regard to his politics, I feel a great unwillingness to be wholly silent on the subject; and at the same time much difficulty in treating it with propriety, when I consider to whom I am addressing myself. I am sensible that those principles upon which in any other place I should not hesitate to pronounce an unqualified eulogium, may be thought by some, perhaps by the majority of this House, rather to stand in need of apology and exculpation, than to form a proper subject for panegyric.—But even in this view I may be allowed to offer a few words in favour of my departed friend. I believe few, if any, of us are so infatuated with the extreme notions of philosophy as not to feel a partial veneration for the principles, some leaning even to the prejudices of the ancestors, especially if they were of any note, from whom we are respectively descended. Such biasses are always, as I suspect, favourable to the cause of patriotism and public virtue; I am sure, at least, that in Athens and Rome they were so considered. No man had ever less of family pride, in the bad sense, than the Duke of Bedford; but he had a great and just respect for his ancestors. Now if upon the principle to which I have alluded, it was in Rome thought excusable in one of the Claudii to have, in conformity with the general manners of their race, something too much of an aristocratical pride and haughtiness, surely in this country it is not unpardonable in a Russel to be zealously attached to the rights of the subject, and peculiarly tenacious of the popular parts of our constitution. It is excusable at least, in one who numbers among his ancestors the great Earl of Bedford, the patron of Pym, and the friend of Hampden, to be an enthusiastic lover of liberty; nor is it to be wondered at if a descendant of Lord Russell should feel more than common horror for arbitrary power, and a quick, perhaps even a jealous discernment of any approach or tendency in the system of government to that dreaded evil. But whatever may be our differences in regard to principles, I trust there is no member of this House who is not liberal enough to

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do justice to upright conduct even in a political adversary. Whatever therefore may be thought of those principles to which I have alluded, the political conduct of my much lamented friend must be allowed by all to have been manly, consistent, and sincere.

"It now remains for me to touch upon the last melancholy scene in which this excellent man was to be exhibited; and to all those who admire his character, let it be some consolation that his exit was in every respect conformable to his past life. I have already noticed that prosperity could not corrupt him. He had now to undergo a trial of an opposite nature. But in every instance he was alike true to his character, and in moments of extreme bodily pain and approaching dissolution, when it might be expected that a man's every feeling would be concentrated in his personal sufferings—his every thought occupied by the awful event impending—even in these moments, he put by all selfish considerations; kindness to his friends was the sentiment still uppermost in his mind, and he employed himself to the last hour of his life, in making the most considerate arrangements for the happiness and comfort of those who were to survive him. While in the enjoyment of prosperity, he had learned and practised all those milder virtues which adversity alone is supposed capable of teaching; and in the hour of pain and approaching death, he had that calmness and serenity which are thought to belong exclusively to health of body, and a mind at ease.

"If I have taken an unusual, and possibly an irregular, course upon this extraordinary occasion, I am confident the House will pardon me. They will forgive something, no doubt, to the warmth of private friendship—to sentiments of gratitude, which I must feel, and, whenever I have an opportunity, must express to the latest hour of my life. But the consideration of public utility, to which I have so much adverted as the ruling principle in the mind of my friend, will weigh far more with them. They will in their wisdom acknowledge, that to celebrate and perpetuate the memory of great and meritorious individuals, is in effect an essential service to the community. It was not therefore for the purpose of performing the pious office of friendship, by fondly strewing flowers upon his tomb, that I have drawn your attention to the character of the Duke of Bedford: the motive that actuates me, is one more suitable to what were his views. It is that this great character may be strongly impressed upon the minds of all who hear me—that they may see it—that they may feel it—that they may discourse of it in their domestic circles—that they may speak of it to their children, and hold it up to the imitation of poste-

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rity. If he could now be sensible to what passes here below, sure I am, that nothing could give him so much satisfaction as to find that we are endeavouring to make his memory and example, as he took care his life should be, useful to mankind.

I will conclude, with applying to the present occasion, a beautiful passage from the speech of a very young orator.* It may be thought, perhaps, to savour too much of the sanguine views of youth, to stand the test of a rigid philosophical inquiry; but it is at least cheering and consolatory, and that in this instance it may be exemplified, is, I am confident, the sincere wish of every man who hears me. "Crime," says he, "is a curse only to the period in which it is successful; but virtue, whether fortunate or otherwise, blesses not only its own age, but remotest posterity, and is as beneficial by its example as by its immediate effects."

No man could stand higher in public estimation than Mr. Fox now did; but notwithstanding the odium which his former coalition with Lord North had excited, he seems to have still been at all times unscrupulously inclined to such compromises, and to have thought little of the expedients by which place may be attained: the measures of a minister were with him apparently the only things of moment. Rumours of a conjunction between him and Mr. Pitt were invidiously circulated when the latter displaced Mr. Addington's party from power; and considerable disaffection was expressed at the concessions which he made, when the death of Mr. Pitt, in 1806, once more left open to him the ranks of preferment. At this conjuncture he united with Lord Grenville, ceded the honours of a seat in the cabinet to Lord Ellenborough, and persisted in the war which had been recommenced by his rival. The inconsistency of the last of these facts, however, was in a great degree palliated by an earnest declaration that he desired a peace most cordially, and would certainly establish one as soon as the interests of the country would permit. In resuming the seals of office he found the nation involved in war, which, to be closed with honour, must obviously be prosecuted with vigour.

* Essay on the Progressive Improvements of Mankind; an oration delivered in the Chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge, December 17, 1798, by the Honourable William Lamb.

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A long administration was an enjoyment from which the fortune of things uniformly excluded Mr. Fox. During Mr. Pitt's life-time, a superior influence fixed him constantly in opposition to the Government; and when that great competitor was no more, the limits of his own existence cut short the career of ambition. His health, already on the decline, was now aggravated by additional fatigues, and his regular attendance in Parliament became interrupted. At length a dropsy made its appearance, with a force and heaviness which baffled the experience of the physicians, and made it too manifest that his life and services approached a close. The operations usually resorted to in such complaints were twice performed upon him without producing any effect, and he consequently expired without a struggle at the Duke of Devonshire's villa, in Chiswick, on the evening of Saturday, September the 13th, 1806.—Thus his administration endured for no more than six months; but even that brief period sufficed to his signal capacity for some great works of lasting importance. In this interval he procured a humane law for the purpose of limiting the duration of military service, and immortalised his memory by the abolition of the slave trade, a measure to which Mr. Pitt had only given the aid of his oratory, but which Mr. Fox solemnly carried through both houses of Parliament, and in the face of an opposition from which almost any other minister would have shrunk. Nor let the virtue of this act, which would alone suffice to consecrate his memory, be in any respect undervalued: there is too much reason to suppose that, had it not been reduced to effect during the life-time of so intrepid a friend to humanity, its enormities might have subsisted to this day, and Great Britain have been deprived of the glory which this example obtained from the world.

Mr. Fox's funeral took place on the anniversary of his first election to Parliament for the city of Westminster, October the 10th, 1806. The ceremony was performed with great pomp; the streets through which the procession passed, were lined with the Westminster Volunteers, the bells of all the parish churches tolled as it moved along, and most of the shops throughout the metropolis were closed during the day as a mark of public sorrow. His grave was sunk in the great South Cross, close to the coffin of Mr. Pitt: his monument is placed in the adjoining aisle. It

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was executed by Westmacott, R.A. and comprises four statues as large as life. A figure of the deceased appears extended on a mattress, with Liberty supporting his head, and Peace hanging forward over his feet. In front is a slave on his knees, looking at the expiring statesman, with prayer and thanks for the great exertions made in the cause of universal freedom. Whether from affectation in the artist, or vanity on the part of his employers, this tribute has no epitaph or inscription whatever—an omission which ought by no means to remain; for who can be supposed to recognize the purport of such a structure without advice? It is a costly performance, dull and ordinary in design, and relieved by no marked elegance of execution. Of the four figures the slave alone exhibits merit.

In person Mr. Fox was short, broad, and prone to corpulence: in face, his lineaments were peculiarly striking, his eye-brows black and bushy, and the general expression of his features indicative of deep sagacity. Of his personal qualities, testimonies the most numerous and flattering exist: mild and attractive in his manners, he combined the simplicity of childhood with the strength of genius, and has been described by Gibbon as the being, of all that are human, most perfectly exempt from a taint of malevolence, vanity, or falsehood. When to this character is added Burke's estimate, and, be it remembered, he gave it years after their disunion, that he was a man made to be beloved, it will be easily admitted that the numerous friends by whom he was so constantly caressed, had no common cause for their attachment. But if his virtues were eminent, his failings were also great: he dissipated an independent fortune within a few years after he inherited it, and until a late stage of his life seriously injured his character by corrupt associations, and fatal habits. Even in the very meridian of his fame, he gave laws to St. Stephen's one day, and to Newmarket the next. The feelings of his friends upon this subject may be gathered from one of Horace Walpole's letters, in which he is described as a broken gamester:—the words are these—'The more marvellous Mr. Fox's parts, the more one is provoked at his follies, which comfort so many rascals and blockheads, and make all that is admirable and amiable in him, only a matter of regret to those who love him as I do.'

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As an author, he is known by some pieces of minor poetry; a few papers in the Englishman; a Letter to the Electors of Westminster, published in 1793, and read with great avidity; and a posthumous publication, edited by his nephew, Lord Holland, and entitled 'The History of the Early Part of the Reign of James II., with an Introductory Chapter.' This fragment he intended to enlarge into a History of the Revolution, but no great regret has been expressed for the loss, as the specimen does not afford any promise equal to the general reputation of the writer. His speeches have been collected together, and printed in 3 vols. 8vo.

The following lines, written by his warm friend, the late Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, for an inscription to a bust at Woburn, contain perhaps the highest poetical eulogy that has been delivered upon his character:—

"Here, midst the friends he loved, the man behold,
In truth unshaken, and in virtue bold;
Whose patriot soul and uncorrupted mind
Dared to assert the freedom of mankind;
And whilst, extending desolation far,
Ambition spread the baleful flames of war,
Fearless of blame and eloquent to save,
'Twas he—'twas Fox, the warning counsel gave,
'Midst jarring conquests stemm'd the tide of blood,
And to the menaced world a sea-mark stood!

Oh! had his voice in mercy's cause prevail'd,
What grateful millions had the statesman hail'd;
Whose wisdom bade the broils of nations cease,
And taught the world humanity and peace!
But though he fail'd, succeeding ages here
The vain yet pious effort shall revere,
Boast in their annals his illustrious name,
Uphold his greatness, and confirm his fame!

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JOHN FREIND, M.D.

THIS section is sacred to doctors, for under one head a mention of three names is comprised. Doctors Freind, Mead, and Woodward, were cotemporaries, friends, and rivals; and, as the matter of their lives does not seem to present any such expansive interest as to warrant distinct articles, the particulars of their biography may perhaps be here gathered together without much of violence or of loss.

They are all commemorated in Westminster Abbey: Dr. Freind has a bust and pedestal tablet in the south aisle, with a Latin* epitaph, of which the substance is as follows:—

JOHN FREIND, M.D.
Chief Physician
To her Serene Majesty Queen Caroline:
By her clear judgment once approved,
He flourished with as much grace among the Royal Family,
As he had before enjoyed medical fame with the world.
His character was benevolent and most liberal:
Attached to social intercourse,

* JOHANNES FREIND, M.D.
Archiater
Serenissimæ Reginæ CAROLINÆ:
Cujus perspicaci Judicio cum se approbasset;
Quantâ priùs apud omnes Medicinæ Famâ,
Tantâ apud Regiam Familiam gratiâ floruit.
Ingenio erat benevolo et admodum liberali,
Societatis et Convictuum amans,

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And most tenacious of
Friendship,
However its duties might in any way involve him in danger;
No man conveyed with greater alacrity
A benefit to others,
Or more freely remembered one conferred upon himself.
While yet a youth he began to attract celebrity by his writings,
And, polishing his style
By a sedulous familiarity with the Latin as well as his native tongue,
He brought forward, as a senator, in bright maturity,
The elocution he had long cultivated in private.
At home
He signally devoted his studies to polite letters,
But applied his principal strength with honourable propriety,
To become the most skilful in his art—
With what success, the public and nobility of Great Britain,
With what varied knowledge, the learned of all nations,
With what indefatigable application and industry,
His friends in tears
Commemorate.

Amicitiarum
(Etiam suo alicubi cum periculo,)
Tenacissimus.
Nemo beneficia
Aut in alios alacriùs contulit,
Aut in se collata libentiùs meminit.
Juvenis adhuc scriptis cepit inclarescere,
Et assiduo tum Latini tum Patrii sermonis usu,
Orationem perpolivit.
Quam verò in umbraculis excoluerat facundiam
Eam in Solem atque Aciem Senator protulit.
Humanioribus literis
Domi peregregieq; operam dedit;
Omnes autem, ut decuit, nervos intendit
Suâ in arte ut esset versatissimus:
Quo successu, orbis Britannici Cives et Proceres,
Quam multiplici scientiâ, viri omnium gentium eruditi
Quam indefesso studio atq; industriâ
Id quidem, non sinè lachrymis, Amici
Loquentur.

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It was surprising
That, amidst such a circle of
Continual occupation,
He found leisure for writing,
But that he was no longer able to bear so great a weight
Is by no means strange.
He died, flourishing in age,
While spending his fifty-second year,
July 26, 1726.

The subject of this classical eulogy was born in the year 1675, at Croton, in Northamptonshire, where his father, the Reverend Charles Freind, enjoyed a rectory. Educated under Doctor Busby at Westminster School, he entered Christ Church College, Oxford, in 1690: and there distinguished himself by a published version into Latin of two Greek orations—'Demosthenes de Coronâ' and 'Æschines in Ctesiphon.' During the following year he edited an edition of 'Ovid's Metamorphoses,' and composed a Latin ode upon the death of the Duke of Gloucester, which found a place in the 'Musæ Anglicanæ.' He became M.A. in 1701.

These were flattering earnests of a life exclusively literary, but Freind had already adopted physic as a profession, and addressed some practical papers to the Royal Society, which were printed in the memoirs of that laborious body. The first work which brought him into fixed repute as a physician and a physiologist, appeared in 1703; and was entitled 'Emmenologia, in quâ Fluxûs Muliebris Menstrui Phenomæna, Periodi, Vitiæ, cum Medendi Methodo ad Rationes Mechanicas exiguntur, 8vo.—Emmenology, in which the Phenomena, Stages, and Vices of the Menstrual Flux in Women are adduced, with a Practical Method of Cure,' 8vo.

Miri quiddam fuit,
Quod in tam continuâ occupatione
Inter tot circuitiones,
Scribendo etiam vacare posset;
Quod tanto oneri diutius sustinendo impar esset
Nihil miri.
Obiit siquidem vigente adhuc ætate
Annum agens quinquagesimum secundum
Christ. Ær. 1728, Jul. 26.

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The doctrine of this performance, that plethora caused menstrual evacuations, was then oppugned and approved with great warmth. It was soon exploded, but, upon the whole, seems to have added to the reputation of the writer; for in the following year he was appointed to read chemical lectures before the University of Oxford, an admirable avocation, first undertaken by Dr. Keil, and now pursued by Freind with clearness and ingenuity, but no great profundity. These discourses he collected together, and printed in 1707, with a dedication to Sir Isaac Newton, after which he was created Doctor of Physic by diploma, and received into the Royal Society.

A Tory in politics, he was patronised by ministers in the reign of Queen Anne, and attached to the Spanish expedition of 1705, under the gallant Earl of Peterborough, with the rank of Physician-general to the English forces. When his attendance ceased to be demanded by the army, he passed into Italy, paid a visit to Rome, and upon his return home in 1707, published a pamphlet in defence of his commander, and was created M.D. by diploma. Some years afterwards, the Duke of Ormond led an expedition into Flanders, and Dr. Freind again attended as physician to the forces. These were his appointments under the ministers of Queen Anne.

He now settled in London, became a fellow of the College of Physicians, and steadily devoted himself to the practice of his profession, in which he acquired both distinction and fortune. In 1716 he produced in Greek and Latin the first and third books of 'Hippocrates de Morbis Popularibus—Hippocrates on Popular Maladies,' a performance of considerable erudition; to which he subjoined a 'Commentary on Fevers.' Some doctrines in this latter treatise, relating to the propriety of purgatives in the secondary fever of the confluent small-pox, were sharply attacked by Dr. Woodward in his 'Present State of Physic.' This challenge Freind answered at first ludicrously, under the name of Byfield, a cotemporary quack of some notoriety; but afterwards in the serious form of a Latin letter addressed to Dr. Mead, entitled 'De Purgantibus in Secundâ Variolorum Confluentium Febre—On Purgatives in the secondary fever of Confluent Variolous, 8vo. 1719.' In this controversy it must suffice to state, that Woodward was angry, and Freind reasonable: the side of victory was therefore easily determined.

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Such was the success attending upon his professional career, when in 1722 Dr. Freind entered upon a political life, and procured a seat in Parliament for the Borough of Launceston. Associating with the opposition, he soon made himself obnoxious to the government by the earnestness of his conduct; and upon the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, in consequence of Bishop Atterbury's impeachment, was thrown into the Tower. His party publicly ascribed this arrest to the warmth with which he had spoken in favour of the Bishop; but Sir Robert Walpole was heard to declare in private, that there were the most positive proofs of black treason against him. The charge, however, must now be held groundless, for he was liberated without a trial, after an imprisonment of three months, and so little credit was given to the idea of his disaffection, that he was subsequently appointed physician to Caroline, Queen of George II.

After this penal aspiration to politics, Dr. Freind addressed his leisure to the work upon which his reputation is now principally founded. That was a History of Physic, from the time of Galen down to the beginning of the Sixteenth Century; of which the first part appeared in 1725, and the second in 1726. It is arranged under heads, which treat of the Greek physicians after Galen, of the Arabians, and of the Moderns. The reception of this performance, in which the practice of the art among the nations just mentioned is chiefly elucidated, was highly creditable; the contents revealed a considerable fund of elaborate research and classical taste; nothing of the kind had previously been undertaken in the language, and it was immediately adopted as a standard book of art.

Dr. Freind's dissolution was occasioned by a decline; and perhaps this sketch of his life, cursory as it is, may suffice to show that he deserved the panegyrics of his epitaph as well as most men have done.

Dr. Mead, to whom Dr. Freind's History was dedicated, is next to be mentioned: he has a pedestal tablet, ornamented with emblematical devices and surmounted by a bust, in the North aisle, and immediately under the monument in alto relievo to Mr. Perceval, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is the work of Scheemakers, and has an inscription to the following effect, in Latin:—

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Sacred to the Memory
Of Richard Mead, an eminent Physician,
Who acquired during his earliest youth
No common reputation in the practice of medicine;
And subsequently brightened his name with such celebrity
That he was esteemed the first Doctor of his age.
Mild and merciful in healing the sick,
And ever prepared to assist the poor gratuitously,
Amidst the assiduous occupations of his salutary art
He divulged, for the benefit of human nature,
Not a few works,
The result of piercing intellect and persevering experience, and as learnedly as elegantly written.
A particular patron of letters and the learned,
He acquired a choice library, filled with the best and rarest books, and monuments of ancient art;
Where he soothed his labours with the conversation of the intelligent.
Thus gifted with a mind exalted, and manners the most humane,
And covered from all quarters with the praises of the literary world,

M. S.
Richardi Mead, Archiatri,
Antiquâ apud Buckingenses familiâ nati,
Qui famam haud vulgarem medicinam faciendo
In primâ juventute adeptus
Tantâ nominis celebritate postea inclaruit
Ut medicorum hujus sæculi princeps haberetur.
In ægris curandis lenis erat ac misericors
Et ad pauperes gratuito juvandos semper paratus,
Inter assiduas autem artis salutaris occupationes
Operibus non paucis docte et eleganter conscriptis,
Quæ ingenio perspicaci et usu diuturno notaverat
In generis humani commodum vulgavit.
Literarum quoque et literatorum patronus singularis
Bibliothecam lectissimam optimis et rarissimis libris
Veterumque artium monumentis refertam comparavit,
Ubi eruditorum colloquiis labores levabat diurnos.
Animo itaque excelso præditus et moribus humanis
Orbisque literati laudibus undique cumulatus
Magno splendore et dignitate vitâ peracta

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He placidly expired, satiated with fame and friendship,
On the 13th kalend of March, in the year of our Lord MDCCLIV.
and of his age LXXXI.
An injury to the polite arts not easily reparable,
Of which he was so great an ornament and safeguard.
He was twice contracted in marriage:
From the first he derived ten children,
Of whom he left only three survivors,
Two daughters, married to eminent physicians,
And one son, bearing his own name,
Who in piety erected this monument
To the best of fathers.

Richard Mead was born at Stepney, then only a village, near London, in the month of August, 1673. He was the eleventh son of the Reverend Mathew Mead, who had been ejected from the living of the parish for nonconformity in 1662, but who continued to preside over a Presbyterian congregation in the neighbourhood, until an accusation of conspiracy against the government was urged against him, and he found it prudent to withdraw into Holland. This event took place in 1683. The subject of this sketch was then left behind in England, and placed under the care of a Mr. Singleton, who had lost the post of second master at Eton school, for religious scruples of the same nature. After a rapid proficiency in classical attainments under this gentleman, young Richard repaired to Utrecht in 1689, and after a three years' course of study there, proceeded to Leyden, where he began to devote his mind to the medical profession, in company with the celebrated Boerhaave. After visiting Italy, and receiving a degree

Annorum tandem ac famæ satur placide obiit
XIV Kalendas Martias A. D. MDCCLIV. ætatis suæ LXXXI.
Artium humaniorum damno haud facile reparabili
Quibus ipse tantum fuerat decus et præsidium.
Bis matrimonio vinctus
Ex priori decem suscepit liberos
Quorum tres tantum superstites sibi reliquit
Duas filias viris archiatrorum honore ornatis nuptas
Et unum sui ipsius nominis filium
Qui pietatis causa patri optime de se merito
Monumentum hoc poni curavit.

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of M. D. at Padua in 1695, he returned to London, and settled himself in the very house under the roof of which he had been born. His practice grew rapidly extensive, and his reputation appropriately considerable; but it was not until 1702 that he first appeared as an author, in the form of a short treatise entitled 'A Mechanical Account of Poisons.' This publication attracted notice, and obtained several reprints; but he gradually modified and retracted many of his opinions on the subject, and seems at last to have attained a conviction that he was unable to support the theory upon which he originally started. After becoming a Fellow of the Royal Society, in which he subsequently attained the rank of Vice President under Sir Isaac Newton, he was chosen Physician to St. Thomas's Hospital in 1703, a situation which he continued to hold until the year 1715, when the variety of his appointments compelled him to resign.

During the year 1704, Dr. Mead again presented himself before the public as an author, and under curious circumstances. He entitled his composition 'De Imperio Solis et Lunæ in Corpore Humano et morbis inde oriundis;' on the Influence of the Sun and Moon over the Human Frame, and the Maladies arising from it; 8vo. This was an attempt to apply Newton's Doctrine of Attraction to animal economy, and shew that the living system, like the sea and the atmosphere, was periodically affected by the changes of the sun and moon. From some, the manner in which this fancy was developed, secured the approbation due to ingenuity; but it is needless to observe that the principle was futile, and by consequence the reputation of the treatise evanescent.

In the course of four years more he received a diploma from the University of Oxford, and in three years after that was admitted into the College of Physicians. He now stood at the head of his profession, and continued to maintain his rank until the moment of his death, not merely by a character for superior medical skill, but also for his conversancy with science and polite letters, and a liberal patronage and hospitable entertainment of the learned. In 1719 a plague broke out at Marseilles, and so great an alarm was excited in London, that Mr. Secretary Craggs applied to Dr. Mead for an opinion of its contagiousness. The result was a treatise dedicated to the Secretary, and called 'A Short Discourse concerning Pestilential Contagion, and the Me-

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thods to be observed to prevent it.' Of this composition the highest opinion was entertained; it supported the doctrine of a contagiousness in the plague, and proposed that all communication should be cut off for the time being with the infected quarter. It ran through eight editions, and was translated into Latin.

In 1701 he was the first to try the experiment of inoculation upon some felons in Newgate, a task to which his attention was directed by the Government, upon the representations of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who had observed the benefits resulting from the practice at Constantinople. It is needless to observe that Doctor Mead advocated its utility. It may be proper to mention here, that the principle of purgatives for the small-pox was made known to Dr. Freind by him; and, consequently, that he came in for a share of the acrimony with which Dr. Woodward reprobated that manner of cure. It was not until the year 1747, however, that Mead wrote any thing upon the question; he then published his treatise De Variolis et Morbilis, which was considered the best exposition of the subject.

After serving George the Second in the capacity of physician, he began to withdraw from business in the year 1749. Two works, however, subsequently appeared from his pen: 'Medicina Sacra, seu de Morbis insignioribus quæ in Bibliis memorantur,' 8vo.—Sacred Medicine, or the more conspicuous Disorders mentioned in the Bible; and 'Monita et Præcepta Medica,' 8vo.—Medical Advice and Precepts. The latter was reputed a manual of the art, and long greatly esteemed.

Dr. Mead was buried in the Temple Church, by the side of a brother, who was also distinguished as a counsellor. His works were collected together, and have been frequently reprinted, as well in London as in Paris, where a very good translation of them has been made.

John Woodward, the last of the three contemporary doctors to be noticed, has a handsome monument not far from Sir Godfrey Kneller, in the north aisle. It consists of a female figure seated on a pedestal, with a head in profile in her lap. The attitude of the female is graceful and fine, the finishing appropriately delicate, and the impression excited by the design and execution, masterly. The following epitaph is translated from the Latin:—

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* Sacred to the memory of
John Woodward,
A Doctor the most celebrated,
And a Philosopher the most exalted,
Whose
Ability and learning
His writings diffused over the face nearly of the whole Globe;
But whose liberality and affection for his country
The University of Cambridge,
Enriched by his munificence, and
Embellished by his wealth,
Declares to perpetuity.
He died on the kalends of May 1728.
Colonel Richard King, a Commissioner of Public Works,
To a friend the most deserving,
Decreed this sepulchre.

John Woodward was born in Derbyshire during the year 1665, and at an early age became apprenticed to a linen-draper in London. A partiality for reading and scientific pursuits soon disgusted him with the shop, and in 1687 he was admitted into the family of Dr. Barwick, a physician of eminence. With that gentleman he resided four years, acquiring such a proficiency in the study of medicine and anatomy, that in 1692 he was voted into

* M. S.
Johannis Woodward,
Medici celeberrimi,
Philosophi nobilissimi,
Cujus
Ingenium et doctrinam
Scripta per terrarum fere orbem
Pervulgata,
Liberalitatem vero et patriæ charitatem
Academia Cantabrigiensis,
Munificentiâ ejus aucta
Opibus ornata,
In perpetuum declarat.
Mortuus Kal. Maii, A. D. MDCCXXVIII.
Richardus King, Tribunus Militum Fabricumque Præfectus,
Amico optime de se merito
D. S. P.

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the medical professorship of Gresham College. In 1693 he was chosen a Fellow of the Royal Society; in 1695 was created M.D. by Archbishop Tenison; in the following year was honoured with the same degree by the University of Cambridge; and in 1702, as the climax of his professional distinctions, was received into the College of Physicians.

Woodward was a naturalist and an antiquary, as well as a doctor. In 1695 he published 'An Essay towards a Natural History of the Earth and Terrestrial Bodies, particularly Minerals; as also of the Sea, Rivers, and Springs; with an Account of the Universal Deluge, and of the Effects which it had upon the Earth.' This was a very crude and defective work, as far as the philosophy of the subject was involved; but it was illustrated by many curious facts and observations collected by the author during some patient journeys he made into different parts of the island, previous to the composition of his book. It was criticised and canvassed with asperity; but obtained, nevertheless, some reputation in letters. Soon after he purchased an antique shield, which was cut in the concave with an engraving supposed to represent Camillus and the Gauls at Rome. This curiosity excited great disquisition amongst the profound in such matters. It was honoured with a Latin dissertation by Dodwell, and handled as a fertile instrument of satire by the wits. But Woodward was not to be deterred from such researches by ridicule or doubts; for he afterwards printed a 'Letter to Sir Christopher Wren, containing an Account of some Roman Urns and other Antiquities digged up near Bishopsgate; with brief Reflexions upon the present and antient State of London.' Finding the objections to his History of the Earth still enforced, he next sent forth a Latin volume, in 8vo. entitled 'Naturalis Historia Telluris, illustrata et aucta: accedit Methodica Fossilium in classes distributio'—The Natural History of the Earth, illustrated and enlarged; to which is added, a Methodical Distribution of Fossils into classes. In 1718 he returned to medical subjects, and published 'The State of Physic and Diseases, with an Enquiry into the cause of the late Increase of them, but more particularly of the Small-pox; with Considerations upon the new Practice of Purging for that Disease. To the whole is premised an idea of the Nature and Mechanism of Man, and the

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Disorders to which it is obnoxious, and of the Method of rectifying them.' It was in this work that those censures upon Dr. Freind's practice, with regard to the small-pox, were contained, which led to the controversy noticed in the sketch of the latter gentleman.

Woodward was speculative and opiniative in the extreme, and this last performance may be taken as a criterion of his peculiarities. In it he advanced a notion that the bile and its salts reabsorbed into the blood, were the true causes of animal life, and that their fermentations in the stomach bred all diseases. From this he deduced two universal remedies—emetics to dislodge the morbid bile, and oily medicines to correct it. Another of his notions was, that life is inherent not in the nerves, but in the blood, an hypothesis in favour of which he laboured through many experiments.

Dr. Woodward died of a decline in his apartments at Gresham College, in the 63rd year of his age. Though rather unhappy in his medical opinions, he enjoyed a considerable reputation as a naturalist. His cabinet of fossils was so highly valued, that a catalogue of its contents was published in two volumes, 8vo. after his death. This collection he bequeathed to the University of Cambridge, with all his personal property, for the purpose of establishing a lectureship upon any subject which could be derived from his own works. Whatever degree of generosity there was in this legacy, it was certainly balanced by the vanity of the conditions upon which it was granted.

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HENRY FUSELI, R. A.

WERE the English people destitute of native talent for the fine arts, they might take no mean credit to themselves for the generous manner in which they have fostered and enriched foreign painters, sculptors, and musicians. Vandyke, Rubens, Scheemakers, Roubilliac, Lutherbourg, and Handel, are names memorable amidst a host of rivals who added to their fame, and principally established their fortunes in England. West drew his first breath and received his earliest impressions in another land, and Henry Fuseli was born at Zurich. The time of his birth has been variously stated: by some it has been made so distant as the year 1739, and by others so recent as 1742: the former date, however, seems to be generally preferred. His father, John Caspar Fuessli, for such was the family name, prosecuted the profession of a landscape and portrait painter with repute; and young Henry showed early symptoms of partiality for the pursuit in which he subsequently became so distinguished: yet a determination was formed to educate him for the Church. Why it was ever attempted to pervert this predestination for the paternal art, as no one has recounted, it were not now easy to explain. We only know that he was entered at the Humanity College of Zurich with a view to holy orders, and there exhibited a promising earnest of original spirit and decided ability.

It was at this period that he formed a first acquaintance with the well-known Lavater, who was a fellow-student, and the following was the first occasion upon which the two friends distinguished themselves. A leading magistrate of Zurich, who had grossly misconducted himself in a judicial case, was rash enough to try and hush the matter up by the influence of great wealth and high connexions. The affair, however, became a matter of much

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conversation, and Fuseli and Lavater had the courage to write a pamphlet conjointly, which compelled the superior authorities to take cognisance of a glaring insult upon the purity of justice. The offender fled from investigation, but an enmity was excited against the zealous students, which so greatly annoyed them, that they found it prudent to leave the University with a degree of A. M., and proceed first to Vienna, and then to Berlin, where they studied awhile under Professor Sulzer, and learned to speak English.

At this period Klopstock, Wieland, and others, were enjoying a brilliant sunshine of poetical reputation, which is said to have inspired the vivid Fuseli with a spirit of emulation, the fruits of which, though fondly cultivated to a late period of his life, are but little known, as they were always confined to the numbers of his native tongue. When eighteen, he made a tour through the German states, in company with Lavater, whose discernment was signally exercised upon his school-fellow. When the moment of their separation arrived, he put a slip of paper, beautifully framed and glazed, into Fuseli's hand, and warmly pressing it, exclaimed—"Hang that up in your bedroom, my dear friend, and I know what will be the result." That result was, indeed, a happy one in every respect: Fuseli, in the issue, became a man of fame, and continued the friend of Lavater while life gave them a link by which to hold together. The inscription, however, on this piece of paper must not be forgotten: it was—"Do but the third part of what you can do."

Before he was yet of age, and still undecided in a pursuit, Fuseli was fortunate enough to obtain an introduction to Sir Robert Smith, then British Ambassador at the Court of Berlin, who noticed the talents of the doubtful student, and recommended him to establish himself in London, as a literary agent between Germany and England. Encouraged by the prospects thus opened to him, he came over to this country in 1762, and after acting as tutor to a nobleman's son, secured an intimacy with many of the most distinguished men in arts and literature. Amongst this number was Sir Joshua Reynolds, who soon penetrated the bent of his inherent vigour, and, in all probability, fixed it firmly in the mould: for, on one occasion, when, as he used to tell the story himself, Fuseli was still speculating upon the great question of a

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livelihood, he took some drawings to Sir Joshua, and candidly asked him whether he thought the hand that sketched them had any chance of success as an artist. The President, it seems, was much struck with the conception and power they displayed, for he emphatically replied, "Young man, were I the author of these drawings, and offered ten thousand a year not to practise as an artist, I would reject the temptation with contempt." It is to be observed that Fuseli had previously attracted notice as an author, by publishing 'Reflexions on the Painting and Sculpture of the Greeks,' and a defence of Rousseau against the attack of Voltaire.

Being now resolved to devote his whole time to painting, he offered to the public his first picture, 'Joseph interpreting the Dreams of the chief Butler and Baker.' The better to accomplish himself for success, he set out on a journey to Italy in 1770, with Dr. Armstrong, the poet, whom he had intimately known for some time previous. Driven ashore by the fury of a tempest at Genoa, the votaries of the twin sisters proceeded directly to Rome, where Fuseli commenced that acquaintance with the great works of Michael Angelo, which at a first review struck so deep an impression upon his mind, and continued ever after to fill him with the enthusiasm of admiration. The contrast between this preference and that of his contemporary West, is peculiarly distinctive of the genius of the two men. West at first was disappointed with Raphael, and, though he soon reverted to a proper estimate of that superior master's excellence, always undervalued his rival. Fuseli's performances soon began to rise into high repute: he protracted his residence at Rome to the length of seven or eight years; had Canova for his associate; was chosen a member of the Academy of St. Luke; and amongst other happy efforts, sent his 'Œdipus,' 'Death of Cardinal Beaufort,' and 'a Scene from Macbeth,' over to this country for exhibition.

In 1778 he returned to England, reputed the first connoisseur in the art amongst us, and with no rival in his own province, historical painting, but West. This was an extraordinary eminence, and he was far from remissive to maintain it by his works. Between 1790 and 1800, when he became a Royal Academician, he suggested to Alderman Boydell, and completed

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his Milton Gallery, a series of forty-seven paintings of pieces taken from the sublime poet of Paradise Lost. They were exhibited collectively, and viewed with the most honourable admiration; for every subject amongst them struck with merits peculiarly distinctive, while some possessed beauties of an order decidedly superior to the general character of the collection. In this latter class the 'Lazar-House' was foremost; indeed, by many, and those unquestionably competent judges, it was placed chief of the gallery. It is remarkable for great delicacy of conception; the description of the poet is sickening in the extreme, and yet the delineation of the painter is in no degree whatever offensive. On the contrary, the strongest and most moving maladies are preserved; but they look more like those of the mind than the body. This piece the artist never could be induced to part with; he kept it by him until he died; and it has been confidently said that it deserved the preference of preservation even by him.

The subjects which he painted for the Shakspeare Gallery, which was another suggestion entirely his own, also deserve especial commendation. Of these, Shakspeare's Nursery is an interesting composition, of which it has been well said, that it would require a Shakspeare to describe it; for there are given Falstaff and Macbeth's Queen starting almost declamatory from the canvass. But the Ghost of Hamlet, in merit of conception at least, would seem to have been the grandest work of the series: of it a critic has observed, that it ought never to be spoken of without admiration, for it never can be forgotten while the art survives. But, though elevated thus high in reputation, Fuseli now began to feel the extreme rudeness of professional jealousy. He was described as extravagant and overstraining; and one too particular and fastidious in what all the artists of the day most wanted—anatomical fineness. Some would even have damned with faint praise the aspirations of a mind which they were pleased to characterize as more eccentrically vigorous than classically refined.

In 1798, Barry seceded from the Professorship of Painting at Somerset House, and Opie waved his pretensions to succeed to the vacant chair in favour of Fuseli, who, in 1804, was made Keeper of the Academy, when Opie obtained the honour of

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the lectureship on Painting. Upon the demise of the latter, in 1809, the two offices were jointly entrusted to Fuseli, notwithstanding an existing order in the constitution of this liberal body, that no person should be allowed to enjoy more than one appointment at a time. Fuseli's Course of Lectures on Painting was begun in 1801, and a volume of them published during the lapse of the same year. They do not contain either the beauties of language, or philosophy of observation, which made the similar productions of Sir Joshua Reynolds so popular; neither had they the strong force of originality which rendered his rival Opie so conspicuous; but they effected certain good in the criticism they fearlessly entered into upon the performances of his contemporaries. It was out of resentment for those strictures, in all probability, that the charge of fastidiousness and affected sublimity was so formidably retorted against the author. That the censure was not in some degree reasonably provoked, no one can safely deny; but that it was neither fairly urged nor laudably repeated, every friend to the art must regret. Fuseli is also known by a work which he translated from the German of Winckelmann, entitled, 'An Essay on Grace in the Works of Art.' To this he added, in 1805, a corrected edition of Pilkington's Lives of the Painters. Of these performances, one and all, it may suffice to observe that they attracted considerable attention from the literary world at the period of their first appearance; that they cannot be read without benefit to the student and interest to the connoisseur; and that they are generally considered equal, if not better compositions than any artist has produced since the Lectures of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Fuseli was always indefatigable, and yet always enjoyed excellent health, a blessing which probably resulted from a system of exemplary temperance and regularity in which he lived. He was ever an early riser; and, whether in town or in country, during summer or winter was seldom in bed at five o'clock in the morning. He married, but left no child, and bequeathed all he possessed to his wife, whom he loved with unaltered devotion, and with whom he shared great domestic felicity. Such were the happy circumstances which contributed towards the great age to which he survived. He painted almost down to the day of his death, which took place while on a visit at the house of the

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Countess of Guilford, at Putney Hill, on the 16th of May, 1825. His body lay in state in the Gallery of the Royal Academy, and was interred close by the relics of Sir Joshua Reynolds with the usual marks of sorrow and respect. The President, Council, and Members of the Royal Academy, of which he was for upwards of twenty years so eminent an officer, headed a train of mourners to his grave, which was augmented by a number of the nobility, who were his patrons, and the most distinguished public characters, who ranked either as his admirers or his friends.

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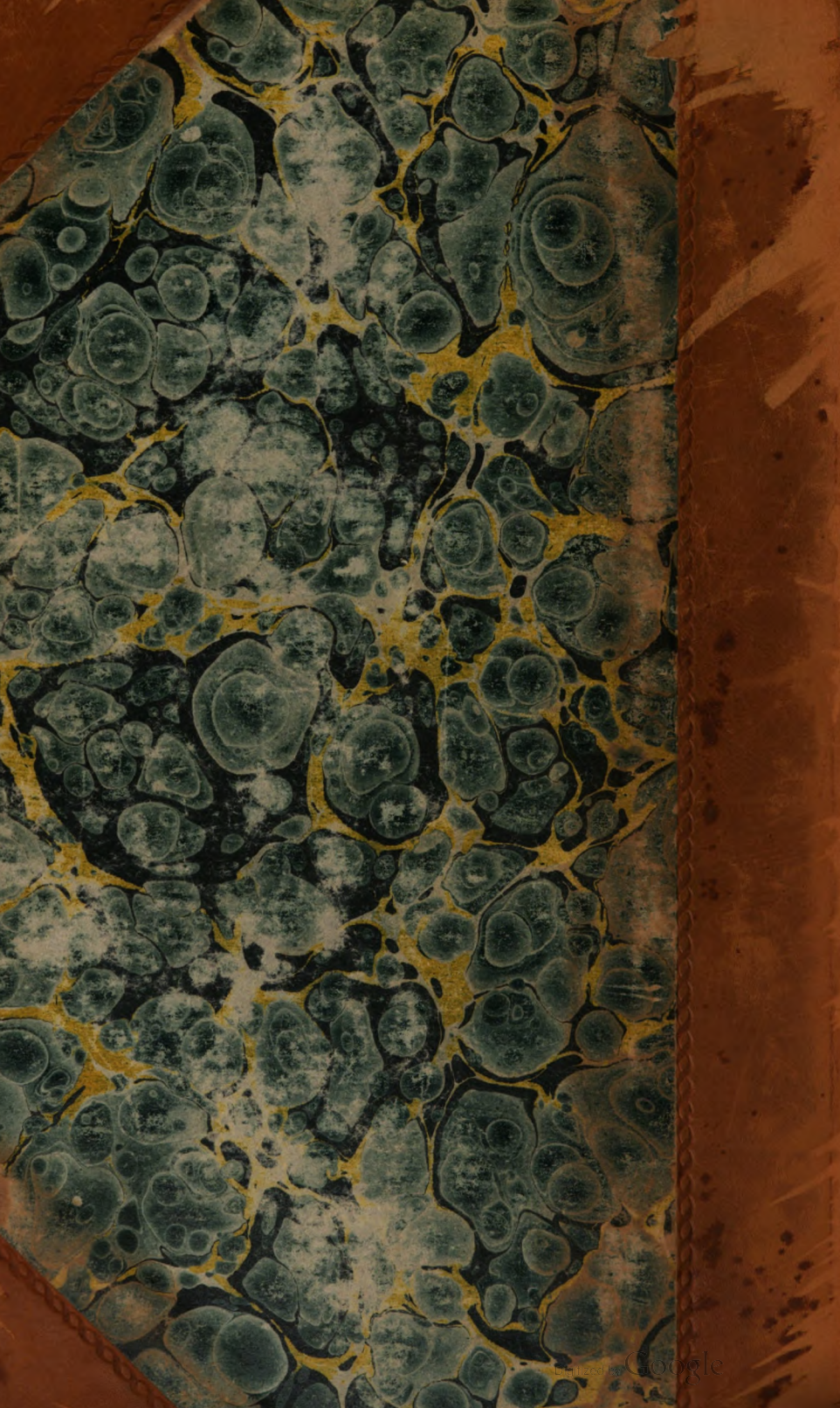
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